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By T. E. GREGORY, D.Sc.(Econ)

The **Quiver**
The Modern Home Journal



January
1923

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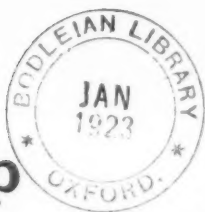
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True beauty comes from within, so the right way is to work from the inside outwards—in other words, to cultivate and keep a pure blood stream.

Nine women out of ten suffer from auto-toxication (self-poisoning). Impurities imperfectly expelled clog the system, causing limbs and spirits to feel heavy as lead. Lassitude, depression and other thieves of beauty dog your steps.

Cultivate and keep a clear, pure blood stream, and your eyes will sparkle, your cheeks will reflect the soft glow of health,



your skin will always be fresh and dainty
In a word you will *stay* beautiful.

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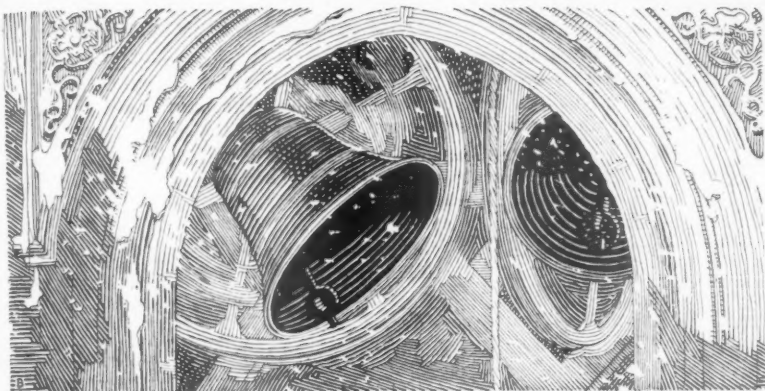
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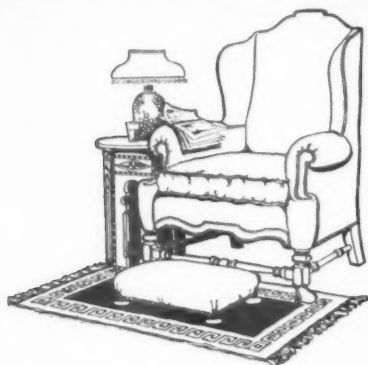
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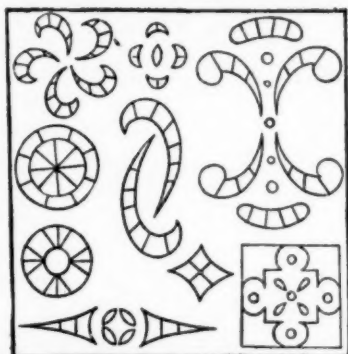
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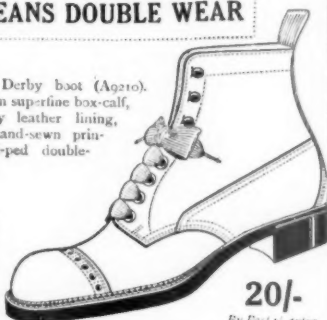


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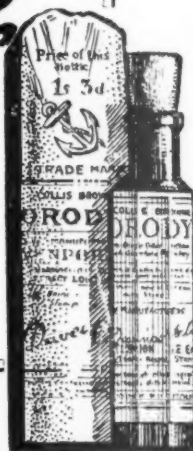
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The Quiver

Contents

January 1923

	PAGE		PAGE
When will Prices be Normal Again? By T. E. GREGORY, D.Sc. (Econ.)	227	What Life Means to Me. The House on the Cliff. By a Coastguard's Wife. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	287
Standing Water. Story by ALICE GARLAND STEELE. <i>Illustrated by F. B. Hickling</i>	231	Things that Matter. Facing the Future. By the REV. ARTHUR PRINGLE	290
A Wonderful Winter Playground. By AGNES M. MIALLE. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	241	PRACTICAL HOME MAKING: Brightening-up Your Kitchen. By IDA BAILEY ALLEN	293
The Truth about the Scotsman. By an Englishman	247	Daughters at Home. By AGNES M. MIALLE	295
Whispers in Ink. No. 6.—The Last Lap is Always the Stiffest. By CHARLES INGE	251	Curries—as an Indian Expert Makes Them. By M. STUART MACRAE. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i>	296
Music's Child. Story by EVA BRETHERTON. <i>Illustrated by J. Dewar Mills</i>	253	Problem Pages. By BARBARA DANE	299
Renewing Our Years. New Year's Health Talk. By DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.E.	259	The Terror by Night. A Child Story. By ELIZABETH GLAYDE. <i>Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw</i>	302
Christmas Finery. Story by ETHEL TALBOT. <i>Illustrated by W. E. Wightman</i>	262	Between Ourselves. By THE EDITOR	307
Animal Life on a Yorkshire Moor. Written and illustrated by BENJAMIN HANLEY	267	The Problem of the Modern Girl. No. 3.—Her Clothes. By R. A. PENNETHORNE	310
The Business Side of Church Affairs. A Layman's Plea for Greater Power for the Congregation. By Our Special Commissioner	271	Preparing a Boy's Outfit for School. By MRS. ROBERT E. NOBLE	313
ANTHONY STRONG'NTH' ARM. Serial Story. Chapters VII-IX. By JEROME K. JEROME. <i>Illustrated by Charles Crombie</i>	275	The New Army of Helpers. Conducted by MRS. GEORGE STURGEON	315
		"The Quiver" Parliament. Marriage—The Church—and Life. Readers' Opinions	319

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"Becoming Young at Forty," by Marie Harrison, strikes the right note; "The Church and Lovers" is somewhat novel, but none the less true for that; "Glands and Personality," by W. Kingscote Greenland, will make you wonder just what things are possible in the future; "Human Leeches—and Their Devastating Ways," by Mona Maxwell, will delight you, whilst everybody will be pleased with the charmingly illustrated article on Cats and Dogs and Their Ways.

The Editor

Altogether, a good number, I think.

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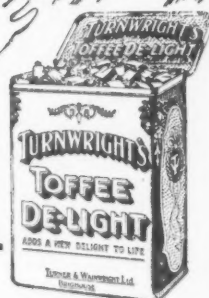
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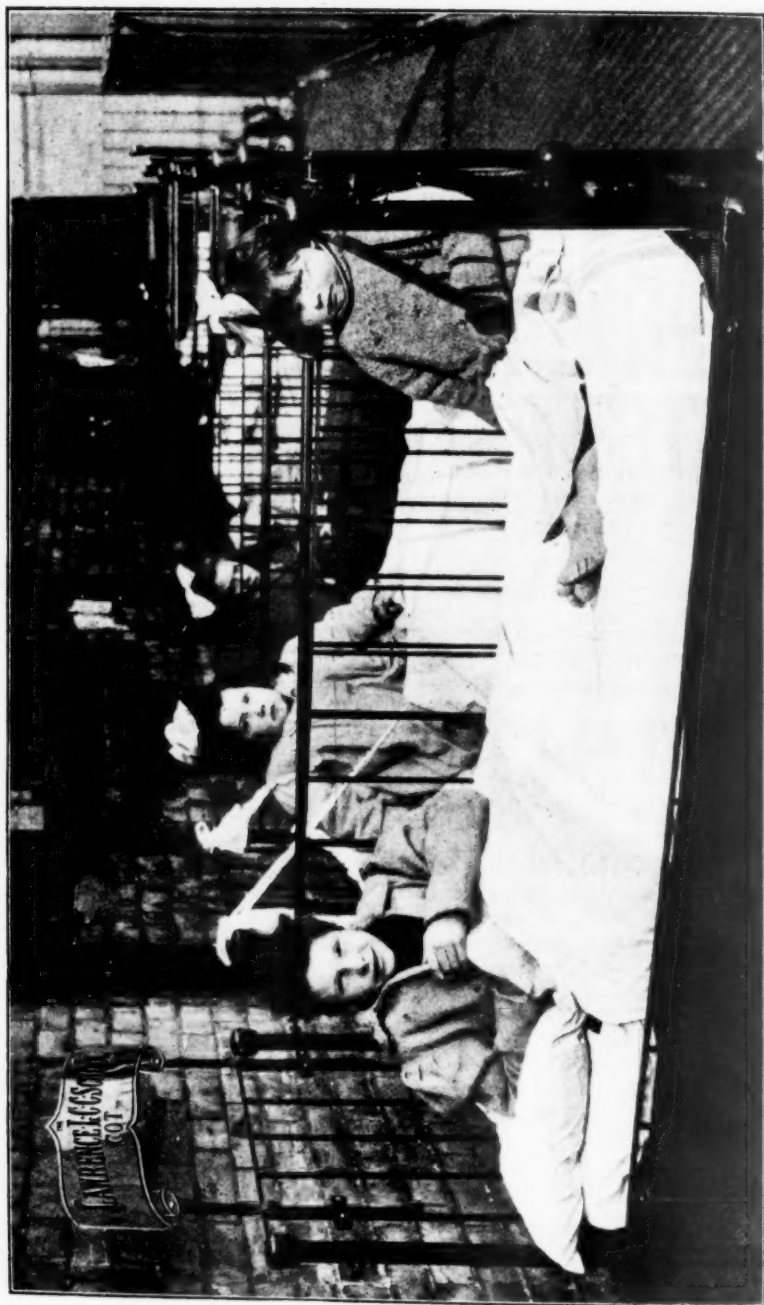
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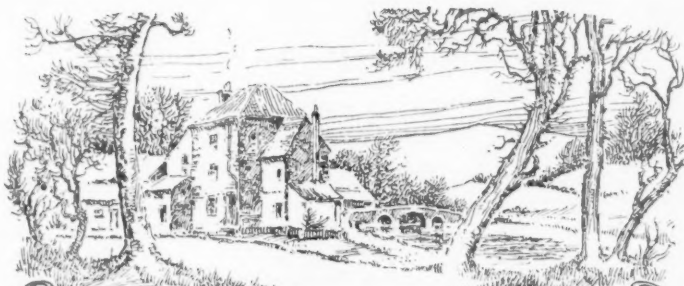
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The QUIVER

January

Dreams

Don't make New Year resolutions. Dream dreams . . .

Our dreams come true more often than our resolutions. A man never makes a New Year resolution to buy a motor car. He starts just by dreaming about it. He keeps on dreaming about it; and one day, somehow, he buys it, because the idea has got such hold on him. So with other things, good and bad. The dream enters the mind, the mind dwells on the idea, it grows and grows—and one day becomes reality. So do men fall in love—build churches—commit murders. The great and the ignoble things of life are done first by dreaming, not by resolving. What you will do in 1923 is largely already resolved by your dreams of 1922.

So do not bother about New Year resolutions. Examine instead your dreams. Dream noble dreams and your resolves can take care of themselves; allow ignoble dreams to enter your mind and they will worm their way into the fabric of your life, and sooner or later betray you.

What is at the back of your mind? Clear out the useless lumber of the mind, dream loftily, and may your best dreams come true.



A Seller of Herbs

In Egypt, present poverty often contrasts with ancient splendour. In this picture from a land of sunshine, a herdseller is vending his wares at the door of an ancient Arab house in Cairo.

When will Prices be Normal Again?

By
T. E. Gregory,
D.Sc. (Econ.)

IN discussions relating to economic matters we must always be on our guard against using words without a clear understanding of what they imply. This is especially necessary when we talk of "normality." What is a normal price? Prices have always fluctuated in the past and will continue to fluctuate in the future, so that it is clear that we cannot mean by "normal prices" prices which never alter. If we meant that, the answer to the question at the head of this article would be "Never." It is clear, then, that before we can venture into the field of speculation as to the future we must analyse our terms more in detail.

Some Familiar Facts

Prices, it is usual to say, are the resultant of supply and demand. Increase the supply without increasing demand, and prices fall; increase demand without increasing supply, and prices rise. This argument is mere question begging, however, for it supplies us with no reason as to why demand or supply should increase or decrease at any given moment; nor is the statement at all clear as to what is meant by supply or demand, as the case may be. Before dealing with the intricacies, then, it may be as well to recall facts familiar to us all.

Why Prices Vary

The price which we expect certain articles to fetch varies from time to time according to circumstances which are sometimes so well known to us all that the explanation of the variation is perfectly easy. The prices of butter and eggs, fruit and vegetables vary according to the time of the year, so that people expect to pay more for these things at some times and less at other times. What is the normal price? It is the price which people expect to pay, *taking the time of year into account*. Housewives are not surprised when they are asked to pay more when a particular kind of article is "out of season," though they may not anticipate that the price will be as high as it actually is. In that case they will say that though they expected to pay more, yet the

actual price is abnormally high for that time of year. A large number of necessities are subject to seasonal variations of this kind, from articles of food to seaside lodgings. Again, there are some articles which are partly influenced by seasonal changes but are mainly affected by changes of another kind, viz., changes of fashion. Articles of clothing are especially subject to changes of this kind, so that we quite expect that unfashionable articles will not sell for as good a price as fashionable ones, even though they may have originally cost as much, or a good deal more, to produce.

What is "Normal" ?

We see, then, that a normal price can only be defined by reference to the causes which produce it. Each set of causes has a price which is "normal" with reference to that group of causes, and the price level in general at a particular moment is only a compound of such particular prices, each of which is "normal" when referred to the causes which produced it. But, fortunately, some of the causes at work at each moment of time are common to all prices, so that it becomes possible to deal with these major causes without going too much into detail. Having said so much, we see that the question—when will prices become normal again?—can only mean this: When will some of the causes which are at work now, and were not at work before the war, cease to be at work? For so long as they are at work prices are not abnormal at all, taking the circumstances into account, and all that we can mean by calling them abnormal is that they are different from what they used to be. That may be quite correct, but it is much better to go deeper into the matter.

Now, it becomes important to ask, what *were* the causes at work before the war? If we know what they were it is easy to go on to ask in what respects the present situation differs from the pre-war situation. We can divide the subject up as follows:

Prices varied, even in pre-war days, from the procession of the seasons and from the

THE QUIVER

vagaries of fashion. Some among my readers may remember the summer of 1911, when prices suddenly shot up for some articles and occasioned much excitement, though, after all, it was a purely seasonal matter which was at work. A run of good harvests will lower prices for a time, and a run of bad ones will cause them to go up, but *this* kind of price variation we shall always have with us. The only question is, Have things got worse in this respect since the war? There is one factor which must be considered in this respect: the disorganization which the war brought with it has not yet completely been removed; in particular there are many obstacles in the way of international trade which did not exist in the same degree before 1914. Consequently the adjustment of prices in different parts of the world is not as great as it was. Higher transport costs, together with higher tariff duties, are impeding the re-establishment of a true international price level.

The "Trade Cycle"

But, obvious as these factors were and are, they are not necessarily the most important ones. Much less obvious to the ordinary man, but really vital, was the influence exerted by what it is now fashionable to call the "trade cycle."

It is a well known and definitely established fact that trade moves in regular cycles of about seven to ten years' duration, this period covering a period of boom, or rising prices, depression, or falling prices, and slump, when prices reach rock bottom, and then slowly rise again. The causes of this phenomenon are not yet clearly realized, though an increasing amount of research into the nature of such cycles is taking place. All sorts of factors clearly enter in: the fact that confidence and pessimism affect the judgments of business men; the difficulties of adjusting capital investments accurately; the possible lack of judgment of bankers in not adjusting the price of loans to the price level of goods, and so on, have all been advanced as the cause of this cyclical nature of trade. We must be content with the fact that there are such cycles and that they affect prices. So, again, before we ask whether a price level is normal we ought to ask before we answer, what phase of the credit and trade cycle we find ourselves in. If we are in the boom period of the cycle, prices will go on rising; if we are in the depression period,

prices will go on falling for some time to come. When at last prices seem to be again stable it is not very unsafe to predict a rise.

Production Always Increasing

All this has a bearing on the present position; but now we come to another point of great importance also. In spite of alternating rises and falls in the prosperity of the world there has been going on all through the nineteenth century a steady increase in the powers of production, so that the mass of well-being over time has been increasing and increasing faster than the population, and at the end of the century people were better off than they were in 1800.

This increasing productivity of the industry of the world ought to have lowered prices, but, unfortunately, the effects of this were in part again veiled by the fact that the monetary basis of the whole system was unstable. Prices were affected not only by increasing supplies of goods but also by increasing supplies of money—in the days before the war primarily supplies of gold and of paper instruments convertible into gold, so that the whole mass of money was falling in value at the same pace. In other words, prices just before the war were rising by about 2 per cent. per annum.

"Prices" Always Going Up

We can put all this as follows: Had there been no such thing as good seasons or bad seasons, no trade cycle, that is, no boom periods or periods of depression, no changes of fashion and no startling inventions, in the twenty-five years before the war, *yet prices at the end of the period would have been considerably higher than they were at the beginning, and were, in fact, considerably higher. And, had the war not come, prices would have continued to fluctuate up and down round a level which was itself rising. This would have continued so long as the level from which rising and falling prices were measured at each point in the cycle continued to be dominated by increasing amounts of gold from the South African mines and by paper instruments kept at parity with such gold.*

Since 1914

Now let us come to the present time.

The history of prices since 1914 can be summarized as follows: A continuous rise of prices in all countries until 1920. Since 1920 a fall in some countries and a con-

WHEN WILL PRICES BE NORMAL AGAIN?

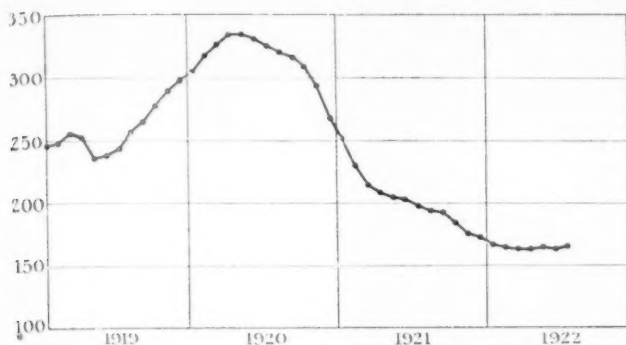


Diagram showing fluctuations in wholesale prices (Board of Trade statistics)

tinued rise in others. The countries in which prices are still rising are the Central and East European ones, Germany, Austria, Russia, Poland; in the rest of the world *until recently* there has been a fall. The facts are graphically represented by the accompanying charts. It is important to notice that these curves relate to wholesale prices and not to retail prices or to "cost of living figures." Cost of living figures are still in a most unsatisfactory state. Apart from anything else they give a misleading idea of the real cost of living by neglecting, almost necessarily, changes in the nature of consumption. The Ministry of Labour index of the cost of living, for instance, is based on the supposition that a certain collection of articles which cost a certain amount in 1914 continues to be bought and costs so much more now. Well, articles are no longer bought in the same relative amounts now as they were then. The result is that though ethically we are perhaps justified in saying that the cost of living "ought" to be measured by this comparison, yet it is absurd to suggest that changes in the Ministry of Labour index really measure the actual changes in the cost of living to real families. There is constant friction over these figures. I shall come back to this point later on.

It is now necessary

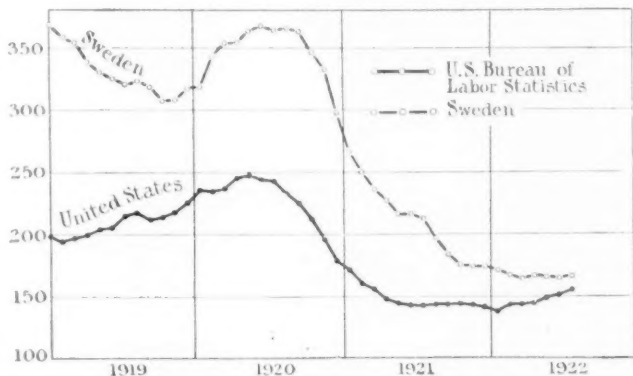
to ask what explanation can we give of these curves, and what light do they throw on the future?

The actual war period acted just as a boom period does on prices, but the movement was much accentuated by the constant increase in the volume of money which the various governments poured out. There was an intense shortage of goods, and as the war went on people got

into the habit of anticipating further rises of price; this made them still more anxious to buy and drove prices up still more, made governments still more ready to print paper money, which in turn stimulated the price movements. It is true that governments attempted to undo with the left hand what they had done with the right one; that is, they tried by means of price regulations to keep prices from rising, and to some extent, no doubt, they were successful, because they controlled the supply and rationed the consumers.

The "Golden Age"

The ending of the war naturally made people think that this period of rising prices would come to an end, and for a time there was a break in prices. But it was only for a time. For the period immediately was followed by price rises which lifted the price level even above the highest



Fluctuations in wholesale prices for two typical countries—Sweden and the United States

THE QUIVER

points reached by the war. For a time it seemed to producers as if the golden age of industry had really arrived. Profits—on paper at least—were enormous; prices seemed as if they were likely to go on rising; the governments assisted the delusion by printing still more money, not being anxious to tax their subjects too much in view of the necessity for combating "Bolshevism"; and the greatest boom in history went the way of all others.

For, this is the significant point, the main factor driving prices still upwards was the overheated imaginations of business men and the reckless inflation of governments, assisted, it is true, by the folly of bankers in not putting on the screw early enough. But there was no solid foundation for the whole movement; output in terms of goods was small, so that the real well-being of the world could not be great. The history of the last three years confirms in a striking way the history of all other booms, only never before was a boom assisted by the creation of money as this one was. In the absence of real productivity the end was bound to be a smash. As soon as the fabric reared by the imagination of business men was put to the test—which meant that as soon as prices, owing to some check in the stream of production, anywhere ceased to rise—a period of disillusionment was bound to set in. The result was the slump of 1921, when unemployment reached in this country unheard-of heights.

Still Rising in Germany

It is true that in Germany the position is not the same; there prices are still rising and industry is busy. This effect has been produced by great issues of paper money, and it is not difficult to see how, under these circumstances, industry should be booming. The value of goods rises automatically, and the value of money falls at the same rate. A point must come when the money falls in value so fast that the prospects of making a fortune cease because what is received is worthless.

We can now see the answer to the question more or less clearly. The West European governments have more or less ceased the free manufacture of paper money. In this country, for instance, the margin for further increase is definitely limited by the self-imposed restrictions of the Government. But, of course, this is not the whole story. In a boom period prices

rise faster than the monetary basis at any given moment warrants, because people think that prices will go on rising and they anticipate the future.

Prices will Rise Again

There is no reason to suppose that the difficulties which have always produced credit and trade cycles are at an end. "The devil is sick, the devil a saint would be" applies as much to the business world as to any other. Business men are just as likely to overestimate the chances in the future as they have been in the past. There is no doubt that we have reached that point in the credit cycle when, after reaching bottom, prices are rising again. The diagrams show that in all cases the fall has come to an end and in some cases a rise has already taken place.

For these reasons I think that wholesale prices will go on slowly rising until reviving confidence brings on boom conditions again. At the moment these boom conditions are prevented from coming into existence by the political situation, which is so obviously dangerous that it damps down business feeling very much. But once there is a reasonable settlement of the Reparations question—if that is possible—prices will rise more rapidly. But in any case, the world is faced by serious economic difficulties in the whole of Eastern Europe, and so long as these obtain, prosperity must at best be a relative term.

How far the consumer in the narrower term will feel the pinch is another matter. The common complaint is that at present the retailer is profiteering at his expense: retail prices, that is, are not falling as fast as wholesale prices have been falling. This may be true; retailers naturally lag behind the wholesaler because by the time they sell to the public the prices at which they have bought are no longer the current wholesale ones. But the retailer also saves the public from the extremist rises which take place when the boom is at its height and the turn in the market is about to take place. And, after all, there is something to be said from the public's point of view for stability, and the retailer, I think, is the stabilizing agency. In any case, unless there is a complete collapse of the economic position owing to faulty political schemes, I think that we are in the first stages of a new upward period in industry, and the normal price in those circumstances is a rising one.

STANDING WATER

By

Alice Garland Steele

A WOMAN stood in a doorway in the basin of the Big Horn and stared across acres of stony and unprofitable ground to the sullen rise of Cedar Mountain. At twenty-six she was trying to lay for ever in dust the spirit of her bridehood!

Five years ago she had brought it with her—a white flame—as she had brought with her those outer trappings which still lay in a box on one of the rough shelves upstairs. . . . Once or twice only had she had courage to look again at that floating gown, all soft tulle and bits of her mother's lace, with the orange wreath that she had fastened on for so brief an hour, and that she might never wear again. . . .! Her throat swelled, but her eyes were still clear and a little hard as she kept them fastened on those bold mountain outlines that hemmed her in . . . that hemmed her so into this valley! Peak cutting into peak, crag leaping to jagged cliff—bare and gaunt, a stark, naked thing above the tree-line, barriers over which it seemed even her soul might not pass!

The spirit of her bridehood! And she had brought it with her, a white flame—set burning in that last virgin hour when she wore the orange wreath, looking out from her mist of tulle upon a sea of happy faces—cousins, aunts, her school friends, those intimates of her girlhood—a little sad for the things she was leaving, a little awed at what she was facing, but unafraid. She had proudly placed a hand upon her husband's arm as she said good-bye, not knowing that six months later a spot on one of those deep lungs of his would bring them both to—this. . . .!

She turned her eyes, stiffly, away from that ragged mountain barrier to a line, below her in the deeper hollow, of straggling, unpainted little houses, set at odd angles, like the toys from some Noah's ark that a child would place, hit or miss, on a nursery floor. It was the Slav colony where her husband got his workers, raw-

boned, muscle-bound; where she got Thora of the deep eyes and high cheek-bones, who worked in her kitchen; where the travelling priest and the divinity student, who overlapped each other in monthly visitations, got their chance at establishing a heaven upon earth!

She turned from it suddenly with a new desolation upon her. These crude cradles of what some day, perhaps, would be a new civilization—they hurt her eyesight with their ugliness, as everything out here was hurting her, crushing out the joy of living under a Juggernaut that moved silently, inevitably, across the track of each new day, till they stretched eventually into misshapen, distorted years!

Do not smile. This woman in the basin of the Big Horn was enduring. She had reached what seemed to her an epoch in her life. She had started out with a man across unknown country. And she was finding it a common way filled with disheartening experience. If she could have kept that white flame burning—but it is only the vestal who can keep the altar fire alone—in marriage two must serve. All she could think of now, as she turned from the sight of that ugly little colony in the hollow, was that it was her wedding day, and that she was the only one who remembered.

She stared, still with those clear, hard eyes, at the small clock set in the window of her kitchen. The room was empty. Thora had decided, in a stolid, sullen little way she had, on a half-holiday. The heat never mattered to these Slavs, and Esther had watched the girl scrub her arms raw with laundry soap and tie on a yellow ribbon about her waist, and deck herself in a necklace of blue glass beads. These were the signs, with Thora, of *Mardi gras*. She was ripe for anything, a creature who gave out primary colours as she walked. They were the colours of the few passions she knew, and they swayed her.

THE QUIVER

One thing the older woman had tried always to remember—that Thora was primitive, and still a child.

"You must be back by eight, Thora."

The girl had barely lifted heavy blue eyes. "If I could the key take, missis—"

"No." Esther had not compromised. And then her voice had softened. "You will be tired enough at eight, Thora. You were up at dawn."

The girl had stood, stubbornly, fingering the hatpin in her coarse straw. "I do like to dance—with my man—"

"You are too young to keep late hours, Thora. And Mr. Sheldon likes to lock the house early. Tell your mother that you must leave before eight."

In silence Thora had left the quiet kitchen, to go out over the sun-blinded fields—down into the sweltering, ugly hollow.

There was supper to get, but it was still early. The little clock said four. At five-thirty her husband would come in, silent, tired to death with the things he had done since dawn-rise, and at six the men would follow—there was no eight-hour day for labour out here—and then there was the stock to be fed and watered. Afterwards an hour under the lamp with her mending, which seemed never to get finished, while Richard turned the pages of some seed catalogue, or some new pamphlet on irrigation—the word spelled for her all the financial loss that had followed their dry trail through the five years of their life in an arid wilderness. Finally, while stars came out, they would go up uncarpeted stairs to sleep heavily, in preparation for another dawning.

She stood a moment listless. It was her wedding day. She knew now that her heart had been set on making it different. It hurt her with a sense of something dead and buried that she must put this day, too, in a grave with all those other dead and still remembered things.

She had tried so hard, in little ways. She had risen early, and dressed with special care. And she had prepared a special dish for breakfast, saying to herself that it would help him to know what she would not put into words. If one has to hint openly to love, it is no longer love; and that was what, in her heart, she was fearing. Love, even if it did not know, would be quick to guess.

He had eaten in silence. Thora had waited at table, while she sat, faint shadows

in her darkening eyes, back of the coffee urn, the one bit of silver she insisted on using always. It had been a wedding gift from her room-mate at college, Maida Joyce, and it seemed to take her, somehow, into that happy past—it had grown to be a rite.

Afterwards Richard had risen, still silently, and reached to the top of his desk for his pipe. He had gone out to the porch smoking it, not even looking back when she called to him about luncheon.

"Send it," he had answered; "just a sandwich or two and the thermos flask—whatever you do, don't forget the water!"

Her throat had felt that first hard swelling as she watched him strike out with his long, graceful gait for the hot field-path. Her eyes had filled with sudden burning tears. Once, last summer, she had forgotten the water—and one of the hands had sunstroke, and they had to send a quarter of a mile. Of course the man had not died. He was a Slav. You can wear them out in time, but you can't kill them—but Richard had hurt her horribly by saying that water at once would have helped. She had never forgotten it since, but often and often she had wondered why God made a region so beautiful and left out of it a thing so precious. It was a bit of earth gone dry.

She bit her lips, forcing herself to her usual, clear-eyed calm. No one was in the house. It was not unhomelike, thanks to good proportions and her own ingenuity. She had tried from the first to give it grace, some of those wifely touches that stamp a place with the hall-marks of womanhood: there was cretonne to hide the bareness of bleaching wood, and an easy chair or two, and, shielded from the glare, a pot of rose geranium that she cut and slipped and tended summer and winter because it reminded her of New England gardens—she passed it on her way up the stairs.

An impulse seized her, a desire to go back. (As if one ever can go back!) Underneath the roof the heat was sweltering. She was physically strong, grandly built as to neck and chest, and the proof that she could stand more than most women was that she had weathered through five years of burning heat and biting cold, of housework that never ended, of labour made difficult by lack of mechanical aid—she and Richard were pioneers as much as any of their progenitors who had faced a wilderness—the only difference, as she said many times, was "Indians." She had faced it all and still kept remnants of beauty. If her hands had

STANDING WATER



"He was fumbling with a bunch of clean collars as he spoke. He did not once turn his eyes her way"

Drawn by
P. B. Hicklin

hardened, her eyes had deepened. Sometimes, as now, they were all shadows, with, underneath the dark half-lights, a hint of permanent pain.

Richard had helped to build the house. He and another man, a carpenter from Torbett, had put on the roof, but she hated that roof—night after night she had lain sleepless in the heat and felt it closing down upon her. Sometimes she had felt a frantic desire to run out, in her night things, and throw herself down, face upward, to the stars! Richard always slept heavily. With the healing of his lungs he had gained something from the climate that made him thrive. Heat or cold, he seemed impervious—there was only, ever uppermost with him, the crying need of water for his land. He had tried home methods of irrigation, but they were inadequate, and sometimes the thing got on his nerves till, after the manner of man, he vented his wrath on the household. At such times her lip would curve in proud silence, but Thora would stammer—and break dishes.

She put a hand up, brushing rings of dark hair from her forehead. She wore it simply, but now, suddenly, she took out two or three tortoiseshell pins, releasing the heavy mass till it fell about her shoulders, over the faded pink gingham of her house dress. Be-

fore the small hanging mirror, over an improvised dresser, she brushed it swiftly, coiling it again with fingers that trembled, then from the shelf above her she took down a pasteboard box.

She stood, suddenly, very still. Her shoulders were bare. Over one arm she held carefully from the floor a mass of misting tulle and lace—she had heard steps on the porch, the kitchen door opening. At first she thought it was Thora back again, or one of the hands sent on some errand from the fields, until she heard Richard's step on the stair. She turned, flushing beautifully at his entrance. For one brief instant she felt again his bride, new-made!

"Are you busy?" he said. "Get out my black bag, will you? McNeil has just come over hurriedly in his car. We've got to get to town by 10 a.m. to-morrow. We've got to make the State Commission see it our way about that Ordway Bill, and it's coming up at to-morrow's session. McNeil dropped everything as soon as he heard. If we get started in ten minutes we'll be in time to catch the night special at Dyckman's." He was fumbling with a bunch of clean collars as he spoke. He did not once turn his eyes her way.

She stood absolutely still; the colour, slowly mounting over neck and cheek, sud-

THE QUIVER

denly faded. She pressed her lips together. She felt as if she were turning to some stony substance.

"Where the dickens is a clean shirt, any way—haven't I one?" He turned to her now, as to one who had always met for him the need of the moment.

She went quietly to a lower drawer, speaking proudly. "I ironed six for you yesterday," she said. She laid them before him without a word, but first she laid also the armful of tulle and lace upon the bed.

It evidently did not strike him as incongruous—did not strike him in any way. She saw that he pushed it aside with a man's rough touch as he threw his hurried collection into the black bag—his shaving stuff, a tube of dental cream, his notebook, one or two ties. He was still in knickers and tall boots, the things he wore about the farm. She saw he would not have time to change. He could do that, of course, later. As he snapped the lock he turned to her at last.

"I'm sorry to leave you in such a horrible rush, but you know what that Ordway Bill means to me. If the State will allow us something—irrigation is the only thing that will keep us on the map. It's the water of life for these Slav cattle sheds! If McNeil and I can fight it through—good heavens, we'd be doing something for the whole country."

He bent to kiss her, but she hated its perfunctoriness. His lips just brushed her cold cheek.

"When do you expect to be back?" She forced herself to put the question. Once before he had left her for a day and stayed a week; it was early in their married life, before the days of Thora, when her heart and arms were still clinging; and she had never forgotten the desolation and void of those hours alone in an unpeopled wilderness. It was better now, with that fringe of straggling huts below them, but this time she was afraid to be alone with her thoughts.

He pivoted on his heel. "What's that? Why, I don't know. I tell you, if a fight means putting the thing over we'll stay and fight. You'll have Thora—"

"Yes. I'll have Thora." Her eyes were hard again.

"And if anything goes wrong—with the stock, I mean, or—the men, Tim Flanigan would soon run up. He'd do anything for us."

She did not add to it.

He took out his watch, picking up the bag as he prepared to descend. "By the

way, if I were you I'd watch Thora. That chap is hanging around again. I met them down at Ritter's as I came round. Keep her in your mind, Esther."

She smiled a little bitterly. "I have many things on my mind."

He sent a swift glance at her, puzzled. "Well, then, so long, old girl."

"Good-bye," she said stiffly, and followed him with her burning eyes as he bent his tall figure to escape the overhang of the narrow wooden stair. An instant later she heard the snorting of McNeil's car as it turned the bend into the lower valley. Mechanically she reached for her wedding dress—her heart was cold as she folded it away.

Thora had not come home. It was eight by the clock, but not dark yet. The sky in that region deepened to violet and dull indigo. There seemed still even a streak of light slashing the top of Cedar Mountain, where the sun had gone down two hours before like a burning copper ball.

She had given supper to the men. With a mind that reverted in sick memory to a wedding feast, she had fed them, two big, rawboned Lithuanians, and stood aside while they finished off a fruit cake and emptied to the dregs a pot of coffee. Tonight she could not use that silver urn!

Afterwards they went to water the stock; she could still trace in the dim light their figures prowling about the outbuildings. They hid from her another figure, a man sitting on horseback, winding up from the valley, horse and rider done in bronze.

"Pardon me, does R. H. Sheldon live here?"

She had turned quickly at the voice—a man, tall and brown, was peering in her doorway.

"Why—John McRae!"

He crossed her threshold in silence, standing in the little kitchen, with his shoulders squared. He showed, after all these years, the same poise, the same sense of power held in check, that she remembered. For a full minute they stared at one another, until he spoke quietly, yet with a certain delicate emphasis.

"I told you that some time I should look you up."

She had no answer ready. Feeling had rushed over her, she heard in her ears the sound of rushing waters—then with an effort she regained her voice, could put a banal question. "What on earth are you doing out here, John?"

STANDING WATER

He made a brief gesture. "I told you. Looking you up. Did you think I would not keep my word?"

She pushed it aside. "Is it a pleasure trip, John?"

He laughed slightly. "I have not figured that sort of thing in my life since fate and you shut me out of it. No. A bit of engineering. We are laying a few more railroad ties in Fremont County. May I smoke, Esther?"

Why should she flush at his use of her name? He had always done so in the old days. Yet she felt the hot blood surge over her, mount to her temples.

"Of course," she said. "Do come in, and tell me of—of home." Her voice shook a little. She kept her face turned aside as she lit the extra lamp on her husband's roll-top desk.

He gazed about him for an instant in silence, and she felt in it that his keen eyes took in her whole existence as it must be in this place, that secret needs known only hitherto to her own soul were laid bare. He had always been clever at appraisal.

"I'm trying to figure you," he said slowly, "as a pioneer."

"It should not be difficult," she spoke still tremulously, with a choking quality in her voice. "Richard is a heaver of wood and I am a drawer of water, John."

He brought his eyes carefully from the bare and homely plaster of the walls back to her flushed face. "Meanwhile," he said, "what have you done with your mind, Esther?"

It was as if some lord of her being had said: "What have you done with your talent?"

"My mind?" She smiled across the heated room. "Truly, I use it daily for the commonest things! I am an excellent cook, John."

"It was a pearl," he said, "as I remember it, of price."

"Then I ask you not to remember." She said it bravely, knowing that he would understand what she could not very well put into words.

"Very well," he said, "I won't, out loud. What is the colony below you there in the hollow—Slav?"

She nodded. "I assure you we do not want for neighbours. I dose all their children—make flannel petticoats for the old women. There are such a lot of old women down there, John."

He drew slowly at his pipe. "Are you

limited to Lithuania for polite conversation, Esther?"

She braved it out. "No. We have neighbours, of course. One or two ranchers and a divinity student with weak lungs. His mission board is giving him a chance at—at healing, you see, more than sick souls! One of the ranchers, a man named McNeil, has gone with Richard to town. They are trying to get a bill passed for irrigation. You don't know how horribly off we are for water."

"Do you mean," he said, "that Sheldon has left you here alone—that he is not returning to-night?" He was looking at her strangely.

"Richard is not often away," she said proudly. "This bill means so much. You could not, unless you struggled as we do with the land, possibly understand." Her neck had arched. Her eyes were dark with feeling.

He got up, prodding his pipe savagely with his thumb. "No man," he said, "has a right to leave a woman in a God-forsaken country such as this is. Good heavens, Esther! and you used to be so sheltered."

It was the old idea of womanhood—obsolete, out of fashion, the God of the universe knew, in this new world of the West, but, even while she resented it, it thrilled her. It was like an echo out of that sheltered, happy past!

"What nonsense!" she said with her lips curving. "You cannot guess the things we have to do out here—all that we have been through. And—and even as an old friend, I cannot allow you the right to criticize my husband."

"You forget," he said, standing in front of her, "that I had the prior right, that I tried to establish a prior claim."

Her eyes, slowly drawn to his eyes, were held there. She felt suddenly those old meshes, years old, that she had thought outworn. She heard again her husband's voice repeating strangely a thing he had once said to her in the quietude of some ordinary moment—"Sometimes I wonder—if you ought to have married McRae. He wanted you hard enough—till I cut in—"

They stared at one another across old memories, on his part old dreams. She tried to speak, to say some commonplace thing to this man who had sought her out when faith flickered like a candle in the wind, when the fires on the marriage hearth burned low—but something held her spell-bound, mute, speaking to him only with

THE QUIVER

her gaze, that wavered, with lips suddenly drooped and piteous, with arms straight—she faced him, her eyes dark, misted with an old pain.

"You have no right——" she breathed.

"Esther—tell me, in one word, that you are happy!"

She shook her head. "My feelings can in no way concern you, John."

His expression made the rest of it die out on her trembling lips. His hand, closing about the pipe-bowl, was twitching. His hollow eyes, set with a strange fixity, showed old passion, deep rooted in that past which she had shared, rising again.

"You know," he said, "better than that, Esther."

She tried to drop her eyes, but the power of the man possessed her. And the memory that once, once only—before Richard came—he had wavered. She had known, even then, that whether she yielded or not, for him it would never end.

"Shall I tell you why I have ridden thirty miles up that valley? Because, back in the East, I took this job in order to take up Sheldon's trail."

"Please," she said, "to leave my husband out of it, John."

"No. He is implicated. He took over your life. Don't you suppose I am going to step in, now that I know he is throwing it away? It is my chance—I am not a rotter. For me you are immaculate, that end of it would always be up to you. But before God I am going to do my best to get you out of this wilderness!"

"No. It is home." Her voice had hoarsened.

"Not for a minute," he said, "to such a woman as you!"

She put her hand to her throat. "John, I must beg you to stop all this. I will not endure it from anyone. And if you knew how much it meant just to see someone out of those old days——" Her lips lost control, were quivering.

"Do you think," he said, "I can't see that you have suffered? Do you think, woman as you are, that you could come through a thing like this unscathed? It was your aunt, Mrs. Vallon, who gave me a hint of it, from your letters——"

She raised her head proudly. "I have never said one word."

"It was what you didn't say."

She stared at him across a quivering silence. It seemed to her that every heartbeat must be heard, as if every ordeal she

had gone through, every disillusion she had suffered, must be written on her face! It had been in so many ways for her five years in the Valley of Humiliation, and she had thought that not even God knew all of it, that she had been dumb, as these rocky hills that hemmed her and Richard in were deaf and stone blind.

"Esther, I am not going to play with words. My contract is finished. I am returning to-morrow. I want to take you back East with me. The Irishman down at the crossing has a car and I can get you a compartment through to Chicago. I'll take you to Mrs. Vallon."

"Oh——" her whole body seemed given to sudden trembling.

"Esther, believe me, I am not thinking, in any way, of myself!"

She stood quite still, bracing herself against the white-scrubbed table, where, so long a time ago, it seemed to her vivid consciousness, she had fed an evening meal to her husband's workers. She saw again their big and reddened hands with the nails cut and broken—saw to-morrow as it would dawn for her, the homely, too-heavy tasks, the long, long day for her tired body, the heat that seemed to scorch her brain—and those eternal stone-blind mountains for ever shutting her in!

"John," she breathed, "how can you have the heart to tempt me? Do you think I have put my hand to the plough to turn back? You say your contract is finished, John, but mine is not!" In sudden weakness she sank down into the wooden chair where one of the Lithuanians had sat, and buried her face in her arms.

She could hear his quick breathing, but for the moment she wanted to shut out sight, to drown that singing in her ears.

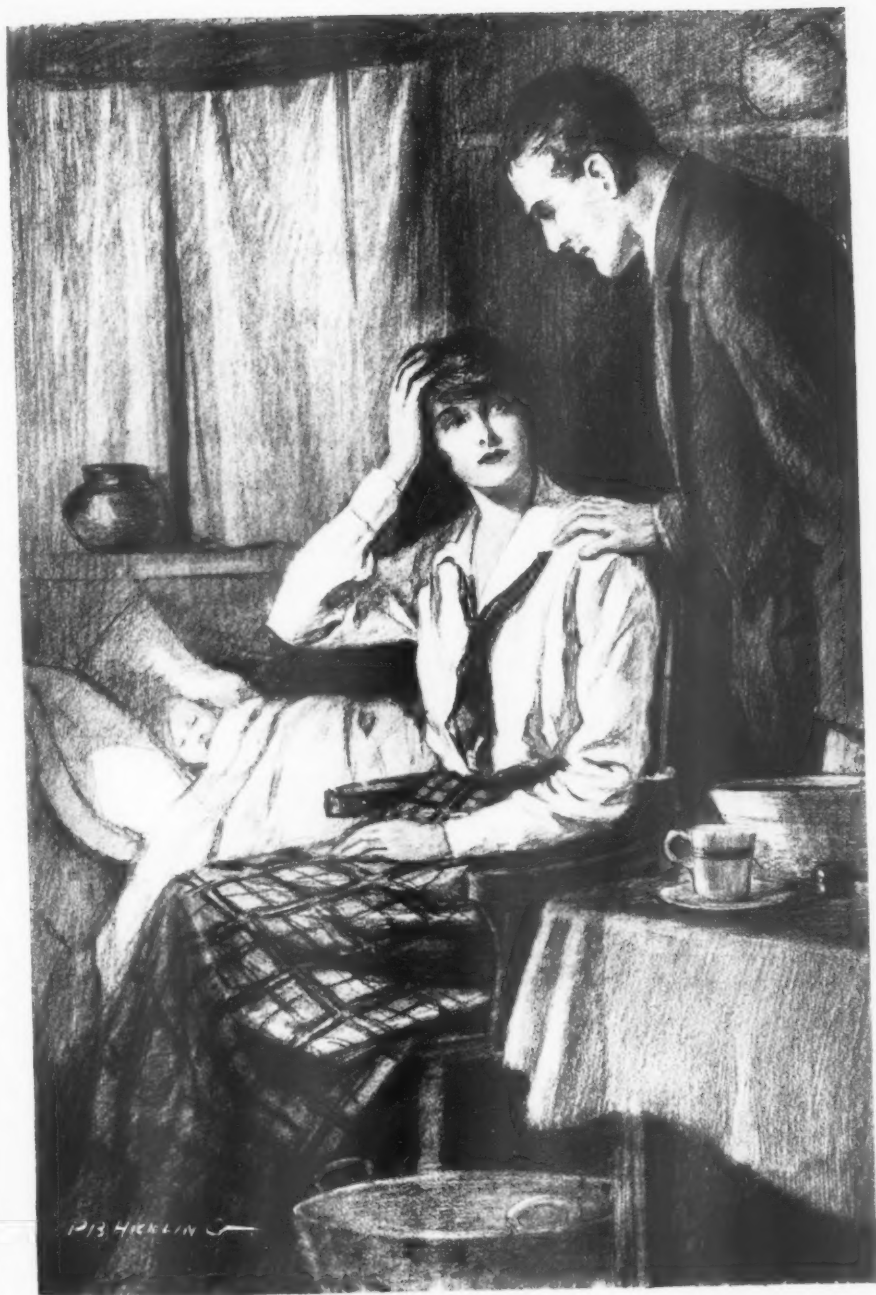
"Esther"—with a quick movement he was standing above her. "Great Scott, Esther, you are unhappy. I have guessed right."

She did not stir. Shame, an utter abasement of spirit, kept her motionless, her eyes still hidden.

"Esther, for goodness' sake——!" He had bent to her, was crushing her in his arms.

"No!" Somehow she was on her feet, struggling away from him. "John! Do not touch me—do not dare!" Her hair, loosened from its pins, fell about her shoulders, her face was a white blur—she was backing away from him, to the opposite side of the room.

They stared at one another now from



"A few minutes later he came to her, touching her briefly on the shoulder. 'Can you leave now?'"—p. 239

Drawn by
P. B. Hitching

THE QUIVER

across a great void. The little clock, ticking out the minutes, was the only thing either of them heard. The thing that had happened had changed for ever the ground they had met upon, half an hour back.

He drew himself to taller height. "I still ask you to consider yourself." He was speaking with heavy effort. "Mrs. Vallon has been worried. If you will permit me to arrange for your journey East—"

She had her head turned away from him, towards the door where it hung open to the still heated air of an August night. The next moment she had crossed the space between. "Anna Marya!"

It was a Lithuanian woman, her head bared to the night. Her face and lips were working. She caught the other woman's gown, pouring out a flood of incoherent speech, spasmodically sobbing short, dry sobs, as if her shrivelled throat was raw.

McRae stood apart, watching them. He had recovered his poise. Only the shaking hand, as he relighted his pipe, showed that the moments for him were still pregnant with feeling.

Esther turned to him. Her voice was strained but clear. "I want you to help us. This woman's baby is ill—dying, perhaps, and her daughter has gone off with a man. I have promised that you will follow the man and stop them; that you will bring her back. They would wait for the eleven o'clock local at Dyckman's. You would have to go back to the crossing. The man there is a friend of Richard's, and he has a car."

He looked at her steadily. "Will you supply me, please, with a description?"

She gave it to him concisely. Her pale face seemed a setting for her brilliant eyes. She still kept a hand on the woman's arm.

"The girl was my maid," she said in ending. "Her name is Thora—she is very young"—her lip trembled, but she stopped it.

He took his wide hat from the table, turning to the door and the night. "And you?" He said it a little thickly.

"I am going to the baby."

The air of the room was fetid. Heavy with garlic and cheap tobacco. And it was crowded. She turned them out first, then went swiftly to the child where it lay on a rude bed, gasping on the top of dirty covers. So many, many times she had begged them to keep their babies clean, but it was always the same answer, "My man bring two pail

a day, missis." They, like the fields, were limited for water!

"How long has it been like this?" She put the question to a stooped old woman, its grandmother, who pattered about the bed with wrinkled face and sagging breasts.

"All day, missis."

"Then why did you not send for me before?" Indignation flashed to her dark eyes.

The old woman gestured, with the fatalism of her race. "If it is to die it will die, missis."

"Nonsense!" At least she could refute that vigorously, as she set up and lighted a small charcoal-burning stove which she always kept for emergencies in a corner of her own kitchen. Richard had once brought it for her from Evanston after the Flanigan child had died. She remembered, as she worked, how many little things Richard was always doing for this colony in the hollow, and how, for the most part, they took it in stolid silence. There was silence now, breathless silence, and breathless air in the little room no bigger than a cattle pen, and not half so clean, as with dull eyes they watched her set about what must be rapid measures for the child—putting her own clean linen in place of the filthy covers, getting ready poultices of corn meal and mustard for the little body, which seemed already cold.

It was cholera infantum; and the child was already blue about the lips. If there had only been a doctor as well as a priest and divinity student nearer than thirty miles away! Or even Richard, who was always at least calm and adequate. She choked down her terror of responsibility, trying to remember all the babies who were in the world would be better off out of it—unless America did something for them. And then all at once it flashed upon her—she and Richard were America to this alien group below them in an arid valley! Whatever America must do was up to them!

The thought would not let her alone. As she issued orders, heated water for a tepid bath, hung above the gasping mite, she knew she was its only chance for living, and the knowledge, had there been time enough, would have forced her to her knees.

As the night dragged through, still working over the baby, she felt the two women's eyes upon her, watching her every motion with a pathetic belief that almost overcame her courage, and yet in some way added to it, made it strong!

STANDING WATER

In spite of her remedies the baby grew worse. They saw it in her face, though she tried to keep it from expressing anything. There was one thing more, however, that she could do.

She had with her opium—but she dreaded its effect on a child. She felt bungling, incompetent. If only she had studied medicine in some of its branches. She made up her mind, whether the baby lived or died, that she would get in touch with some correspondence school, do her best, if only to help these poor creatures to some idea of hygienic living. She could work over the papers in winter, when the days closed down early. She got to her feet and reached for her little Red Cross medicine kit. She measured out the opium in the tiny crystal vial.

The child's eyes were set far back, glassy, in a stare which held nothing of babyhood. Its tiny knees were drawn upward. In spite of herself she felt the old swelling of emotions too strong for her in her throat, her lips trembled. She loved all children, as so many women do whose homes are empty. The watching women took fright.

The mother, sobbing, caught at her gown. These stolid creatures, given up to grief, became tempest-tossed, rudderless, in those rude and stormy seas of feeling that sometimes affect heavy natures so profoundly. But it was the grandmother who, in her pride of race, remembered—

"Missis—oh, missis—" She genuflected with her old knees, looking upward.

"You mean it has not been baptized? But I cannot get you a priest. It is a good baby. All babies are good, and the God of little children, if it dies, will take it to heaven."

The old woman broke into unadulterated Russian. All Esther realized was that it was beseeching, suppliant, a horror of the little life going out 'unblessed, into a nameless void!

Esther felt helpless before it. Pity filled her eyes with quick and welling tears. "What can I do? I tell you it is safe—it is God's baby as well as yours!" And then suddenly she thought of something that might calm them—or, God knew, it might offend—

"Listen," she said; "there is no priest, but I will baptize the child myself. Get me holy water."

The old woman brought it for her. Her wrinkled face was a study. It was as if she doubted, yet could not doubt this goodness

that rolled up its sleeves and worked in the darkness of the night.

"What will you name it?" Her voice shook a little as she put the question, and then a rush of feeling followed as the mother spoke it through her tears, with her unused, alien tongue—"Ess-ther—"

She sank upon her knees, dipping her hand into the cheap little font. Above the pinched little face, on the small, twisted forehead, she made that old, old sign of the faith of the world—a cross. "Esther, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!" She rose unsteadily, with quivering lips and a heart grown strangely humble. What America did for the least of these, God help her to let something of it come to them through her!

In the grey of the morning God performed His miracle. On Esther's lap the baby slept.

She heard the hoot of a motor-car. Tired to death, she must have dozed off, the baby still in her lap. She rose, laying it softly among the pillows. She would forgive John McRae if he had brought back Thora!

The machine slid up to the door. A candle still burned dimly, guttering in its tin socket. A man's figure filled the space of greying light, crowding the threshold. But it was not John McRae—it was Richard Sheldon, and he was leading Thora by the hand!

A few minutes later he came to her, touching her briefly on the shoulder. "Can you leave now?"

She pushed the heavy hair off her forehead. "Yes, I think so. They know what to do, and the baby will sleep all day." Her lips twitched in a half-tragic smile. "I found out the cause, anyway. They have been feeding it on salt pork and green bananas."

He did not answer. And suddenly she saw that he looked dead weary. An enveloping pity made her put one hand on his arm.

"Richard, you are done up. We'll go home and I'll make you some hot coffee."

"All right. It sounds good to me." He touched with his foot the little charcoal stove. "Shall you leave this here?"

She nodded. "Yes. I shall come back again later. I want the child to have a warm bath."

He stared down at her through the growing dawn. "It was lucky they had someone, Esther."

THE QUIVER

She turned her face away from him, her eyes suddenly wistful. "I like to feel," she said simply, "that it was lucky they had me."

"Thora has gone ahead—she is very contrite." He was helping her down into what went by the name of a front yard. A few dusty chickens were already scratching the soil. A pig lifted up its snout and saluted as they went by. When they reached the field path she stood still for an instant and drew a deep breath.

"I wish," she said, "you'd tell me all of it, how you come to find Thora and get back."

He walked on silently for a minute, then he said quietly, "I came back because I didn't go."

"Richard—the Ordway Bill!"

He smiled at her earnestness. "It has passed," he said. "It came up on Tuesday. McNeil got the date mixed. Senator Rockland carried it through. He read my letter to the Commission."

"Richard! I am so glad!"

"Glad!" He echoed the word. "Esther, if I do nothing else with my poor little life, it is something that will keep me humble all my days, to put water into this land! I think sometimes God leaves dry places of the earth to test man's courage."

"Tell me," she said breathlessly, "about Thora."

He looked down at her. "I simply did not go," he said. "I was worried about the girl, anyway, and Ritter put me wise to a thing or two. That wretch had a wife and children in Chicago. Ritter used to know him in the stockyards. Well, he'll not trouble Fremont County again, I reckon. I paid his ticket to Chicago and told him he'd know it if he ever showed his face again!"

"Richard!"

"Sure thing. By the way," he stopped still in the path, looking at her steadily, "I met an old friend of yours, floundering around in a hired car. It was John McRae. He's been doing things over the mountain to the railroad."

"Yes?" she said. She would tell him all some time, but not now. She would not sully this early morning, that seemed so to purify and purge her life of all that was dross.

"I tried to get him to come back with me, but he was leaving the car at Dyckman's and getting the train at midnight to connect

through to Chicago. Fact is, I put that fellow in his charge, and he promised to see him to the end of the route."

"Richard," she said, and said it again.

"Did you remember," he said, "that yesterday was our wedding day, old girl?"

She nodded. Her eyes filled with quick tears.

"I meant to get you something nice, Esther—it was the fifth." His voice was suddenly wistful, the voice of a half-abashed boy.

"Richard, I only want your love!"

He looked straight ahead of him. "You have that all right. I am not given to many words, Esther, and I've sometimes thought that the life here was too hard for a woman of your fineness."

She felt the old swelling in her throat. "Oh, my fineness!"

He went on, speaking as if it was something he had long planned to say. "When my lung healed up the obvious thing to do was to take you back, and yet I hoped you were seeing things my way out here."

She felt a sudden realization of his bigness. "It is a good way, Richard."

"The farming possibilities are good," he said simply, "but there was more to me out here than owning land and tilling the soil."

She nodded. Her voice choked in her throat, so that she could find no answer.

"My idea," he said, "has been growing with that little colony where you've just been working over a sick baby."

"Yes," she managed to say.

"It's like that water question," he said. He had taken off his hat, baring his head to the growing day. "There's an old verse somewhere that sized it up for me when we first came out, that God was great enough to turn a wilderness into standing water, and dry ground into water springs, that made me think, Esther."

"Yes, Richard." She seemed to see with him that imagery of a thirsty land turned to living green.

"Well," he was looking at her now, "you can turn that about to fit those poor creatures in the hollow, old girl. If you and I can freshen up a bit those barren lives, turn on some of our American water-springs—do you follow me, dear?"

Her dark eyes, wet now, met his. She spoke on a quick breath: "Not altogether, Richard, but I can partly, and—and it makes me want to learn the rest, dearest, my dearest!"



A Wonderful Winter Playground

By Agnes M. Miall

THIS is the season when the rich and idle pack up their trunks, cough the fogs of England out of their systems, and depart thankfully to the tideless blue waters and the radiant skies of the Mediterranean coast. We who, neither idle nor rich, are left behind to that most unpleasant part of the English weather which falls between Christmas and Easter, must seek what consolation we may for damp, muggy days and piercing east-windy ones, in envious speculations as to which is the nicest winter climate in the world.

Were I possessed of seven-league boots and the purse of Fortunatus, it is not to the glittering, many-coloured life of the Riviera that I would betake myself. I might consider rather longingly the claims of sheltered Las Palmas, of the equable New Zealand climate, or the spring days and winter nights which January brings to California. But I would pack my snow-shoes and my tinted snow-glasses and hurry by liner and continental train to an American State that is all too little known among English people. Five thousand miles of

land and sea are a formidable barrier between us and this winter paradise.

Colorado and the Rocky Mountains, which cross it from north to south in range after snowclad range, are so intertwined that one cannot think of the one without the other. All through the second of the two days' railway journey from Chicago the train is climbing, climbing slowly through the snow, "on and up where Nature's heart beats strong amid the hills." The said hills, when one reaches Denver, the capital, hardly seem imposing enough to deserve that magic name—the Rockies; and indeed they are referred to, almost contemptuously, merely as the foothills. One forgets that the plain on which Denver itself stands is almost exactly one mile above sea-level—a fact which adds considerably to the apparent height of these white monsters whose summits faint almost imperceptibly into the palest of snow-laden skies. Except when sunrise brightens them. Then they blush like virginal maidens as the red rays drift from peak to peak.

The Rockies are the Alps of the New

THE QUIVER



The Glorious Snow-clad Peaks
of the Colorado Rockies

Photo:
Underwood

World. Since America does everything on a larger scale than Europe, they are rather more than the Alps. The peaks are loftier and more numerous than those of Switzerland; against her little cluster reaching 14,000 feet, America can boast nearly a hundred that approximate to this elevation. The valleys are wider and deeper, and the innumerable gorge-like canyons, cut through untold ages by the turbulent streams which dash along their bottoms, add a wild and unearthly beauty to every part of the ranges.

As for the climate, I cannot imagine a more desirable one in the width of the world. Summer brings the tourists by the thousand to these high uplands where it never rains, where the sun shines scorchingly all day long, and yet the nights are always cool and one has only to cross from the sunny to the shady side of the street to find delicious freshness and ease even at midday.

And in winter it hardly ever rains either. About November the snow comes down, white, thick and soft, and settles inches

deep everywhere. And there it lies until spring, with no dirt to defile it, no untoward thaw to make it slushy—crisp, hard, white, a sheer pleasure to touch or to trample underfoot.

Up there, in the Playground of America—an apt enough name—the sun is on duty the whole year through. Redder and lower than in the summer months, he shines so cheerfully in winter, and has so comparatively little atmosphere to penetrate at that height, that on a mid-winter day one is quite hot in his rays. And that despite a thermometer that occasionally runs down below zero, and always marks many degrees of the crispest and most invigorating frost that can be imagined. Or perhaps I should say can't be; it needs to be experienced.

Winter sports? Certainly the picture suggests it. Why, of course. From every State in America troop the lighthearted crowds to indulge riotously in tobogganing, skating, skiing and all the rest.

"From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring"

is the motto of these merry, red-cheeked

A WONDERFUL WINTER PLAYGROUND

folk who crowd the innumerable sumptuous hotels of Denver and Colorado Springs and Glenwood Springs.

If ever there was a mountain fairyland I think it is Glenwood Springs, where the canyon of the Grand River widens into a small valley. To left and right and at the valley's head tower the giant peaks, all in white save where a jutting point of red sandstone gleams through the snow, or the pure slopes are dotted with massed dark pines. Not far away is the stupendous Royal Gorge, half a mile deep from rocky tips to the narrow cleft through which the river boils its way. Sometimes there are no more than thirty feet from granite wall to granite wall, and the train which ventures through this fastness is imprisoned on one narrow single line between rock and river.

In winter it is a vast study in white. The thread-like skyline, hardly glimpsed far above the train, is palest grey. The massive walls wear snow mantles broken only by the solid cream of frozen waterfalls and gigantic icicles. The turbulent foam of the Arkansas river in its cleft is white with spume and spray, in which a faint

winter rainbow strikes the only note of colour.

How winter flies for visitors to the Rocky Mountains! If they tire of tobogganing and skating, ski-ing and curling, then the automobiles are brought out for exploration. The snow, the slopes and the long distances between places are more than sufficient excuse for not walking—if you are American. The elaborate hotel at Colorado Springs, which advertises itself as “appealing strongly to men and women who like to get near to nature in a luxurious way,” understands perfectly the national psychology. And so did the “energetic railroad men” who built a cog railway right to the summit (14,000 feet) of grand Pike's Peak, in defiance of that old pioneer, Zebulon Pike, who discovered and named the mountain in 1806, and at the same time noted in his diary: “No human being could have ascended to its summit.”

But commercialism and machinery have done the trick; and stupendous scenery is linked with modern luxury in just the right blend for the nation which manages to combine a tremendous materialism with an outlook that is singularly idealistic.



Securing Water from a Partly Frozen Stream
in the Snow-bound Colorado Valleys

Photo:
Underwood

THE QUIVER

Colorado, indeed, exhibits some of the most marvellous engineering that has ever been conceived by the human brain. Last summer I travelled over what I believe is boasted of as the highest railway line in England. It is 1,400 feet above sea-level, and traverses a few miles of desolate moorland among the Yorkshire mountains. Last winter a luxurious train, twice the size of our English ones, conveyed me slowly but surely through fastness on fastness of the Rocky Mountains at many times this altitude, culminating in Marshall Pass, just two miles above the sea.

It is a characteristic American feat—and just as characteristic is the fact that a salesman on that train charged us twenty-five cents (a shilling) for a crudely tinted letter-card of views, on the plea that he would post it for us in that pass at the highest post-office in the world. All superlatives are owned by the United States! But the Rocky Mountain railways, that triumph over these sublime ranges by modern human ingenuity, and zigzag their tortuous way over the Great Divide, deserve the most extravagant encomiums one can invent.

In them, or in a private car, winter visitors to Colorado can penetrate deep into

the snow-bound sanctuaries, explore the length of a mighty canyon, or make the circuit of some remote, pine-girdled lake. To drive in an open car when the land is gripped by many degrees of frost may sound a Spartan proceeding; but the views and the air are so clear, and the sun so bright, than one hardly notices the cold. And walking has the disadvantage that the atmosphere is curiously thin at that height and apt to cause breathlessness if one moves as rapidly as the temperature demands.

In the car all is well, unless by mischance the engine freezes, and then—well, the unlucky occupants freeze too. That happened to me on the very coldest Colorado day of last winter—a January morning when the thermometer, in a fit that seldom happens, descended "way down" to ten below—and in America that means zero, not freezing-point, please.

We motored out three or four miles gaily enough. Then the car had to be stopped for something and seized its chance to freeze. For three-quarters of an hour, while the prettiest of girl drivers and the helpfulest of near-by farmers fetched hot water from his house, we sat in that car, turning, for all our three coats and five rugs apiece, into solid lumps of ice.



A Winding Trail in
the Colorado Valleys

Photo:
Underwood

A WONDERFUL WINTER PLAYGROUND



Fun in the Snow: Outside a log cabin shelter on the Colorado Rockies. (Note the snow shoes on the roof)

Photo:
Underwood

Finally the farmer's wife's steam-heated parlour solved our problem until the hot water solved the car's.

But such mischances do not happen every day. Whereas the sun always glitters on the glaciers, and the evergreen forests and great national parks offer primeval scenery to be explored.

Nothing could be less like our trim recreation spaces with their flower beds and lawns than the national parks of the western United States. They are vast tracts of the wildest and most magnificent mountain scenery which are strictly reserved for visitors and for the preservation of the fauna and flora of the district, and administered by the Federal Government.

Centuries before the white man set foot in America the Indians roamed these regions and gave musical, reverent titles of their own to the most striking scenery. Shoshone, Chippewa Falls, the Garden of the Gods, Manitou (The Great Spirit) — they are beautiful names for Nature at her loveliest.

And when the excursionists return, drunk with the grandeur of canyon, range and waterfall, they are absorbed by the most up-to-date of luxurious hotels and may dance all night to the alluring strains of a band.

There are other visitors to the playground to whom no dancing is possible, who get more of the keen mountain air than they bargain for and cannot leave at will. For as in Switzerland, so in Colorado. The same marvellous climate, dry and tingling, which offers winter sports to the lucky, also offers, with, alas! a much more hesitating voice, life and health to the consumptive. Side by side with the big hotels and the laughing crowds at their winter games are the open-air colonies for T.B.'s at such places as Boulder, near Denver, and Colorado Springs.

T.B. has too cheerful a sound about it to represent its meaning—tubercular. But these victims of phthisis are light-hearted folk with endless courage and patience, chattering and joking in a gay jargon of their own as they wait for strength. There is little to recall the pathetic Victorian damsels of fiction, who wasted piously and resignedly away, in these boys and girls (for nearly all are young) who are chasing cures, as they call it, up in Colorado. As they put it, if one must be ill, it is something to be so amid such wonderful surroundings as these.

The keen, thin air, which has a tendency to produce sudden attacks of pneumonia in

THE QUIVER

healthy folk, is balm and nectar to T.B.'s, who arrive from lower and damper realms with hacking coughs, and bury them in Colorado graves before many days have passed—days of lying out, morning, noon and night, on the big, open porches and verandas of the sanatoria and the bungalows.

Cold? Not a bit of it.

"Will you sleep with me on my porch or with mother in the house?" was the choice offered me when I visited a T.B. friend at Boulder. A glance at the outdoor thermometer, registering some ten degrees below zero, decided me instantly in favour of mother and steam heat. But the next morning we, who had felt cold even in the house, heard from the patient only a laughing remark to the effect that, "Yes, it was a bit chilly for once"!

Every fifth day they go through a process gaily known as "taking their shots." The "shots" are a special serum injected by the doctor; this, with unlimited fresh air, eggs and milk, and just as unlimited rest, constitutes the cure treatment.

We in England may be thankful that the influenza epidemics which marked the last years of the war did not leave behind them here, as they did in America, a long trail of tuberculosis. Almost all the girls at Boulder began that way, while the young men are gas victims from France and Flanders.

Tragedy is there in these young folk stricken with one of the most dread diseases; one which, even if an arrest (cure) is effected, will leave its mark upon them for life. But it is well beneath the surface. You would never suspect these plump girls (the milk diet is fattening) or these young men, rosy from the keen mountain air, of being in anything but the best of health. And their supply of good spirits hardly ever fails.

Those who are well enough to be up and about are mostly students at the State University of Colorado, which is situated at Boulder. T.B.'s who would collapse in a week if they tried to study in New York or Chicago can imbibe learning without injury to health in the shadow of the snow-laden mountains provided they are allowed enough "blocks" to get to and from their classes.

A block, in America, is the distance between one turning and the next on a main street. As all blocks are of the same length, the doctors reckon by them when allotting the amount of walking a patient may do. Two blocks, ten blocks, fifteen blocks, represent distances just as definite as a furlong or half a mile.

And all about them are the mountains, tireless, invigorating. In a very literal sense the T.B.'s lift up their eyes to the hills whence cometh their strength. Even those who are not yet promoted to blocks may occasionally, like the happier holiday-makers, be motored through beautiful Boulder Canyon or to see the vastness of the St. Vrain Glacier. This glacier is one of the largest in the whole of the Rocky Mountains and, with several others, is a comparatively recent discovery.

But one sees glaciers in Switzerland, whereas the canyons are characteristically of the western New World. One would need the pen of a poet to do them justice.

"It is in these canyons that old Mother Earth lays aside her mask and reveals the inner secrets of her long life," writes one enthusiast, though the word sounds almost irreverent in this connexion. "Great stone faces, begotten of her conflict with the elements and scarred and seamed in a thousand wrinkles, look down from their dizzy heights with varied expression—now serene and benevolent, now stern and uncompromising, ever mindful of the age-old struggle in which they have defended their battlements against the recurrent attacks of water and air. Here and there the turret spires of these battlements point far upward in bold defiance of the allied enemy."

In summer every canyon has its own peculiar rainbow of many-tinted rocks; no two are quite alike. But in winter the sun gleams on snow which hides their myriad hues under one soft mantle only broken by the scattered black of sentinel pines.

And here, where Nature is at her most titanic, man scampers energetically about, a busy ant that spans the passes with steel and appropriates the ranges as his playground, the frozen lakes for the skimming of his silver-shod feet. Everywhere his hotels and his motor-coaches dot the immensity. It is the old contrast of dignity and impudence.



The Truth about the Scotsman

By
An
Englishman

WHAT are the facts about the Scotsman? Is he really the lean and parsimonious person, the butt of innumerable southern jests? Has he no humour, except the unconscious sort? Does he deem himself superior to those who have been born south of latitude 55° N.? Does his dourness, while an admirable quality, make him less likeable?

The Scotsman of the funny column is a caricature, but a caricature may have many strokes of truth. How far is this caricature a recognizable portrait?

A Rapid Glance

I remember a man of some importance coming back from a visit to Canada and breezily beginning a lecture with the words, "I know everything about Canada; I was there for three weeks." My credentials are much the same with regard to Scotland. I have spent a few weeks in a number of Scottish cities—Glasgow, Aberdeen, Perth—and shorter periods in others—Edinburgh, Dundee—therefore I know everything about Scotland.

Seriously, I think that the rapid glance has a good deal to commend it. A stranger may see certain outstanding things which escape the resident, because in the case of the resident they are buried under a mass of local information. The fact that I have crossed the Border only half a dozen times does not disqualify me from delivering judgment on the Scotsman; on the contrary, it secures my title.

It might be said, of course, that to find the real Scotsman one should not go to Scotland at all. Scotsmen of old time made foraging raids across the Border, and returned to their habitations; Scotsmen to-day make similar raids, and do not return. They remain in England to administer the affairs of the land they have adopted. They become "heids o' departments" in Whitehall, editors in Fleet Street, lawyers in the Temple, bankers and merchants in the City. In England there are one-third of a million people whose birthplaces are north of the Tweed.

I once went to the gathering of a Scottish clan. Two hundred people were present, all of whom except myself bore the name of Morrison. The haggis was brought in to the music of the pipes, and the feasting began with a grace by Burns, and the oratory ended with his "Auld Lang Syne." But the place of the forgoing was not Deeside; it was Piccadilly!

We must get this thing into proper focus before we go any farther. One of the mistakes of the Englishman when he goes north is to imagine that he is still in his own "provinces." I made that mistake once in attempting to pay a compliment to a representative of the *Glasgow Herald*. I butted in with the remark that I had never known any local paper give such excellent reports of certain proceedings. What followed I do not exactly remember, but when I returned to full consciousness it was to receive, with due humility, a lecture on the national Press of Scotland. Yet I believe that Edinburgh still regards Glasgow as provincial.

The Tributary Nation

It is not merely that the Scotsman is jealous of his own nationality. It is part of his pride that the English are a tributary nation. He still lives on the morrow of Bannockburn. England is the southern peninsula—that was how I heard it described by one of the principal citizens in the Glasgow of to-day. A set-off to Sydney Smith's remark that Scotland is the knuckle-end of England.

Well, the Scotsman has some justification for his boast. The Archbishop of Canterbury comes from Edinburgh, and His Grace of York from Aberdeen. Of our four living ex-Prime Ministers two are Scottish lairds. Of our five living ex-Lord Chancellors three are Scottish lawyers. The last gentleman who presided over the British Exchequer came from a Scottish manse. The British ambassador to the United States is a Scotsman, bearing the same name as the good lady who flung a footstool in the high kirk on a memorable occasion. Of field-marshal quite a number have carried their baton in

THE QUIVER

a Scottish knapsack, beginning with Haig of Fifeshire.

Nor is it England only that Scotland has invaded. On every boat you find a Scottish engineer, in every foreign capital a Scottish community, in every university of the Empire some professors of Scottish breeding. The Bishop of Manchester told us recently that in Australia he had to address a university senate on some academic subject, and by a little previous inquiry he found that if he praised Scottish university men in that body it would be direct flattery, and if he criticized them it would be indirect suicide.

Misunderstood

On being told that story, the Principal of Glasgow University (Sir Donald MacAlister) said in my hearing that Bishop Temple, as was natural in an Englishman, had misunderstood the Scottish disposition, which was neither so greedy of flattery nor so intolerant of criticism as he seemed to suggest. If he had praised those Scottish professors they would have smiled encouragingly at his dawning intelligence, and if he had criticized them they would have smiled again, compassionately this time, at his residual ignorance.

But what about the Scot on his native heath? Without endorsing the malicious jest that all sensible Scotsmen leave their country as soon as they can, it must be admitted that the Scotsmen who go south are not, so to speak, self-contained Scotsmen. No doubt they go south in a missionary spirit, but in the process they cannot help being anglicized a trifle, getting a few barbarian ways. What is the compact Scotsman like, he who still abides by the Clyde and the Tay?

Is he Parsimonious?

For one thing, is he really parsimonious? Is the "bang-went-saxpence" Scotsman true to life? Certainly the first impression of the southerner on going north is likely to be—well, of a certain spareness. I went, for instance, to several public meetings in Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, where the lights were never turned up until the moment the meeting started, and were switched off again so quickly when the meeting was over that the tail-end of the audience had to find its way out almost in darkness. If you go into a barber's shop you may be rather disconcerted by the minuteness of the towels and by the absence of some of that powdering and perfumery which the southern barber is

pleased to think necessary to a proper toilet. These are trivial things, but the same spareness characterizes every service, public and private.

The Scottish table is covered with wholesome but plain food. The dishes are there to appease the appetite, not to stimulate it, and that is as it should be. The satisfying scone is typical, in a way, of the Scottish character. But I had the misfortune to spend a Sunday in Glasgow with a young Englishman who had a voracious appetite. Anything less than a five-course dinner left his pangs of hunger unabated. Ample, to my thinking, as was the Sunday dinner at the hospitable house where we stayed, the vacancies which remained in his interior caused him agony as acute as indigestion will cause another. During the afternoon he disappeared, and we found that he had attempted to get over to Edinburgh, feeling sure that in that more generous metropolis he would be able to get a square meal. But the train service from Glasgow to Edinburgh on Sunday afternoon is, to put it cautiously, limited—as a matter of fact, it does not exist. The things my friend had to say about the "land o' cakes" as he settled down to a tea of scones and marmalade will not bear repeating.

The Economy Mania

But the common notion of the Scotsman's carefulness of the bawbees needs qualifying. It is not that he is inhospitable or miserly. Everywhere I went in Scotland I found the Scottish landlady as sparing in her charges as in her providings. The principle of economy appertains quite fairly to both sides of the cash column. The Scotsman dislikes giving anything for nothing, but he also dislikes taking anything for nothing. He lives simply and sparingly himself, as he would have all men live.

The fact is that economy has entered into the Scottish fibre. The national story of Scotland is an epic of struggle and self-denial. Dame Nature has required special importunity up in Scotland before she has bestowed her blessings. The plainness which was compulsory from the beginning has become a deeply ingrained habit. When the Scotsman comes in due course to the many mansions, I fear that for a time he will be very unhappy at the "awfu' extravagance."

If there is anything displeasing in this trait, it is washed away completely by the grace of humour. The Scotsman can laugh at himself. If he is reminded of the joke

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SCOTSMAN

about his parsimony it does not offend him, he enjoys it. I cannot quite make out whether he regards the accusation of parsimony as a compliment, or whether, thinking it to have no foundation, he is delighted at having practised this little deception on the Englishman. Anyhow, a staple joke among Scotsmen is about thrift. In one Scottish family with whom I stayed I hesitated over any introduction of the topic, but they introduced it themselves, and nothing caused such hearty laughter around that fireside as the examples culled from each day's experiences of the economizing ways of Scottish folk. There is not much the matter with a nation which can laugh at its foibles.

Scottish Humour

No allegation was ever so wide of the mark as the one that the Scotsman is deficient in humour. He can laugh with the best of them. His sense of the ridiculous is keen. Does not a great laughter-maker for the masses, Sir Harry Lauder, come from the banks of the Firth of Forth? Of course, Scottish humour owes a great deal to the background of gravity and deliberateness against which its effects are played, also to the "braid Scots" or quaint English, which gives a humorous twist to phrases which otherwise would have no humorous significance. The feeblest witticism, "done into Scotch," may become effective, with the result that many jokes are saddled on Scotsmen for which they have no responsibility. But true Scottish humour is not entirely unconscious. The Scot himself enjoys the fun. He is on the stage, but he is also in the stalls with you.

If it is true that it requires a surgical operation to get an English joke into a Scottish understanding, that may be the fault, not of the Scottish understanding, but of the English joke. Some English jokes make no small demand on the appreciative faculty. A Scotsman who is the able editor of a well-known periodical was recently lying extremely ill. A colleague of his who is not a Scotsman, and whose humour is of the waggish sort, went to see him, and on his return told me that he must be very bad indeed. "Why," he said, "I tried to pass a joke with him, and there wasn't a smile on his face—not a flicker." I asked if I might share the joke. "Well," he said, "I simply told him that his illness was providential, because it gave us a chance for once to get out a really good number!"

The more subtle kind of humour, and also

the more trivial kind, like the pun, does not "fetch" the Scotsman. His humour is of the obvious kind. He is suspicious of metaphor upon which the more delicate humour often depends. Charles Lamb said that a Scotsman would halt a metaphor as though it were a spy in a belligerent country. You don't catch a Scotsman with hyperbole. A young minister was rebuked by an elder for his flowery sermon. "Nay," said the beadle, who was in the vestry, "but you must allow the meenister some latitude." After the elder had gone the minister thanked this unexpected defender. "Ay," said the latter, "I wasna going to allow him to come over ye, but, ye know, ye had better be cairful. Flowery sermons winna do for this folk."

I doubt sometimes whether Scotland is the land of poetry. The Scottish mind is of too practical a bent. Dean Ramsay, that great student of Scottish life and character, lamented fifty years ago that poetry, both the reading and the writing of it, was passing from Scotland. Poetry, to make its way, has to cross the Grampians of the Scotsman's sturdy common-sense. It was a Scottish printer's reader—wasn't it?—who challenged the line, "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." Surely what was meant was "Stones in the running brooks, sermons in books"!

Scottish Poets ?

Come to think of it, where are the Scottish poets, excepting, of course, Robbie? Scott as a poet is in another rank—dare one say a non-commissioned rank? Where, except in Burns, do you get the passion, the abandon, the mad revel of poetry? The Scot is the practical, hard-headed son of the British family. It is the English who are the poetic people. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Kipling—what a dynasty, and not a Celtic strain, I think, in any of them! It is the English eye which rolls in a fine frenzy. The Scottish eye is fixed at one point, and does not roll. The Scotsman is prosaic, and is apt to be prosy. His longwindedness is due to nothing more than his care for precise detail, admirable in an accountant or a lawyer, but fatal to a poet.

Can it be said, either, that the Scot is poetic in action? That he has wonderful courage has been proved on a hundred battlefields; without him, indeed, wars could not be won. But his courage is not foolhardiness. If he fights, it is not for the joy

THE QUIVER

of battle, but to win. In any adventure he is likely to be not the pioneer, but the second man across. It is not fear but simple prudence which keeps him from being the one to test the plank. He is ready enough to take risks, but there must be some sense in the undertaking. Thus in spite of his northerly latitude he has not done much in the way of polar exploration. The Arctic is alluring, but it is no sort of an investment.

All such generalizations, of course, are made to seem absurd at the mention of the names of Livingstone of the Zambesi and Chalmers of New Guinea. But I still think it is true to say of the Scottish character, as seen at close quarters, that it is logical rather than impulsive, tempers its enthusiasms by a regard for ways and means, and heads dourly for its goal, which is to be reached by a plodding gait and not by fitful runs. Such are the people who

sing by turns

The Psalms of David and the songs of Burns.

The Scotsman's Religion

Is the Scotsman as religious as ever? Is the parish minister quite the figure that he cuts in Barrie's "Auld Licht" tales? The growth of commercialism has meant not the overthrow of religion, but possibly some shifting of its basis, or at any rate a lessened stringency in its observance. Is the kirk in Scotland becoming, to any large extent, the home of tradition rather than of faith? In matters which concern the deepest things the onlooker is at a disadvantage. Who shall say what spirit of piety may yet abide behind the secularized exterior? And, of course, Scotland is far from being secularized. It is still outwardly, and no doubt inwardly as well, the most religious country under the sun. Yet there are more places of worship in Glasgow closed during July than in London during August. To one great church whose steeple dominates the western part of the city of St. Mungo I went one Sunday evening to find a congregation of thirty. The tramcar clangs through the principal Scottish cities on a Sunday, pleasure steamers sail the firths, bands play

in the parks, the Sunday evening promenade in the high streets makes other progress than itself almost impossible. Whether all this betokens a spiritual declension, or whether it is a natural rebound from the over-strictness of the former Sabbath, is a question.

The Power of the Pulpit

The power of the Scottish pulpit remains rather a mystery to the non-Caledonian mind. It requires a Scot to appreciate Scottish preaching, just as it requires a Scot thoroughly to enjoy the Waverley Novels. I have heard many memorable sermons from Scottish divines of great reputation; I have always been interested, but never, I think, thrilled. The truth is that, in Scotland, the sermon is prepared for not only by the pulpit but by the pew. That was what John Wesley meant when he said that Scottish congregations judged themselves rather than the preacher; they assembled with a desire not only to know, but to love and obey. When the Scottish preacher goes into the pulpit he has only to strike the match. The English preacher, facing a congregation less expectant, has to lay the fire as well.

Let me finish on a gallant note. The Scottish are a bonnie folk. The faces of the women, if not always beautiful, are almost always interesting. There is a wholesomeness of feature about them which is far more taking than a trumpery prettiness, and wears better too, as the faces of the older women testify. It is very easy to fall in love in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. I could do it myself, English as I am, and past forty. Even the women in the poorer parts, who carry their babies at their side in a faded tartan in such a manner as, one would think, must give the mothers permanent scoliosis, often have something arresting about them in spite of their slatternliness—it may be beautiful hair, though tortured by a fringe, or it may be a "face of personality," although made pallid by those monotonous acres of slum.

Woman or man, young or old, I like the Scottish face. I can read in its lines "A Short History of the Scottish People."



WHISPERS IN INK

By
CHARLES INGE

No. 6.—The Last Lap is always the Stiffest

EVERY long-distance runner knows the struggle of the last lap. He is spent; his legs are working only through an effort of will; his heart thumps painfully. The winning post seems a very long way off.

If ever we try to do anything in life we get to know the same. Success is so seldom accomplished by a sprint. There is a last lap in almost every endeavour. Only we are apt to forget it. For though life is essentially a long-distance race, it has this difference; there are intervals. We are not always actually running.

Sleep is one of them. We wake up to that last lap; and the hopes and certainties of evening and artificial light have vanished. We take a needed holiday; but on our return the schemes we evolved while loafing do not seem quite so brilliant. We gather with a friend; and his friendliness helps us to forget our effort. When he leaves us we realize more vividly the feelings of the spent runner.

But we have got to get through that final period of test somehow if we are going to achieve what we set out to do. Very few escape it. Some may dodge it by a lucky chance; some may find a short cut of happy circumstances. They are the exceptions. Do not gamble on being an exception. We all get chances that help us along. But to rely on luck is to get left very soon, proclaiming our want of it. Luck is never in when we call upon her formally.

Whatever our particular endeavour there is always that last ounce of energy and will required; that final reserve within us which is essential. It is that last little bit, which refuses to give up, that pulls us through.

In every occupation, in every endeavour, it takes a different form. For some patience is required; for others a prolonged concentration; for yet others that harder achievement, a sustained brilliance, or even fortitude against ridicule and misunderstanding. Whatever the particular virtue required, one thing is quite certain of them all. We require them long after our stock of them has run out.

It is usually when they have run out that we forget the last lap. We are amid the present difficulties. We can remember the past energy and care and forethought we have put in. They see that we remember, calling out on us for recognition. We rather think they deserve recognition. But the world—our own particular world—wants a power of convincing. The future seems foreboding. So we accuse our luck; we criticize our rivals; we abuse fate. All of which only means we have come to the last lap unawares. The first fine edge of our optimism has got blunted by the details necessary for achievement.

It is a very natural condition. We have been so busy trying. But it does not help. Much better a little pretence that all is successful. This is not to suggest a false optimism that ignores facts. But we have got to go on after our courage and confidence are exhausted. That is a rule. Not a bad plan is to pretend we have them still. A little self-deception is wonderfully effective in the matter of endurance.

The commercial traveller may be tired out by an unsuccessful day in an unfriendly town. It is very nearly time for slippers; they tempt him. Yet he pays one more call; brings out a splendid make-believe of cheeriness; and gets his order.

The simile applies in every enterprise. There comes a time when success seems destined to be denied us, when we fancy we have made our final effort. There is no such thing as final effort. Remember and keep a reserve. The wise runner keeps a reserve. It is largely of the spirit. But when hope has vanished to the dwindling point, when our senses and, may be, our sense call out on us to give up—nay, argue with platitudes that we have done our best—that last little bit within us keeps us going.

We can always do just that little more. We can always try that chance still untried. We can always keep on. It is the last reserve of spirit that wins races on the track. It wins in life too.



"Most precious! Most beautiful! What have I done to deserve you?"—p. 254

Drawn by
J. Deane Mills

Music's Child

By  Eva Bretherton

INTO the expectant stillness of the half-filled seaside concert hall the notes of the violin stole, pure, impassioned, exquisite, strangely stirring the hearts of the hearers. Behind the player the orchestra sat mute and watchful, only the piano following where the violin led.

In her seat in the front row, where till now she had lounged, beautiful but interested only in the perfect picture she herself was making, Cynthia Delisle stirred slightly, lifting her flower face to the musician in all the appeal of one soul to another, a hand laid as though to still the throbbing of emotion upon the curved hollow of a lovely throat.

On and on the music swept, now soft, now loud, wilder, higher; leaping, dancing, coquetting with the strings, shaking from them laughter and tears by turns, on, on to the wonderful climax of sound that heralded the end.

And then at long last, when Cynthia, forcing back real tears of mortification, had almost given up the game, the musician, turning as though impelled by some force outside himself, swept one inquiring glance along the row of seats, and his far-seeing eyes looked straight into hers. Ever so slightly his dilated and lit with some emotion other than that called forth by the music; into the eager, boyish face—fined down and aged a trifle by the fire of his art—a faint colour rose. He had seen!

At last! With a small sigh of satisfaction Mrs. Delisle leaned back and let the applause following the end of the solo clatter round her.

Not in vain her week's fight for recognition from one strangely blind young man, her many attendances at the concerts, whose audience largely consisting of elderly and plain musical enthusiasts (drawn principally by the undoubted genius of the young first violin) provided so admirable a foil for the only beautiful person there!

Scorning the ordinary methods of intro-

duction, she had meant to make him see first. And he had seen. The rest would follow. When ten minutes later the concert ended and the usual informal gathering of admirers about the departing musicians began, she, carelessly joining the outskirts, knew that he knew she was there.

When his eyes once more met hers she only had to murmur thanks, certain that he hungered for her words.

At the back of her mind lay the resolve that this boy should repent his week of blindness. His mistress, music, should know a rival soon.

"You have led me far away—made me see wonderful things! The world seems a place of enchantment while you play!"

Michael Elewes, still under the spell of his own music, full of the child-like simplicity and eagerness of genius, saw nothing artificial in her words, only their kindness, and the beauty of the lips that uttered them.

"Oh, but," he stammered, hurrying to lay his confidence at her feet. "Oh, but I cannot say half of what I want to say. I play and I play, I do my best, yet always, *always* there is more, some beauty that's beyond me, some message that I long in vain to give as it is given me. Even that is not always clear. There's something—something I long to catch and make my own for ever! Always it eludes—eludes— So few seem to understand——"

He broke off, embarrassed by his own outbreak, his eyes full of pleading for the sympathy that every artist craves.

Light as a butterfly's wing Mrs. Delisle's hand touched his and fell again by her side.

"Oh, you mustn't think that!" she cried. "There are those who do understand, those who have suffered, especially; and they thank you for the comfort your music brings. I have suffered (you see I'm in mourning for my husband still!) and I know."

THE QUIVER

He glanced at her dress and saw that she was, as she said, apparently in semi-mourning, exquisite and palely grey with touches of black somewhere. He saw no details, and he was not to know that she had hated the elderly husband she mourned. Pity mingled with the gratitude in his eyes.

"Thank you," he said simply. "To a maker of music it means—everything—to find someone who understands." Then, stooping over her impulsively: "Come again to-morrow and let me play—to you!"

Cynthia smiled assent. And turned away thinking over a suitable and becoming toilette for the next day's wear.

Michael, in a whirl of emotions—principally wonder that one so beautiful and kind should come his way and seem to understand—began blundering among the music-stands in search of his violin-case, preparatory to departure; most of the other members of the orchestra having already gone.

"I have your case. I knew you'd lose it if somebody didn't look after it," a warm, kind young voice said out of the general confusion; and at his elbow stood Stella Duncan, the little second violin, who for some time now had occupied the place by his side in the orchestra.

"Oh, thanks!" he said absent-mindedly, taking it from her. A pretty little thing—sweet eyes and voice. Reliable, too; they had become really pals lately—had talked over many things together. But he wished she had not waited and spoken to him now, breaking in on his dream. "Thanks," he said again, and turned away.

Stella Duncan's wistful hazel eyes followed him thoughtfully.

"Poor boy!" she said under her breath. And knew the mother instinct to take and shelter something defenceless in her arms. Yet she was younger than he.

This was the beginning of what seemed to Michael predestined—ordained since all time.

To Cynthia Delisle it seemed at first a very pleasant little flirtation with which to while away an idle month or two by the sea.

But as the days went on she began to realize, to her own astonishment, that she was very nearly falling really in love with this strangely attractive child of music.

The first time she let him take her out brought her new and delightful sensations, full of interest and charm, as he poured his ambitions and enthusiasms at her feet. When their hour or two together had be-

come a daily thing it still lost none of the freshness of its pleasure. He was unique; something she and her set had not encountered before.

He knew nothing of her circumstances. Of the husband whose death had left her a wealthy woman she rarely spoke, except in vaguely pathetic terms. Nor did she speak of the train of admirers, pique with one of whom had driven her here to a solitude which would long since have terminated but for the sudden infatuation for Michael himself.

Of her money he knew, and thought less than nothing. Money never came into his calculations at all, beyond the simple necessities of his daily life, and that she possessed more than he hardly crossed his mind. The expensive hotel at which she stayed, the costly clothes she wore conveyed nothing to him except as suitable settings for his love.

Wrapped in his dreams he only knew that she was herself, beautiful and dear beyond belief. Some instinct perhaps, not all disingenuous, kept her silent, leaving him happy in his illusions.

It was an evening a few weeks after their first meeting that brought about a climax.

Michael had played divinely at the evening concert. Music like that of enchantment had flowed from his bow, and in response to encore after encore he had played on and on, tireless and enraptured himself.

Afterwards he and Cynthia, meeting as usual, had stolen away in the warm darkness, with the long murmur of drowsing waves in their ears, through the trees in the grounds of her hotel, to the cliff edge.

Here under the sighing branches there was for a moment silence, both intensely conscious of the other's nearness. Then, not to be stayed any longer, Michael had drawn the woman into his arms and was pressing eager impassioned kisses on her lips.

Swept for the moment out of the shallows of her own cold nature, Cynthia responded, forgetful both of her world and his.

"Most precious! Most beautiful! What have I done to deserve you? Tell me—tell me quickly, when will you be my wife?"

Mrs. Delisle started. His wife! She had not thought of that! She had meant her second venture to include a title, at least a real celebrity! Yet—After all, was celebrity so far away from the boy who held her now in such eager arms of love?

MUSIC'S CHILD

Would there not be real distinction in marriage with someone like this? Which of her friends could say they had married genius?

Slowly she pushed him a little way from her, looking thoughtfully up into his face.

"Say it quickly, beautiful beloved! Say, 'Michael, I will be your wife.'"

She laughed softly.

"How would you keep a wife, Michael boy?"

"Keep? Oh, there would be enough! I—I have a little. My violin, my art, would do the rest. One doesn't need much to live on. Only love and happiness matter!"

Under cover of the darkness Cynthia smiled, thinking of the many other things necessary to *her* content.

Still, she could have them. Her own money would provide for that. Would not a genius for a husband, a unique and charming personality as background for her beauty, serve to complete it all?

"Michael boy," she whispered into his ear. "Suppose I say 'Yes'?"

He caught her to him. Vaguely, as she lay back in his arms, her lovely head resting in the hollow of his shoulder, she visualized the arresting picture that he and she together, in many drawing-rooms, would make.



As they returned through the hotel, it being time for Michael to go back to where he himself was lodging, a slight figure rose from one of the seats of the lounge and came towards them.

It was Stella Duncan, still dressed as she had been for the concert, in the soft ambers that suited her so well, with a cloak thrown round her. She looked tired, but her eyes shone.

"Oh, Michael!" she cried. "I've been waiting for you. I wanted to be first with the news—besides, you ought to know, and you slipped away so fast that you did not see him. Einstein is here—the master! He was at the concert from beginning to end, watching *you*, listening to every note!"

"Einstein! Watching me? Why—"

"Listen. He's looking for a first violin who is good enough for his orchestra—the orchestra of orchestras. He—I heard every word he was saying—he thinks you good enough. He wants to see you to-morrow to engage you for the winter season. Oh, Michael, if you take the chance and make

the best of it your career is made. You know what it means."

Then, suddenly, for the first time aware of her offence in detaining him when he was with Mrs. Delisle, she let fall the hand she had laid impetuously on his arm and murmured an apology.

"Anything like this means so much to us musicians, Mrs. Delisle. I'm afraid we are inclined to let our 'careers' run away with us sometimes," she finished with rather a pathetic little laugh.

"Not at all, Miss Duncan," Cynthia assured her sweetly. "But Michael's career happens to mean most of all to *me* at present. He is going to marry me."

Only the one woman noticed the wild-rose colour fade from the other's face and that she shrank back as from a blow. Michael, between the ecstasy of the first public announcement of his betrothal and his eagerness for further details of the wonderful chance his career as an artist was about to be given, saw nothing.

But Stella gave him no chance for further questioning. Nervously repeating her apologies, she turned and had slipped away through the outer doors before he had time to say anything.

He turned to Cynthia, his eyes shining with happiness.

"This is my day of days, indeed! Two wonderful gifts in so few hours! Let me tell you, darling, what this chance (if I really get it) will mean to me. That and you—"

Mrs. Delisle reached up a light hand and laid it on his lips.

"No more to-night, Michael boy! I—I think I feel a little hurt that you can think of a mere professional engagement on the night that has given you the promise of *me*. Surely that should seem a very minor affair in comparison with—with just now?"

"Comparison?" He looked at her in bewilderment. "There is no comparison. They—they are one. Till I met you my music was my life. Now I see you hand-in-hand—love and music. That's why I am so happy!"

Almost imperceptibly she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, dear boy, let's discuss it to-morrow. Leave me now. I am tired."

A trifle crestfallen, though still thrilling with happy excitement, Michael wished her good night, pausing wistfully in the hope that on this, their first night as affianced lovers, she would come with him so far and

THE QUIVER

say good night under cover of the darkness outside.

But she made no movement. Reluctantly he left her standing in the brightly lighted lounge.

As he passed out through the swing doors, glancing back for one last look at her as he went, a man in evening dress, with a handsome, indolent face, came out of the smoking-room, and, catching sight of her, stopped suddenly, with an exclamation, by her side.

She turned to him, her face lit with pleased surprise.



She and Michael met again next day after the afternoon concert. For once she had not been present, but she kept her tryst with him as usual, and they had tea together in a quiet corner of the hotel grounds.

She kept him talking on unimportant matters until the meal was finished. Then pushing back the table she said:

"Now, Michael boy, you are longing to tell me, I'm sure! What of this wonderful man of yours and his wonderful offer? Is it anything so very tangible and attractive, after all?"

In spite of himself a faint colour rose in his face at her tone.

"Indeed it is! You'll be as excited as I am when you hear. I have been offered the position as first violinist and as soloist as well. It will be for a tour first, then the London season. But, best of all, while I work Einstein himself will give me lessons. *Einstein*, who rarely looks at a pupil! It is a chance I have longed for—longed. Now, some day, I may make my violin speak, indeed! I may——"

"Dear Michael, I dare say it all seems very wonderful to you, and, of course, I should be glad if you are, but will you tell me where I come in? What am I to do while you are doing all this?"

"You, darling?" He looked at her in amazement as he had done the night before. "You will be with me, of course. That will be the most wonderful part of it; life will be one great, glorious game with you beside me, spurring me on. It will all be for you, too. For, of course, it means work, real hard work, at first——"

"I don't see the necessity for work of such an all-absorbing kind as you are thinking of. You play so beautifully already. I want nothing better than for you to remain as you are."

"But—but——" he stammered. "Music, all art, is striving, toiling, reaching after that great something—— Oh, you *must* see that I can't remain as I am! I must go on. Work is my life, the life of my art. Surely you see?"

"I am afraid I don't, quite. Being so good already I should have thought you could afford to take things easy in that way, and rest a little on your laurels, especially as you are going to marry me, and there's no need whatever for pecuniary reasons. You must know quite well that I have enough for the two of us. When you have seen my house in town you won't want to go touring or playing in anybody's orchestra! Besides, I could not have my husband doing it."

"Not—not play! Cynthia, beloved, you don't know what you are saying!"

Mrs. Delisle turned impatiently.

"Of course—play! I want you to. You know how your music soothes and delights me. I mean to entertain musical people too. We will have concerts of our own, our house shall be a musical centre and you shall be the great attraction there. Why, Michael boy, you ought to see that I'm only seeking to save you stress and struggle! Put away the idea of this absurd engagement (coming just now) and let me make a pleasant world for you. Money can do a great deal, you know."

Her last words seemed to break a spell.

"Money!" Michael cried, springing to his feet. "Are you talking to me of money? I shall not touch it or share it. I did not even know you had it—I never thought! Did you think it was for that I should have married you?"

Cynthia's lips set obstinately.

"You must have known I had it," she retorted. "Should I be what I am without? I trusted that you would appreciate my desire to share all I have with you."

"But I don't want it!" Michael cried. "I only ask to be free to earn the little I need. All I want is yourself, your love, your understanding. Cynthia, Cynthia! Say you do understand! Why must we be tied by this foolish money and the life that belongs to it? Come with me, my wife, my comrade, out into the great free world of work and art. I *cannot* shackle the gift that is my life. Can't you see?"

Cynthia shook her head.

"Apparently you care more for an impossible ideal than for me. But we had better understand each other. I will not be



"Not—not play! Cynthia, beloved,
you don't know what you are saying."

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

second to an obsession. If your music comes first, then——"

"Not first, Cynthia, sweetheart! You're one in my mind with all the beauty I strive to make. I must strive, that it shall be more and more perfect to lay at your feet."

"It would please me better if you laid what I ask for at my feet," Cynthia said coldly, anger in her heart that, after all, she was not beating this boy's first mistress. "I have said all I have to say. It's for you to choose."

For a moment Michael stood looking blankly down upon her. Then, "Good-bye," he said hoarsely, and stumbled away across the lawn.

Cynthia, almost as blankly, watched him as he went.

"Fool!" she muttered.

But tears were not far from her eyes. The hint of them gave exquisite pathos to the lovely face she lifted to young Lord Somerscales, when ten minutes later he turned the corner and came on her still sitting there.

"It was delightful meeting you again last night, Mrs. Delisle," he said, pressing her hand. "Quite like old times. But what are you doing here alone? Let me take you to the concert to-night. They have a rather clever violinist chap there, I understand."

"I love music," Cynthia murmured. "To-morrow, perhaps. Not to-night, I think. Shall we dance instead?"



It was a white and weary Michael who took his place in the front rank of the orchestra that evening. Stella Duncan, from her own place beside him, glanced at him anxiously.

She had seen him go eager and triumphant from his interview with the great conductor that morning, the chance of his life having been offered him. What could have happened in the meantime?

The concert was about half-way through, Michael having with difficulty accomplished a solo, when in the midst of the orchestral piece that followed disaster fell, with the sudden snapping of a string of his violin, the sensitive instrument having possibly felt the tension of its master's fingers.

With the sudden jar of the breaking cord the boy's tortured nerves gave way, and to a slur of false notes he let the violin and bow drop on either side of him, turning a white and agonized face to Stella.

"I can't go on!" he groaned. "It's no good!"

For a moment confusion and a breakdown seemed imminent. To Michael everything seemed at an end.

Then suddenly all had smoothed itself, the piece proceeding with very little perceptible difference, for Stella, abandoning her own less important part, had coolly and steadily taken up the first violin's, playing it almost with Michael's own skill to the end.

Somehow he got through the next and final item on the programme, and in a daze of misery was stumbling from the hall to roam he knew not where in the darkness, when Stella joined him, laying a firm little hand on his arm.

"I will walk back with you," she said quietly. "Now"—as they moved away down a quiet road—"now tell me. You know you can trust me."

Thankful for any chance of easing his pain, Michael poured it all out.

"She has destroyed my dreams!" he finished bitterly. "Nothing that she said of all that seemed so true *was* true. What I care for above all is nothing to her. She never understood. Yet I loved her, so that now she has gone out of my life there seems nothing left, nothing——"

"There are your ideals, Michael. You have been true to them. You have been true to yourself, to the music that *is* yourself. There's still that. For you can bring beauty into the hearts of so many—how can you think there is nothing?"

Michael looked ahead silently into the night.

"It was for that I let her go," he said slowly. "Yes, there's still that."

But suddenly turning to look into sweet hazel eyes full of understanding and sympathy, he realized that perhaps, when some day the pain that had him in its grip had died, there might be something more besides.

"You've been very good to me to-night," he said simply.



Renewing Our Years

New Year's Health Talk

By

Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.

THE year is renewed, but we are growing older. Yet if life is a boon, as we believe, we would fain enjoy it longer, and in all ages men have sought and fabled an elixir of youth. In our own times many ancient truths have been confirmed and some new ones discovered for renewing our years, as I will try to show.

First, we must state some general truths, lest the personal advice that is to follow should be seen out of proportion.

Longevity and Heredity

A most important factor of longevity is heredity. This is everywhere beyond dispute. Doubtless the finest hereditary endowment in the world can be speedily dissipated by folly; but the statistical fact is that the children of the long-lived tend to live long. No human characteristic is more definitely inherited.

At birth we all have a kind of "average" chance of living a certain number of years, and this is called the "expectation of life." Evidently, when babies' lives are saved, or when epidemic disease like typhoid fever is conquered, the general expectation of life is raised. Every baby now born has many years more expectation of life than its parents had, thanks to the advance of sanitary science and the consequent fall in the death-rate.

Women have a few years more expectation of life than men. The experience of the war in Denmark, under strict rationing and practically complete prohibition of alcohol, appears to show that the greater longevity of women is due, for the most part, though not wholly, to the smaller quantity of alcohol that they consume—a question to which we must return.

Civilization very properly pays attention to the lives of its old people. In these times the aged can be, and are, so well protected from such dangers as cold and fatigue, that the enemies which lie in wait for them, such as pneumonia, may be baffled for many years. Simple diet, quiet, peace of mind, adequate warmth—these are boons which we certainly should be able

to provide for all old people, and by their aid old age is now very greatly extended; a fact which, amid many deeply discreditable, stands to the credit of our civilization.

But the capital question, after all, is not the keeping alive of the admittedly aged, who can no longer work and whose happiness must necessarily be for the most part of the passive kind. What we must desire and aim at is the preservation of the rich and vital qualities of youth and maturity—the power to work, and invent, and enjoy, and achieve which distinguishes mankind at the height of its powers. That, above all, is what I mean by renewing our years in their true and ample plenitude.

Something Wrong

In this respect, hitherto, our civilization has been conspicuously less successful. Both in our own country and in the United States the death-rate in the years of early and middle maturity has not fallen in any degree comparable with the fall at other periods. The more's the pity; and the contrast strongly suggests that there is something wrong in our way of living, in our twenties, and thirties, and forties, for if we can keep the very young and the very old alive as we never did before, much the more easily should we be able to reduce the death-rate during the years of maturity and strength.

Careful inquiry, made in many different ways, has revealed the truth of this matter. No doubt can remain on the subject when national observations involving scores of millions of persons and the exact inquiries of insurance companies in many countries, involving several millions of selected lives, all tell the same tale. So clear is the evidence that, in New York, there is now established a Life Extension Institute, under the highest auspices, where a number of skilled doctors devote themselves entirely to the task of teaching men and women how to retain their health and vigour and renew their years in the fullest sense, by following the principles which have been discovered—truths as old as Time and as new as to-day.

THE QUIVER

Age and Arteries

It has been said that "a man is as old as his arteries," and it is true. The meaning of that phrase is that the real age of a human being is not a question of years and cannot be counted as we count the number of annual rings in the trunk of a tree; and, further, that our real age is not a question of wrinkles upon the face, nor even of grey hairs at the temples, nor any other detail of organs, such as the skin, that are conspicuously visible, but not vital. If a man's arteries are soft, and even, and unthickened, we know that his blood, and the vital organs that make his blood, and keep it pure, and keep it moving, are still young; and if the vital organs are young the man is young. So we will leave questions of the scalp, and crow's-feet, and so forth to the hair-dressers and the makers of cosmetics, whilst we will concentrate upon the question, how to preserve the youth of the invisible, vital organs and functions, upon which, in truth, everything depends.

Undoubtedly the commonest of all diseases in our country at the present day is *premature senility*. This I have maintained for many years with ever-increasing certainty. Before we fool ourselves by listening to sensational stories in the sensational Press about strange surgical operations and so forth that are to make old men young, let us ask why it is that so many men and women grow old long before their time. We shall find plenty of work before us without troubling ourselves over gland transplantations or any other unnatural novelties devised for empty heads and full purses.

Most of us grow old before our time because we are subjects of *chronic poisoning*. The poisons circulate in our blood and spoil our arteries; and what with poisoned blood and spoiled arteries our youth and vigour and much of our joy of life leave us for ever. And the plain fact is that for this chronic poisoning we are ourselves to blame. That is, of course, a very hopeful statement, for it means that, if we will, we can protect ourselves and renew our years and postpone the coming of old age, as less wise people will not.

My counsel must necessarily be one of asceticism. It means, Deny Thyself. It spells self-control, some measure of self-denial, losing a little of one's life in order to save far more of it. It to this somewhat stern teaching anyone replies that he vastly prefers a short life and a merry one, I am

prepared to quote statistics of invalidism which show that, in fact, the wise people who follow the laws of good living not only live far longer, but enjoy vastly better health whilst they live, so that, in sooth, theirs is the best possible policy, a long life and a merry one.

We eat too much, we drink too much alcohol, we smoke too much, we emulate each other and therefore weary and worry too much—and thus we beckon to old age, *tedium vitæ* and the grave.

We Eat Too Much

First, as to eating. The insurance companies have definitely proved that the overweight man or woman is a "poor life"—no less than the under-weight man or woman, who is statistically a "poor life," not because under weight is bad in itself, but because it so often means consumption. The fat man is not a healthy man, and his idea of good living is bad living. The typical figure of "John Bull," as we see him on the posters, is the figure of a man with prematurely aged arteries, who could not run a hundred yards to save his life, and whose chances of recovery from such an infection as pneumonia are practically nil.

We eat, especially, far too much meat. The value of beef is dangerously exaggerated in this country. Meat throws a strain upon the organs of excretion, and after many years of such strain they begin to deteriorate, and then the blood can be no longer kept pure and youth is fled. George Meredith was fully justified in his dreadful gibe at the religion of the Englishman, "his beef, his beer, his pew in eternity."

Fatty foods are not as valuable as we supposed. The best thing in a natural fat is "Vitamin-A," one of the newly discovered factors of life and health which we must discuss in a future article on the new dietetics. But many artificially prepared fats have none of this precious thing in them, and it is to be found in green leaves and natural vegetables, which throw no strain upon the vital organs, do not poison the blood, and do not accumulate and mechanically encumber the heart, as fat may do. We should beware of the generous diet which means, when critically examined, that we "dig our graves with our teeth." Modern dietetics is certainly generous to young folk in their teens, and finds good reason to smile at their ravenous and omnivorous appetites, but it speaks very sternly to the man in middle life who cheats

RENEWING OUR YEARS

his appetite by piquant sauces and good cooking into persuading him to eat far more than his already completely grown frame requires.

Of course, the bulk of the diet should be proportional to exercise. But the heavier we grow the less inclined to exercise do we become, and thus a vicious circle is set up which must be broken at all costs if we would renew our years.

Over-elaborate Diet

The simplest and most natural foods are those which contain least poison and throw least strain upon the organs that keep the blood pure. One of the great dangers of a prosperous and too-clever civilization is the elaboration and sophistication of our diet and the modes of preparing it. The statistical evidence from Denmark and from Germany during the war is conclusive that a great increment of health and a notable fall in the death-rate among the middle-aged were the results of the "privations" imposed by the war.

Second, as to alcohol. I do not say as to drinking, for the only real drink is water, which purifies the blood, dilutes poisons, and helps to dispose of them. Of this precious substance very few of us drink enough. Alcohol is no more a drink because it happens to be liquid than mercury, or petrol, or molten lead, or prussic acid. Certainly it looks like a drink, but that is in its age-long character as what the Book of Proverbs calls a "mockery." Here, of course, on the question of renewing our years, I do not consider the drunkard, but only the strictly moderate, well-controlled, respectable and temperate consumer of alcohol. About him we have to-day a vast and conclusive body of evidence, of such practical importance that the great insurance companies in the United States have for several years been systematically teaching their public on this subject. Our own insurance companies and those whose money is invested in them can greatly increase their dividends whenever

they persuade their policy-holders of the truth on this subject.

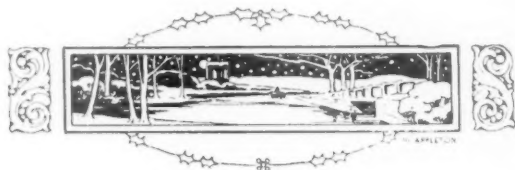
Briefly, of two men aged twenty-one, healthy and passed as good lives by insurance doctors, but distinguished in personal habits, the one being a total abstainer and the other a strictly moderate consumer of alcohol, the former has about five years more expectation of life. That is the statistical finding, the result of inquiry for no partisan, political, or propagandist purpose, but made by actuaries in order to guide the policy of their companies. The question now fairly arises: Who are the kill-joys, the enemies of alcohol or its friends?

The inferior longevity of men is certainly due, in some degree, to their larger use of tobacco. A famous living surgeon has predicted a deplorable increase of mortality amongst women from a dread disease, about the year 1950, if they continue to smoke as they learnt to do during the war.

Weariness and Worry

Weariness and worry shorten life. They belong to the modern struggle for life, and in the end they abbreviate it. If the reader asks how this can be, the answer is that, under the influence of worry, the "internal secretions" are disturbed, so that the blood becomes intoxicated, the arteries are strained and lose their youth. A definite chemical explanation can thus be offered to-day for the historical assertion that care killed the cat.

These paragraphs have entailed a series of prohibitions or warnings of various kinds. Let me end with advice of another kind. It is to live with youth and for youth if we would remain young. So to do is to keep oneself outward-minded, looking towards others rather than brooding upon oneself, and it is to receive part of the naturally overflowing spirits of young people. On the whole, for purposes of longevity, it is good to be a parent, a grandparent, or a beloved uncle or aunt. In any case, when materialism has said and done its worst, Youth is a state of the Soul.



Christmas Finery

By

Ethel Talbot

BETTINA was not like other girls. Outwardly, at least. Inside, as she told herself, she was utterly and altogether the same. Whether they knew it or not, those other girl-clerks where she worked, she was interested in just exactly the same things that they were, frocks and frills and finery.

But outwardly! No, Bettina was *not* like other girls.

She had never owned a pair of silk stockings.

She had never bobbed her hair.

She had never made a jumper, even a woollen one.

She had never, since she was a school-girl, been to a dance.

And why? Because Bettina lived at home with a great-aunt. The great-aunt was old, very old, deaf, very deaf, and, according to the neighbours, *cross*, very cross. But Bettina understood that "outside crossness," as she told herself. She knew that it was not "inside crossness" at all. Bettina's heart was full of love for the old lady, who had taken her in when, as a child, she had been left orphaned and alone, and had sent her to the boarding-school which was Bettina's best-loved dream remembrance, and had adopted her as a child. Now circumstances had changed. Just "in the nick of time," as Bettina had informed her old aunt gaily, she had herself become the bread winner; she had, in her turn, "adopted" the grim old lady when certain mines ceased paying dividends during the very month that Bettina became a salaried clerk and poverty stared them both in the face.

Bettina had kept poverty at bay.

With her own salary, slight though it was, added to the dregs of her old aunt's once fairly substantial income, there was still sufficient to make ends meet fairly well. There was not enough for extras. Not for jumpers; nor for silk stockings.

There was only just enough to keep things going.

So, of course, that was why Bettina scurried home after office hours instead of

buying Christmas presents in a flutter just before closing time.

So, of course, that was why she had not made friends with any of the girl-clerks and invited them home, and so on. And that was why she was called standoffish and stodgy and—stuffy.

Bettina had heard that; she could not help it. And she had gone home and cried.

She had never known it, but it was the sad look in the very back of her eyes next day which had first attracted the junior partner.

He had never noticed her much before. Now he did. What? Here was a girl-clerk *without* bobbed hair, very, very plainly dressed, who wasn't always manicuring her nails as he passed through the office; who . . . was generally grave and sedate, but who . . . wasn't always.

Bettina was a find.

She was a find because she was a dear. A regular darling of a dear. The junior partner, who was just down from Oxford, himself found that out the very first time he spoke to her.

"Awfully sorry, but there's no other seat in the whole tea-shop," said the junior partner (feeling awfully glad that there wasn't!). "May I . . .?"

"Why, of course," smiled Bettina, taking her gloves off the vacant seat at her table.

Why shouldn't they have talked after that?

Of course they did.

They'd seen each other—half seeing only—for several months, every single day. They'd lots of things in common to talk about too, as they very soon found out, even though, perhaps, the other girl-clerks wouldn't have thought much of their conversation.

The Christmasy look of the people in the tea-shop. The Peter Pan play. To which Bettina had been, once, in the gallery.

The queer scrunchy sound that snow makes when you walk on it in frosty weather.

The dreadful pity it is that snow doesn't keep white long in town.

CHRISTMAS FINERY

The pity it is that there aren't such things as Christmas stockings and Santa Clauses and things like that after you're about five.

"Even before . . ." said the junior partner, nodding in agreement to Bettina's wise utterances. "I know a little chap . . ."

"Oh . . . don't," begged Bettina.

Their talk wasn't high-brow stuff, certainly. But it *was* interesting. Quite often after that the junior partner came to the same table as Bettina for tea.

Bettina's great-aunt heard all about it. Most of it, anyway. Bettina's great-aunt was deaf, and she seldom replied to any questions which it didn't suit her to answer, but her old ears somehow caught the tone of Bettina's voice when she spoke of the junior partner.

Her old eyes became a little quicker, too, in noticing the look on Bettina's face at those times.

The old great-aunt grew crosser.

Oh! but do not mistake her crossness, like the neighbour folk. Bettina *never* mistook her crossness; she understood quite well. Old Miss Halliday was troubling herself because Bettina "hadn't the chances of other girls," that was why she snapped Bettina's head off. She was worrying herself because her heart's delight must toil and moil when she might. . . . *That* was why old Miss Halliday looked as grim as the Grump, as the neighbours called her, every time Bettina, flying round with a duster or bringing in her aunt's toast, mentioned the junior partner's name. It was just *because* Bettina understood this quite, perfectly absolutely well that she stopped talking about the junior partner at all.

It wasn't for any other reason. It wasn't because their friendship had cooled off. It hadn't. Oh, it *hadn't*. It was waxing warmer every day.

It was just during Christmas week that the junior partner made the wonderful and dreadful suggestion.

"I say . . ." he blurted out, "my mater wants to know you. She . . . fact is, she's giving a bit of a dance on Christmas Eve. Wanted to send you an invitation; but . . . fact was, I was so jolly afraid you'd refuse if it was . . . formal, you know. That . . . well, I said I'd ask you myself. Will you come?"

"Oh, *yes!*" dimpled Bettina.

Something away deep inside of her said it. She wanted to go, oh, *so* much. She

wanted to meet the junior partner's mater. By this time she had heard lots about her, and . . . Oh, she *must!*

"To-morrow night, then," smiled the junior partner. "Office closes to-morrow, so . . . until then. . . ."

Bettina went home on the top of the bus feeling like a bird singing at the top of a rocking tree!

She *did* sing all the way.

And the first thing she did when she had reached home and had made her great-aunt's tea and had listened to a little sermon about leaving the tap dripping in the bathroom all day long, was to hie her upstairs, breathlessly, racingly, to unpack the frock which had lain in paper wrappings ever since her last term at school.

She *knew* she hadn't grown, either in height or breadth; it was of a fashion that would do. Out of its wrappings she took it; before the glass she pirouetted, dressed in it. The junior partner wouldn't expect her to be . . . richly dressed like his mother's other guests. His mother knew about her; Bettina was singing as she came downstairs.

Old Miss Halliday heard the song and was glad; very glad. But she couldn't *show* that she was glad, for fear that Bettina might guess that the old lady *had* been thinking that the course of true love hadn't been flowing smoothly. So she was very, very cross after tea.

Bettina knew, however, that it wasn't "inside crossness," and so she sang on, cheerily enough, as she heated the irons after she'd cleared away the meal.

Just a run over the creased bits! Just a smoothing out of hems! Just a pressing of seams! And then . . . !

And then . . . ! Some imp entered the iron. A cruel, cruel imp. Even Bettina herself could find no comforting explanation for what happened. Deep, deep, deep was the burn it left in the very middle of the very front breadth of the party frock.

There was no good hiding the truth; no good. The frock was ruined. The frock couldn't be worn.

Deaf old Miss Halliday knew that the song had stopped; deaf old Miss Halliday in the next room sat listening to the silence in the kitchen.

"Bettina," she called in her crossessest voice.

For once Bettina didn't fly at the sound.

She sat, with her face on the kitchen table. With tears splashing all over the

THE QUIVER

front breadth. With the iron standing still beside her, wishing, if ever an iron *could* wish, that it hadn't been so hateful. Miss Halliday came to the door and looked in.

In one instant her old eyes took in the situation.

An iron. A party frock. A burn. Bettina crying. Bettina who had *never* cried before.

For once old Miss Halliday stood speechless. The worst of crossness wouldn't meet this case. She turned and went upstairs.

She sat there with the door open, listening with her heart as well as her ears. Her eyes were filled with tears as were Bettina's down below. She understood. . . . "An old body like me to *think* she understands . . . !" sobbed Miss Halliday.

And then—well, she suddenly remembered that she *wasn't* an old body after all!

She wasn't old in what mattered, anyway. She understood Bettina's feelings for the very reason that she had experienced them and had never forgotten. Away, deep, deep down at the bottom of a camphor-wood chest in a corner of Miss Halliday's room there was a Memory wrapped up in lavender.

On one night in her life Miss Halliday, forty years before, had felt just exactly as Bettina had felt when she had come in singing to tea. There had been a . . . party to which Miss Halliday had gone. Ah! There the cases changed; for . . . Miss Halliday *had* had the party on that never-forgotten Christmas Eve; but . . . Bettina was not to have hers.

"She . . . *shall*," said Miss Halliday with an effort. She got up and stumped across the room.

When Bettina brought in the supper her eyes were red, but there was no other sign of distress. She laid the table and listened for Miss Halliday's step to come downstairs.

It came. Slowly; but . . . not quite so steadily as usual, perhaps.

They sat down to table.

"Bettina. . . ." Her great aunt spoke with an effort. "When . . . you go to bed I wish you . . . to look into the spare room. On the bed there I have put . . . a dress which you may wear!" She relapsed into her usual mood, outwardly I mean. Inwardly the old lady felt as though her foundations were shaking. She had . . . disclosed, so she felt, after years of hiding, her heart's secret. But . . . it was for Bettina's sake. Now, well, she must

be as cross as she could manage, to . . . cover up her tracks.

It was on the bed in the spare room that Bettina found the frock. Forty years ago it had been a beautiful frock; Bettina looked at it steadily and knew that. She looked at it still steadily and knew that as a party frock for nowadays it was an impossible frock. Utterly, too utterly impossible. What could she do?

She was glad that her aunt was shut into her room for the night, for now she could think quietly. Could it be altered? No, it could *not*. And besides . . . it *should* not be.

Could she pretend to be ill to-morrow?

But . . . Bettina had never been ill in her life. And . . . she wanted, oh! *how* she wanted to go to the dance.

Should she . . . ? But at that very instant the creaking sound of Miss Halliday's bedroom door was heard. For once, for once in her methodical life the old lady had left her room before morning.

"Bettina," the voice sounded. . . . Was it shaking?

"Bettina, you will be very careful of it?"

It was the quivery, eager sound in Miss Halliday's voice that decided Bettina, who understood so easily; she *could* not refuse an offer which had cost so much. She would wear the frock. She didn't care if he . . . She turned suddenly and threw both her arms round old Miss Halliday's neck.

"I . . . *will* be careful of it," whispered Bettina.

She came down next evening dressed and looking "very charming," to quote old Miss Halliday, who had re-adopted a stately attitude about the frock. The sparkle in Bettina's eyes was put down to excited pleasure, of course. The girl was warned, and warned again in tones severe and sententious. Little did old Miss Halliday realize the torments that were possessing her great-niece's soul.

Oh, how could she bear it!

Last night she had thought that she could bear . . . anything, just because of the tremble in the old lady's voice that had meant so much. On waking in the morning she had still thought that she could go through with the matter. But now . . . even though her own slippers and gloves still served, yet . . . to meet *him* in this antediluvian shriek of a frock! *Oh!*

No other girl could have done it. But, as the girls in the office had all agreed,



"In one instant her old eyes
took in the situation"

Drawn by
W. E. Wightman

THE QUIVER

Bettina was *not* like other girls. She was going to go through with it, cost her what it might . . . cost her *whom* it might!

She felt quite dazed as she stepped into the tube station all the same. She had always *felt* like other girls; like other girls she had the same longings. And now, since the junior partner had stepped into her lonely little life, she was growing . . . more like other girls in those ways. But she knew she would go through with it for all that. Suppose, though, she should shame *him* in front of his people. They did not know her; his mother had "wanted to know her." This last thought was the worst that had come yet; but . . . still she knew that she would go through with it! "If I . . . could see him for a moment I . . . believe he'd . . . understand," thought Bettina as, with dry lips, she left the station and crossed the road. "I wish. . ."

Christmas is the time, folk say, when wishes come true. Her eyes caught sight of a well-known form. "I've . . . come along to meet you. You said you'd come by tube," said the junior partner. "And, besides. . . ." He was looking down at her. Pleased and proud he looked. Oh! could he guess the age of the frock beneath her waterproof? Forty years old; perhaps even fifty! Bettina choked, then she began. . . .

"I've something to say to you. I . . . Before we go in. Please. . . ." She was holding his arm now; they were going up the road that led to the terrace of big houses.

"You see . . . I have to wear it. I *want* to. Don't think that I am ashamed of it. Not one single bit. It's . . . But I wanted you to understand. And I . . . wished that I could get a chance to explain. And then . . . just like a Christmas wish, you came. Perhaps the fairies sent you." Bettina gave a laugh. She didn't mind the frock so much now that the story was told.

Nor did the junior partner. He explained why, without delay. He (it was Christmas time!) suddenly bent down and drew her shaky little hand closer in his arm. "Well!" said the junior partner. "By . . . all that's lucky and . . . absurd!"

Bettina didn't know in the least what he meant by that.

He soon explained, though. It seemed soon to them, that is, though he'd walked

twice round the terrace with the unsuspecting Bettina before he found the entrance to his own home door. "I came down to meet you," said he, "for the weirdest reason. Bettina—oh! I may, mayn't I?—well, it's this jolly old way. D'you remember my mother not . . . sending you an invite? Just because I wanted to give it to you, you know. Well. *Do* you know that, being the ass of a chap that I am—"

"You're *not*," whispered Bettina.

"Being the *ass* of a chap that I am," went on the junior partner, "I . . . went and forgot half the parties. 'Twasn't till the mater suddenly began talking about it this morning. And asking whether I knew what frock you were going to wear—"

Bettina gave a shiver.

"—that," went on the junior partner serenely, "I suddenly remembered that I'd jolly well and utterly forgotten to tell you half. 'You go down and meet her,' that's what my mater said, 'or she'll be scared to fits and think we're a wild beast show when she gets here. Apologize and let her know we'll fix her up easily. And explain. . . .'"

"I . . . I don't think you're explaining very well," put in Bettina in a frightened voice. Her hand held very tightly to the junior partner's arm.

"Aren't I? Well, by Jove, what an ass I am. But . . . I'm so jolly happy to have you here, you know. It's . . . And, besides, under the circumstances, I . . . needn't explain, really. For it's quite O.K." The junior partner stopped for breath.

"Oh, please . . . *please!*" begged Bettina. For they really *were* at the front door now.

"Why, by Jove, didn't I tell you. It's . . . that my mater's affair is . . . a fancy dress ball, you see," finished up the junior partner.

A butler opened the door with a flourish. A lady dressed as Marie Antoinette, stately and tall but with the kind, clear eyes of the junior partner, held out her hand. Round her flocked knights and the Middle Ages; the Seasons come to life; a galaxy of splendour. But Bettina hardly saw them; and she only heard the junior partner's voice.

"Quite O.K., mater. She's comes as her 'Great-Aunt's Picture'—that's it, isn't it, Bettina, eh?"



Animal Life on a Yorkshire Moor

Written and Illustrated
by
Benjamin Hanley

IT is really very surprising how little the average rambler knows of the habits and peculiarities of the majority of the four-footed creatures which he may happen upon during his peregrinations. True he may know how to distinguish the stoat from the weasel, the rat from the mole, or the shrew from the mouse, but often here his knowledge ends, and as to how they live, etc., he has only perhaps a remote idea. Generally the insects, birds or flowers receive their fair share of attention whilst the animals are passed over quite casually.

It may be that this is on account of the difficulty usually experienced in watching the wary creatures for any length of time and so learning something of their habits first hand, but candidly speaking this difficulty is more imaginary than real and it has been my experience that most animals are far easier to watch than birds.

I have in mind at the time of writing a common not far from the ancient city of York which is rich indeed in bird life, and where also there is no lack of animal life. The fox here reigns supreme, for the peculiar nature of the common makes it exceedingly difficult for fox-hunting to be carried on to any extent, and so Reynard finds life easy with an abundance of rabbits on every hand and neighbouring farmsteads to plunder, for although the hen-wife carefully fastens up her poultry each sundown, yet there are generally some stragglers who prefer to roost in out-of-the-way places in the open to spending the night in the more secure shelter provided purposely for their accommodation, and the fox is an adept at discovering these prodigals, and when the morning light reveals a profusion of feathers near some thick hedge or bush, the farmer may be heard vowing vengeance upon all members of the family.

The farmers' losses in this way are very considerable, and I know of an instance where three hundred head of poultry were lost in one season, for not only does the fox take his toll in the night time but through the day also, especially from the birds which stay in the fields where the growing

corn hides all traces of the robber lying in wait.

Probably the nature photographer is gifted with the ability to remain quite motionless to a greater extent than other folk, and it is no doubt on this account that he witnesses many interesting episodes in the lives of some of our furry creatures during his rambles with a camera. I remember on one occasion watching an old fox hunting rabbits, and very stealthily did he go about his business. I formed the impression on that occasion that the fox lifted his feet much higher than a dog when walking or trotting, and have since proved this to be so, as a glance at the picture of the track of the animal in the snow will show, for each footprint is clearly and sharply defined, and the absence of any marks on the snow surrounding each imprint proves that the animal lifts its feet well up. This was noticed to be the same in snow of varying depth. In the case of the dog the feet are dragged somewhat, with the result that in the snow a hollow is scooped out after each footprint.

Whilst on the subject of footprints recorded by the snow, on which, by the way, one might write at a great length, it is interesting to note those made by the hare and rabbit. These may easily be distinguished, for whereas the rabbit places its hind feet exactly opposite each other, the hare puts one down a little in advance of the other. These results are here shown.

On the moor of which I write the stoat is fairly common, more so in fact than its lesser relative the weasel, and although it is usually more often seen affixed to that grim gibbet of the woods—the keeper's vermin pole—or similarly suspended in mid air from the branches of a neighbouring bush, where it arouses much speculation from passers-by as to its identity, yet still one may happen upon it in its natural haunts. The stoat and weasel are easily distinguished, apart from size, by their tails, for that of the former is long and invariably terminates in a black tip, and even in winter, when the pelage undergoes a change

THE QUIVER



Track of Fox
in snow

Photo:
B. Han'ey

of colour, and in the far north becomes white and incidentally the ermine—the black tip still remains. The difference in size is *really* no true guide, as I have seen very small stoats no bigger than the average weasel, and on the other hand, on one occasion a very large weasel quite as big as the average stoat, but as a general rule the stoat is much the larger. Although in the north the stoat assumes a white coat in winter, yet in our southern and midland counties it merely appears a few shades lighter in tint as the winter months arrive.

Contrary to what one might think, both the stoat and the weasel do much good by ridding the countryside of voles, and during the time the stoat and its lesser relatives have young, more vermin are killed than at any other time. Much has been written respecting families of stoats or weasels attacking human beings; but my experience goes to prove that the former usually escape as quickly as possible and are

nothing near so courageous as the latter. Quite recently I found the nest of a weasel containing three fairly large young, and these popped their heads out to look at the intruder and showed no signs of timidity, and although dislodged by the aid of a stick, they promptly returned to their retreat. But the old ones had removed them during the night, for on visiting the place next day I saw no signs of either old or young. An examination of the nest revealed the fact that mice and voles had played a great part in the diet of this particular family, for there were three dead short-tailed field voles, two shrews and two mice, all more or less eaten.

The "prickly-back urchin," to give the hedgehog its local name, is very abundant, and towards dusk one may see the animals running in quite an energetic manner, for the hedgehog can really run very well. It can also scream well if occasion demands it. I remember being drawn for nearly a



Track of Hare
in snow

Photo:
H. Hiney

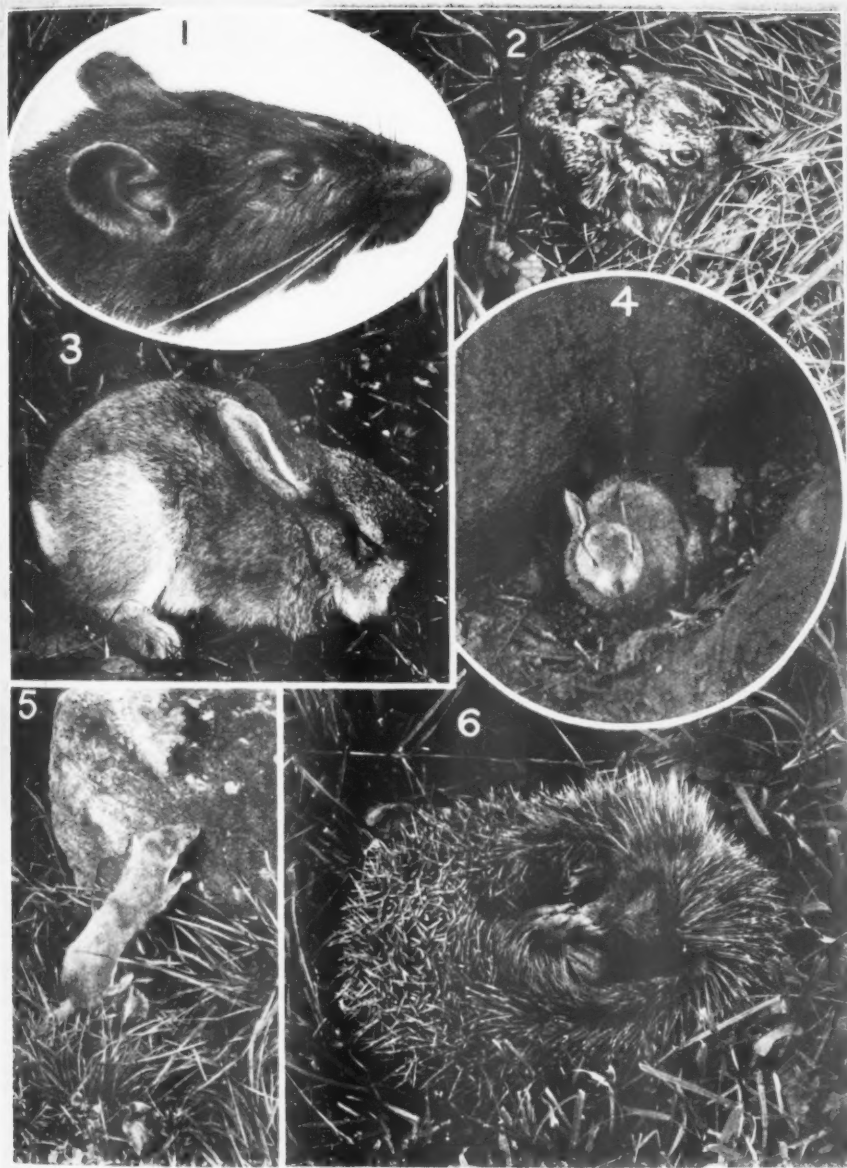


Photo: B. Hanley

- 1.—Brown Rat: "*Mus decumanus*." One of the animals which is equally awake whatever the season.
- 2.—A Young Leveret.
- 3.—Young Rabbit (hiding).
- 4.—Wild Rabbit at entrance to burrow.
- 5.—A Young Weasel.
- 6.—Hedgehog unrolling when uncovered after hibernating.

THE QUIVER

quarter of a mile by the shrill whining screams of one which had been caught by the leg in a spring trap, and on being liberated, instead of rolling itself into a ball as usual, it promptly scuttled away into the nearest hedge bottom, there possibly to reflect at leisure on the art of traps and how to avoid them.

The spring trap, by the way, ought to be totally abolished, for any animal so caught must suffer excruciating agony before death puts an end to its sufferings; and no creature, vermin or otherwise, deserves to be tortured in such a manner, for the lingering death cannot be regarded as any other than extreme torture.

Often the traps are not visited for two or three days, and the sufferings of any poor animal securely held by the leg or some part of the body for this length of time can be better imagined than described. Frequently, to add to the pain caused by the pressure of the steel jaws of the trap, there is the shattered bone, caused by the strong snap of the instrument when struck. Surely a more humane way of getting rid of vermin can be invented.

The hedgehog is occasionally preyed upon by the fox and almost invariably by the gamekeeper, who firmly believes the creature is guilty of a hundred and one crimes. It is quite true that many a pheasant or partridge nest is spoiled by one of these marauding animals sucking the contents, and also that it is not particular about its diet being carnivorous, and one might almost say omnivorous; but whether it deserves the universal persecution which it suffers is a moot point. The creature may be easily made to unroll by being placed in a pail of water, and one has then an ample opportunity for observing the pig-like snout and the rounded ears so characteristic of the animal as it makes its escape over the edge of the bucket. In the country I have frequently had to remonstrate with youths and boys for throwing the animal into a pond and then setting a dog upon it. A more cruel sport could hardly be imagined.

Possibly no more noble-looking wild animal exists than a perfectly wild hare, for somehow hares seem an essential part of the wild free life of the open moorland, and lucky is he who gets within twenty yards of one, unless it be by stratagem or when the animal is resting in its seat. If the latter be the case possibly the creature can be approached quite closely. The leverets are most interesting little things and are

usually born early in May, although occasionally they are found much earlier. They rely for protection entirely on their colour, which renders them difficult to detect. Leverets are, of course, born with their eyes open, and it is a common belief that after the first day they separate, spreading farther apart each succeeding day. This I doubt, for several which I have visited, specially for the purpose of seeing if this were true or not, were in the form together for periods varying from five days to eleven.

For assuming attitudes droll and grotesque the wild rabbits surely have no equal, and one could spend hours watching them indulging in playful antics or performing their elaborate toilet round the mouths of their burrows on any fine sunny afternoon. All sorts of comical and amusing attitudes are assumed until one is almost obliged to laugh, and indeed probably does make some slight noise, which is sufficient to send them all scuttling off underground, an array of white tails—nature's danger signal in their case—bobbing through the grass as fast as four legs can carry them. But they do not remain underground long. First one pair of sharp eyes and then another will be observed, bent on looking for danger, until they are all satisfied, and once more resuming their antics as before. Seeing that the fox is a deadly enemy of the rabbit, it seems strange that they should nest in close proximity to the fox's earth; and yet this is so, for recently I found several litters of fox cubs situate more or less in the midst of rabbit warrens. It is said that the foxes pay no attention to the rabbits near their earth, but prey upon others at a distance. The earths I visited contained remains of numerous wild ducks, pheasants, fowls and rabbits—whether the latter were taken from near at hand or brought from afar I cannot say, but should assume the latter to be correct, for in the three hours during which I was lying waiting to photograph the fox cubs the rabbits played about the mouth of the earth as if it had been merely one of their own burrows, and one, indeed, ventured below but soon returned. After waiting for the length of time mentioned I was obliged to go away minus the desired result; but as I have said on many occasions, it is just the fact that sometimes one is beaten which gives a zest to nature photography, thus placing it far ahead of all other outdoor hobbies in point of interest.

The Business Side of Church Affairs

A Layman's Plea for Greater Power for the Congregation

By Our Special Commissioner

THE more one sees of the inner workings of our great National Church the more does it become apparent how thoroughly archaic and out of date it is in its outlook towards the needs and feelings of the laity.

The busy, bustling world has gone bounding forward in the evolution of the years, yet the Church loves to linger in an atmosphere of the past, clinging to precedent, chafing at change of any kind, content to drag along behind instead of striding forward in the very van of social progress and advancement.

So far as true religion is concerned, I have nothing to say. It is only right that the pious beliefs in which our forefathers went to their graves should remain untouched, unsullied, the living, pulsating monument to the godliness and means of grace that have come down to us through the ages.

Constructive Criticism

On the other hand, there is much about the purely social aspect of the Church that might well come under thoughtful, kindly, constructive criticism. In our home life, and the love we bear towards our neighbour, the Church should play a far greater part than it does at present, and it would appear that the unsophisticated business side of parochial affairs is at the bottom of most of the mischief; if, indeed, it is not in many places directly responsible for empty pews.

One of the first of many awkward facts to be faced is the fitting of the parson to the congregation. I have in mind now a village community. The saintly old man who has ministered to the spiritual needs of the place for half a century has gone to his last rest. Who will come to occupy the rectory and the pulpit?

The poignancy of this question can be better imagined than described. *Only in a very, very few parishes in this Christian*

country has the congregation the slightest voice in the appointing of its own clergyman!

To-day in my newspaper there is an advertisement which, to some extent, explains the matter. These announcements appear almost daily, sometimes two or three of them.

"For sale," reads this offer, "at a low figure, the valuable advowson of a parish in ——. Net annual value about £700. Present incumbent about seventy-four. For particulars apply——"

Selling the "Living"

So that the living, the right to preach God's Word, the cure of rural souls, is being offered *at a low figure* in the open market—and the parishioners have no more to do with the matter than the man who set up the advertisement in good, clear type! Again, the poor old parson of seventy-four is thrown rudely into the scales in the making of the bargain!

Is it possible to imagine anything more incongruous, more out of tune with religion, less likely to win converts than this vulgar hawking of clerical appointments?

To get to the root of this advowson question one has to realize that the right of presenting some livings in the Church of England is actually a form of real estate, to be bought and sold. With the prevailing necessity to auction off large properties many incumbents are finding themselves transferred with the manor as if they formed part of the structure.

Probably centuries ago, in the history of an advowson, someone built and endowed a church, quite properly retaining the power of appointing the minister. With the passing of time, however, and the ever-changing social conditions the vested interests of the descendants have in some cases become scattered among strangers and each old family association been severed. But is it good

THE QUIVER

business that the parish should suffer spiritually on this account?

To go further, imagine a set or clique of people who are wealthy and perhaps cranky as well. They possess well-defined ideas of their own as to how religion should be fostered and taught and a school of clergymen who pander to them. Collectively, these people buy up advowson after advowson for presentation to their followers. They form a trust in churches, a ring of religious thought, a little monopoly and combine that might quite as well work for evil as for good.

As a matter of fact, only a proportion of our clergy are actually appointed on this advowson system. The Crown, the bishops, the universities and other authorities have countless livings at their disposal. In some circumstances, however, this latter form of presentation might be worse than the former.

The People have no Voice

The chief point about the whole affair is that the people who really matter have no voice whatever. The congregation is consulted in no way as to their new spiritual leader. They are exactly like a lot of infants in a schoolroom who have to do precisely as they are told.

Apart from such scant courtesy to the folk who constitute the Church, can anything more unbusinesslike be imagined? Would a firm of publishers, without being considered in any way, allow a bevy of architects, schoolmasters and army officers to appoint the editor for one of their magazines? Yet in vital religion, in a matter that should be everything to us, we tolerate this very kind of thing in the placing of the clergy.

According to the Bishop of St. Albans, no fewer than 76 per cent. of the parsons in his diocese are appointed by these "patrons." The plan is for a minister to be "presented" to the bishop for his licence and institution. Even this form of nomination is a mere farce, for the bishop is helpless to decline, unless the nominee is actually immoral; in which event, at his own expense, the bishop must prove at law that this is the case.

As a layman who has travelled a little and looked fairly deeply into things, it seems to me high time that the Church of England was organized in such a way that it could and would exercise actual authority and control over the men who, in His Name, go forth to preach the gospel.

Everyone realizes that the young man who

attends a university or theological training centre with the view to becoming a clergyman has some inner feeling of a direct call to service. In due time he is ordained, becoming in turn deacon and priest. He secures a curacy and sets about finding an incumbency. After a while, with the aid of the patrons of an advowson, he is nominated to a living. And then?

However excellent the majority of clergymen are, there are black sheep in every fold. Among those who wear cassock and surplice there are round pegs that nothing on earth will fit into square holes. As men grow older they do not all become wiser or better. The promising young curate may turn out to be a downright bad rector. He may have been spoiled by getting his incumbency too young in life. He may have married injudiciously. He may be a firebrand who forms round him one set of parishioners whom he deliberately entices to wage war against another set. All sorts of things may happen, for the parson still remains a human being.

The point here is that the congregation which had no voice in the appointing of its spiritual leader has even less voice in getting rid of him. There is that estate referred to as the "parson's freehold." Once a clergyman has been appointed to a living *you cannot turn him out* so long as the orthodox services are held.

"Even if he has grossly neglected his duties," to quote again the Bishop of St. Albans, "and the bishop tries him in his court and he is found guilty and 'inhibited'—i.e. not allowed to continue as clergyman of the parish—he can still draw the major portion of the stipend attached to the living till he dies! The bishop can only take a small part of it to pay the man who is put in to do the work."

How Long?

How long is this sort of thing going to last? There are parishes to-day with great, roomy churches that are constantly empty because the parson is unpopular. There is such a thing, even among clergymen, as wearing out one's power for good among a certain group of people. Is it right, is it sound business, that the souls of women and men should suffer, and the good name of the Church as well, simply because a minister is out of his element and yet so deeply rooted that nothing short of death can shift him?

To me it seems that the whole question needs the most thorough investigation. New laws are required to bring our Church more

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF CHURCH AFFAIRS

into line with current events and opinions. The people who form the congregations need to take control far more into their own hands. The whole thing wants putting on a businesslike footing. To-day no congregation is intimately concerned with the appointment of its clergyman (except in those very rare cases where elections are held): to-day, also, no ordinary clergyman has the slightest say in the appointment of a bishop.

To me it seems that the time is ripe for the sweeping away of the purely mundane traditions with which the Church is enveloped. The Nonconformist bodies, by the appointment of Moderators, for instance, are showing that there are some leaves at all events to be taken from the Church of England book. Why should not the Church learn something from the sister organizations? The circuit system, under which ministers move every third year, is a case in point, and there are many others.

Needs Rebuilding

Financially, the Church badly needs taking down and rebuilding. At the present time we have 15,000 beneficed Anglican clergymen. Some of them are receiving £900 a year in parishes with only a few hundred people. Others are struggling in the slums with a couple of thousand parishioners on a stipend of £150. The whole position is grossly unfair, often ambiguous, seldom equitable.

Personally, I should like to see people educated up to *paying for their religion* according to their means. The resources of our Church are colossal. If the entire fabric could be reorganized, the possessions pooled, and the will to give properly fostered, the poor clergyman would soon be a thing of the past, congregations would become doubled, and the whole question of religion would conform far more to present-day thought and tendency.

When that good time comes I should like to see many more bishops, each possessing real and actual jurisdiction and definite authority. Above the bishops should be more archbishops, with the See of Canterbury and the Crown still in supreme control.

In the teaching and training of theological students the bishops should have complete charge. When it came to the appointment of a curate, the bishop would present suitable deacons to the priest and churchwardens of the parish. Were a rector or vicar required the bishop should offer a

number of eligible candidates to the congregation instead of waiting for patrons to nominate one priest to him.

The "parson's freehold" should be swept away. Either all clergymen should be moved after three or five years (unless there were definite protests against such removal from the flock), or there should be devised some ready means by which a minister could be moved at the expressed wish of a certain number of the church-goers. After all, one can have too much even of a good thing.

Carrying the matter further, rectories and vicarages should become an essential part of the Church organization, to be repaired and decorated from common funds and not under the prevailing system of most oppressive "dilapidations." Moreover, if every clergyman were forced to come and go at the behest of his superiors he should at least receive a minimum stipend during any period when he was unattached. A young man taking up the Church as a profession should feel, like an officer in the army, that whatever happens or wherever he may be serving there will always be pay according to his rank.

Once upon a time clergymen worked rich glebe farms. The farms, in course of years, were taken from them. Not so many years since parish priests found active occupation in the elementary schools. The coming of Council education has swept them away. To-day they are clergymen and nothing more. They have their spiritual duty and their social round and seven days in which to attend to them. Why, under this new regime, should the parish priest not manage the parochial Church affairs on a more businesslike footing than is sometimes the case?

Loose Finance

In the course of my journeys as Special Commissioner I have come across country clerics who made no distinction between their private banking account and that of the Church. Recent Acts of Parliament, rushed through during war-time, under which the Church affairs of a parish are placed in the hands of a local council, are proving to be totally ineffective. In too many villages the parson is so autocratic and so firmly rooted that he can set everybody by the ears.

It is time that the divinity student received as some part of his education close instruction in his social duties and also an

THE QUIVER

insight into the businesslike keeping and presenting of figures, and there can be no real reason why the advertising that lures people into theatres and cinemas should not in quite a dignified manner be employed to fill empty churches.

In the matter of Sunday-schools there is room for tremendous reform on modern, broad lines. With compulsory education, Sabbath classes are not so popular among girls and boys as they were. The system wants waking up, revivifying, so that children find something both attractive and uplifting to bring them regularly to the services.

Only too frequently, I am afraid, the modern Sunday-school is just a Seventh Day trial to the children, and it is a sign of the times to read in the reports of both Houses of Parliament that questions have been raised as to extremists conducting so-called Sunday classes that their own tenets may be inculcated into the minds of the rising generation. If the Church, on the whole, made its schools more interesting and up to date this could hardly occur.

There is no need for blatant methods to be introduced into the Church of England or for clergymen to be bandied about "on appro." At the same time, if the system of any business organization was translated into Church affairs we should before long become a more deeply religious nation.

Remodelling Required

On the way to Utopia, however, much that is almost mediæval must be thrown bodily overboard. If necessary, the people with adwosons to sell must be bought out. Church and State have always run in double harness, but it is not suggested that the State should devour the Church. At the same time, the Church must be remodelled on more utilitarian lines, with one central figure at its head and a chain of fixed, definite responsibility going right back to the newest of new curates.

What is worth having is worth paying for. We must pay for our religion and support clergymen that will be worthy of us. The stunts and schemes for wheedling money from us, the campaigns of begging, the utter disgrace of a parson actually in want through no fault of his own must cease.

I want suggestions for improving the work of the Church. I shall be pleased to pay £1 ls. for the best—in not more than 300 words. I will send a book prize to all whose letters are printed. Address, The Editor, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, before January 29.

So far as clergymen go, I firmly believe they would prefer to see reorganization. They would like to feel, for their sons' sakes, that a boy could become a theological student with the knowledge that he would obtain a fair stipend upon which to maintain his social position, come rain, come shine.

They would like to know that, at the age of sixty or sixty-five, or in impaired health, a minister might retire upon an adequate pension from the central funds, so that old gentlemen in the eighties would not have still to struggle through a Sabbath of strenuous effort and exhausting duty.

Pooling the Resources

It may not come in our time, but come it will. The Church will have to pool its collective resources and consent to be closely governed by some central authority. Clergymen will no longer become rooted for life to one spot indicated by a wealthy patron. Each member of a congregation will have to contribute a certain sum each year towards the support of those who minister to his soul.

We shall have a Church with more businesslike methods, the Church militant in every sense, well and efficiently governed by powerful, fearless bishops. The dignity and thoroughness of the parson will increase a hundredfold, but his autocracy will vanish into thin air.

As for the spirit of competition that will come with the chance of being "moved on" nothing could be more calculated to provide a proper encouragement. Even clergymen might prove quite amenable to such an incentive. When the time came for bishops to be appointed, the sees would go to those who secured the greatest number of votes from the incumbents among them. The archbishops would be voted for by the bishops in solemn conclave. To-day bishops are made by the Prime Minister, and it is not impossible that one day we might have at the head of the Government a politician who was not even a Christian!

Let us reform our Church that, out of the reformation may come a new, a more vigorous and a deeper feeling of national religious purpose. In that direction should lay our greatest meed of happiness.

Anthony Strong'nth'arm

BY

JEROME K. JEROME

SYNOPSIS

When Anthony Strong'nth'arm was born, in a mean street in Millsborough, his mother whispered, "I want him to be strong. It's a hard world for the weak." And strong Anthony soon proved to be. Generally he knew what he wanted, and did his best to get it.

The Strong'nth'arms had once been prosperous yeomen and had hunted with the gentry, but Anthony's father seemed to be one of those unfortunates doomed to choose the wrong turning. He was a mechanical engineer with his own shop, a bit of an inventor, but gradually fell on hard times, so that the upbringing of young Anthony was in straitened circumstances.

When Anthony's father died, his widow had great difficulties in making ends meet, but her son soon asserted himself. Through the influence of the vicar Anthony becomes a scholarship pupil of St. Aldys' Grammar School. He makes friends with another boy, Edward Mowbray, and, incidentally, his sister Betty.

At Anthony's suggestion Mr. Tetteridge starts a small school of his own.

CHAPTER VII

Anthony Talks of his Future

It was the evening previous to young Mowbray's departure for Oxford. Betty was going with him to help him furnish his rooms. They would have a few days together before term began, and she wanted to see Oxford. Anthony had come to say good-bye. Mr. Mowbray was at a dinner given by the mayor, and the three young people had been left to themselves. Betty had gone into the servants' quarters to give some orders. The old housekeeper had died the year before and Betty had taken over the entire charge. They were sitting in the library. The great drawing-room was used only when there was company.

"Look in now and again when I am away," said Edward. "Betty hasn't many friends and she likes talking to you."

"And I like talking to her tremendously," answered Anthony. "But, I say, will it be proper?"

"Oh, what rot!" answered Edward. "You're not that sort, either of you. Besides, things are different to what they used to be. Why shouldn't there be just friendship between men and women?"

Betty entered as he finished speaking, and the case was put to her.

"Yes, I shall be sorry to miss our talks," she said. She turned to Anthony with a smile.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Sixteen," he answered.

She was surprised. "I thought you were older," she said.

"Sixteen last birthday," he persisted.

"People have always taken me for older than

I am. Mother used to have terrible fights with the tram conductors; they would have it I was nearer five than three. She thought quite seriously of sewing a copy of my birth certificate inside my cap." He laughed.

"You're only a boy," said Betty. "I'm nearly nineteen. Yes, come and see me sometimes."

Edward expected to be at Oxford three years. After that he would return to Millsborough and enter his father's office. Mowbray and Cousins was the name of the firm, but Cousins had long passed out of it, and eventually the whole business would belong to Edward.

"Why don't you go in for the Remingham Scholarship?" he said suddenly, turning to Anthony, "and join me next year at Oxford. You could win it hands down; and as for funds to help you out, my father would see to that. I know, if I asked him. He thinks tremendously well of you. Do, for my sake."

Anthony shook his head. "I have thought about it," he said. "I'm afraid."

Edward stared at him. "What on earth is there to be afraid of?" he demanded.

"I'm afraid of myself," answered Anthony. "Nobody thinks of me, I know; but I'd end by being a dreamer if I let myself go. My father had it in him. That's why he never got on. If I went to Oxford and got wandering about all those old colleges and gardens I wouldn't be able to help myself. I'd end by being a mere student. I've had to fight against it even here, as it is."

Edward and Betty were both listening to him, suddenly interested. The girl was leaning forward with her chin upon her hand. Anthony rose and walked to the window. The curtains had not been drawn. He looked down upon the glare of Millsborough fading into

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THE QUIVER

darkness where the mean streets mingled with the sodden fields.

"You don't understand what it means," he said. "Poverty, fear—all your life one long struggle for bare existence."

He turned and faced the softly-lighted room with its carved ceiling and fine Adams mantelpiece, its Chippendale furniture, its choice pictures and old Persian rugs.

"Everything about you mean and ugly," he continued. "Everybody looking down upon you, patronizing you. I want to get out of it. Learning isn't going to help me. At best, what would I be without money or influence to start me? A schoolmaster—a curate, perhaps, on eighty pounds a year. Business is my only chance. I'm good at that. I feel I could be. Planning, organizing, getting people to see things your way, making them do things. It's just like fighting, only you use your brains instead of your hands. I'm always thinking about things that could be done that would be good for everyone. I mean to do them one day. My father used to invent machines, and other people stole them from him and kept all the profit for themselves. They're not going to do that with me. They shall have their share, but I——" He stopped and flushed scarlet.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said. "I've got into a way of talking to myself. I forgot I was here."

Betty had risen. "I think you are quite right," she said. "And when you've got on you'll think of those who live always in poverty and fear. You'll know all about them and the way to help them. You will help them, won't you?"

She spoke gravely. She might have been presenting a petition to the Prime Minister.

"Of course I will," he said. "I mean to."

She rang the bell and ordered coffee and cakes.

While they were munching she sprang it upon them that she was going to buy a bicycle. A new design had just been invented with two low wheels of equal size. It could be made so that a lady could ride it.

Edward was just a little shocked. Betty had the reputation as it was of being a bit eccentric. She went long walks by herself in thick boots and rarely wore gloves. This would make her still more talked about. Betty thought she would be doing good. As the daughter of one of the leading men in Millsborough she could afford to defy the conventions and open the way for others. Girls employed in the mills, who now only saw their people twice a year, would be able to run home for week-ends, would be able to enjoy rides into the country on half-holidays. Revolutions always came from the top. The girls would call after her at first, she fully expected. Later they would be heartened to follow her example.

Her difficulty was learning. She proposed to go up to the moors early in the morning, where she could struggle with the thing unseen. But at first you wanted assistance and support.

There was the gardener's boy. But she feared he was weak about the knees.

"I wish you'd let me come," said Anthony. "I like a walk in the early morning. It freshens my brain for the day."

"Thank you," she answered. "I was really thinking of you, but I didn't like to ask in case it might interfere with your work."

She promised to let him know when the bicycle arrived. He might like to come round and have a look at it.

It was with something of a pang that he said good-bye to Edward, though it would be less than three months before they met again. He had not made many friends at the school; he was too self-centred. Young Mowbray was the only boy for whom he felt any real affection.

Tetteridge's "Preparatory and Commercial School" had prospered beyond expectation. In the language of the advertisement it supplied a long-felt want. "The gentry" of Millsborough—to be exact, its better-off shopkeepers, its higher-salaried clerks and minor professionals—were catered for to excess. But among its skilled workmen and mechanics, earning good wages, were many ambitions for their children. Education was in the air—feared by most of the upper classes as likely to be the beginning of red ruin and the breaking up of laws; regarded by the more thoughtful of the workers with extravagant hopes as being the sure road to the Promised Land. Tetteridge had a natural genius for teaching; he had a way of making the work interesting. The boys liked him and talked about him and the things he told them. It became clear that the house in Bridlington Street would soon be too small for his needs.

"It sounds nonsensical, I know," said Mr. Tetteridge; "but there are times when I wish that I hadn't been so sensible."

"What have you been doing sensible?" laughed Anthony.

"When I followed your most excellent and youthful advice, Tony, and started this con-founded school," explained Mr. Tetteridge.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Anthony.

"Success," replied Mr. Tetteridge. "It's going to grow. I shall end in a big square house with boarders and assistant masters and prayers at eight o'clock. I shall dress in a black frock-coat and wear a chimney pot hat. I shall have to. The parents will expect it."

"There'll be holidays," suggested Anthony, "when you'll be able to go walking tours in knickerbockers and a tweed cap."

"No, I shan't," said Mr. Tetteridge. "I shall be a married man. There'll be children, most likely. We shall go for a month to the seaside and listen to niggers. The children will clamour for it. I shall never escape from children all my life, and I'll never get away from Millsborough. I shall die here, an honoured and respected citizen of Millsborough. Do you know what my plan was? I'd worked it all out? Wandering about the world like Oliver Goldsmith, with my fiddle. Earning my



"'Was father in love with you when he married you?' he asked"—p. 279

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Chas. Cronbie

THE QUIVER

living while I tramped, sleeping under the stars or in some village inn, listening to the talk and stories; making sketches of odd characters, quaint scenes and places; sitting by the wayside making poetry. Do you know, Tony, I believe I could have been a poet—could have left a name behind me."

"You'll have your evenings," argued Anthony. "The boys will go at four o'clock. You can write your poetry between tea and supper."

"To Irene of the Ringlets," suggested Tetteridge. "'God and the Grasshopper,' 'Ode to Idleness.' What do you think the parents would say? Besides, ideas don't come between tea and supper. They come in the mental arithmetic hour. I kick 'em out and slam the door. They never come again."

Anthony's face expressed trouble. Something within him enabled him to understand. Tetteridge laughed.

"It's all right," he said. He took the photograph of the science master's daughter from the mantelpiece and kissed it. "I'm going to marry the dearest little girl in all the world, and we're going to get on and be very happy. Who knows? Perhaps we may keep our carriage."

He replaced the latest photograph of Miss Seaton on the mantelpiece. She wasn't as dolly-faced as she had been. The mouth had grown firmer, and the look of wonder in the eyes had gone. She suggested rather a capable young woman.

He had left to Anthony the search for new premises. Anthony was still undecided when something unexpected happened. The younger Miss Warmington, after a brief illness, died. Mrs. Plumberry had nursed her, and at Anthony's request consented to call at 15 Bruton Square and find out how the land lay. It would be the very thing. It had two large class-rooms built out into the garden. Mrs. Plumberry was a born diplomatist. She reported that Miss Warmington, now absolutely alone in the world, had cried a little on Mrs. Plumberry's motherly shoulder; had confided to Mrs. Plumberry that the school had been going down for some time past; that she had neither the heart nor the means to continue it. Mrs. Plumberry's advice to her had been that she should get rid of the remainder of her lease, if possible, and thus avoid liability regarding covenants for reparation. Miss Warmington had expressed the thankfulness with which she would do this, that is if a purchaser could be found; and Mrs. Plumberry, though not holding out much hope, had promised to look about her.

Thus it came to pass that once again Mrs. Strong'nth'arm and Anthony were ushered into the drawing room of 15 Bruton Square and rested on its horsehair-covered chairs. But this time Mrs. Strong'nth'arm sat well back; and it was Miss Warmington who, on entering, held out her hand. Mrs. Strong'nth'arm, imagining beforehand, had intended not to see, but second nature again was too strong

Miss Warmington, though old and feeble, was still impressive, and Mrs. Strong'nth'arm cart-sied and apologized for intrusion.

Miss Warmington smiled as she shook hands with Anthony.

"You were a little boy when I saw you last," she said, "and you sat with your leg tucked under you."

"And he wouldn't come to your school when you asked him to," interposed Mrs. Strong'nth'arm. She had made up her mind to get that out.

Miss Warmington flushed. "I think he was very wise," she said. "I hear quite wonderful accounts of him." Anthony had closed the door and placed a chair for her. "And I see he has learned manners," she added with another smile.

Anthony laughed. "I was very rude," he admitted, "and you are a very kind lady to forgive me."

The business, so far as Miss Warmington was concerned, was soon finished. She wondered afterwards why she had accepted Anthony's offer without even putting up a fight. It was considerably less than the sum she had determined to stand out for. But on all points, save the main issue, he had yielded to her; and it had seemed to her at the time that she was getting her own way. They had kept up the fiction of the business being between Mrs. Strong'nth'arm and Miss Warmington, Anthony explaining always that it was his mother who was prepared to do so and so—his mother, alas! who was unable to do the other—Mrs. Strong'nth'arm confirming with a nod or a murmur.

Over a friendly cup of tea letters were exchanged then and there, thus enabling Mrs. Strong'nth'arm to dismiss all thought of other houses that had been offered her. Mrs. Strong'nth'arm undertook to pay Miss Warmington three hundred pounds and to take over Miss Warmington's lease with all its covenants, together with all fixtures and such furniture as Miss Warmington would not require for her own small needs.

"And where the money's to come from I suppose you know," commented Mrs. Strong'nth'arm, as the door of 15 Bruton Square closed behind them. "Blessed if I do!"

Anthony laughed. "That'll be all right, mother," he said. "Don't you worry."

"To hear him!" murmured his mother, addressing the darkening sky above her. "Talking about three hundred pounds to be paid next Tuesday week and laughing about it! Ah! if your poor father had only had your head."

He explained to his aunt that this time there would be good security and that in consequence she was going to get only five per cent. She tried to make him say seven, more from general principle than with any hope of success. But he only laughed. By degrees he had constituted himself her man of business; and under his guidance her savings had rapidly increased. To Mrs. Newt a successful specula-

ANTHONY STRONG'NTH'ARM

tion proved that God was behind you. She had come to regard her nephew with reverence, as being evidently in the Lord's counsels.

He had a further proposition to put before her. The dogs had long ago been sold, and the old railway carriage had fallen into ruin. The tumbledown cottage, in which his aunt now lived alone, was threatening to follow its example; but the land on which it stood had grown in value. The price he felt sure he could get for it made her open her eyes. The cottage disposed of, she could come and live with them at Bruton Square, paying, of course, for her board and lodging. The sum he suggested per week made her open her eyes still wider. But he promised she should be comfortable and well looked after. Again she made a feeble effort to touch his heart, but he only kissed her and told her that he would see to everything and that she wasn't to worry. Forty years—all but—she had dwelt in Prospect Cottage, Moor End Lane. She had been married from The Jolly Cricketers, and after a day's honeymoon by the sea Joe had brought her there, and never a night since then had she slept away from it. There had been fields about it in those days. She dratted the boy more than once or twice as she poked about the tiny rooms, selecting the few articles she intended to keep. But she was ready on the appointed day. She had purchased gloves and a new bonnet. One must needs be dressy for Bruton Square.

Anthony had two rooms at the top of the house, one for his bedroom and the other for his study. He had always been fond of reading. His favourite books were histories and memoirs. Emerson and Montaigne he had chosen for himself as prizes. His fiction was confined to "Gulliver's Travels." There were also Smiles' "Self-Help," "From Log-Cabin to White House," Franklin's "Autobiography," and the "Life of Abraham Lincoln."

His mother had given up the dress-making business. Young Tetteridge had brought home his bride, and keeping house for five people, even with help, took up all her time. Often of an evening she would bring her sewing and sit with Anthony while he worked.

It was towards the end of the Michaelmas term; Anthony was in the lower sixth. He had determined to leave at Christmas. The upper sixth spent all its time on the classics, which would be useless to him.

"What do you think of doing when you do leave?" asked his mother. "Have you made up your mind?"

"Go into old Mowbray's office if he'll have me," answered Anthony.

"Edward will put in a word for you there, won't he?" suggested his mother.

"Yes. I'm reckoning on that," he answered.

Anthony turned again to his book, but his mother's needle lay idle.

"The girl's friendly too, isn't she?" she asked. "They say she can't express a wish that he doesn't grant her."

Anthony did not answer. He seemed not to

have heard. His mother's thimble rolled to the ground. Anthony recovered it and gave it to her.

"What's she like?" his mother asked him.

"Oh, all right," he answered; "a nice enough girl."

"She's older than you, isn't she?" said his mother.

"Yes; I think she is," said Anthony. "Not much."

"Tom Cripps was up on the moor the other morning." His mother had resumed her sewing. "Poaching, I expect. He saw you both there. He's a rare one to gossip. Will it matter?"

Anthony laid down his book. "Was father in love with you when he married you?" he asked.

His mother looked up astonished. "What an odd question to ask," she said. "Of course he was. Madly in love. Some said I was the prettiest girl in Millsborough—not counting, of course, the gentry. What makes you ask?"

Instead of answering he asked her another.

"What do you mean by madly in love?"

His mother was smiling to herself. The little grey head was at a higher angle than usual.

"Oh, you know," she said. "Walked six miles there and back every evening just to get five minutes' talk with me. Said he'd drown himself if I didn't marry him. And was that jealous—why, I daren't so much as speak to anything else in trousers. Wrote poetry to me. Only, silly like, one day when I was mad with him, I burnt it."

He did not answer. She stole a glance at him. And suddenly it came to her what was in his mind.

"It never lasts," she said. "I've often thought as folks would be better without it." She chatted on, keeping a corner of her eye upon him. "Young Tetteridge was in love up to his ears when he first came to us. That marriage isn't going to turn out trumps. So was Ted Mowbray—the old man, I mean—Worshipped the very ground she trod on. Everybody talked about it. Didn't prevent his gallivanting off wherever his fancy took him before they'd been married three years. Guess she wished he'd been less hot at first. Might have kept warm a little longer." She laughed. "Someone you like and feel you can get on with, and that you know is fond of you; that's the thing that wears and makes for the most happiness. And if she's got a bit of money or can help you in other ways—well, there ain't no harm in that." She stopped to thread a needle. "Ain't ever had a fancy, have you?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "That's just what's troubling me. I suppose I'm too young."

His mother shook her head. "You're too level-headed, lad," she said. "You'll never make a fool of yourself; for that's what it means, generally speaking. You'll marry with your eyes open; and she'll be a lucky woman, because you ain't the sort to blow hot and cold

THE QUIVER

and repent of a thing after you've done it. That's what breaks a woman's heart."

She gathered together her work and rose.

"Don't get sitting up too late," she said.

"Don't do to burn the candle at both ends."

She was bending down over him. She paused a moment with his head between her hands.

"I suppose you know how handsome you are," she said.

She kissed him and went out.

CHAPTER VIII

A Start in the Business World

THEY were walking on the moor. It was a Wednesday afternoon. Betty was on the way to one of her numerous pensioners, a bed-ridden old labourer who lived in what had once been a gamekeeper's cottage on the edge of a wood, with a granddaughter to keep house for him, a handsome, wild-looking girl of about sixteen.

"What are you going to do when you leave school?" Betty asked suddenly. Since the discovery that she was two years older than Anthony she had adopted towards him a motherly attitude. She had laid it aside while she was learning to ride the bicycle. Anthony's early mechanical training had given him a general knowledge of adjustments and repairs. He had assumed the position of instructor, and had spoken in tones of authority. Feeling her safety dependent upon his strength and agility, compelled so often to call to him for help, to cling to him for support, she had been docile and apologetic. But, the interlude ended, she had resumed her airs of superiority.

"Oughtn't you to be thinking about it?" she added.

"I have been thinking about it," he explained. "My difficulty is that I've no one to advise me, not now Sir William Coomber's dead."

"Why don't you have a talk with father?" she suggested.

"I did think of that too," he said with a laugh. "But it seems so cheeky."

"How would you like to go into his office?" she asked after a silence.

"Do you think he would have me?" he answered eagerly.

"I'll sound him about it," she said.

They had reached the path leading to the gamekeeper's cottage. Anthony had vaulted over the stile. He had turned and was facing her.

"You are a brick!" he said.

He was looking up at her; she was standing on the cross-bar of the stile. She smiled and held out her hand for him to help her. She had beautiful hands. They were cool and firm, though, in consequence of her habit of not wearing gloves, less white and smooth than those of other girls in her position.

He took it and, bending over it, kissed it.

Neither spoke again till they reached the old man's cottage.

It was a week later that he received a note from Mr. Mowbray asking him to come to dinner. He found Mr. Mowbray alone. Betty had gone to a party at one of the neighbours'. Mr. Mowbray put him next to him on his right, and they talked during the meal. Mowbray asked him questions about his school career and then about his father.

"Funny," he said, "we were turning out some old papers the other day. Came across your grandfather's marriage settlement. I suppose you know that the Strong'nth'arms were quite important folk a hundred years ago."

Anthony had heard about them chiefly from his mother. His father had had no use for them.

Mr. Mowbray was sipping his port.

"My grandfather was a tailor in Sheffield," he volunteered. He could afford to remember his grandfather. His father had entertained George IV., and his mother had been a personal friend of Queen Caroline. He himself might have been an aristocrat of the first water: it manners and appearance stood for lineage.

"I shouldn't have suspected it, sir," said Anthony. He was looking at Mr. Mowbray with genuine admiration. Their eyes met and Mr. Mowbray laughed, well pleased.

"Don't you mention that to Betty," he said. "She hates to be reminded of it. I tease her about it sometimes when she gets on her high horse and starts riding rough-shod over all the social conventions. I tell her it's her bourgeois blood coming out in her. He was an awful Radical. It always stops her."

He lit a cigar and pushed back his chair. Anthony did not smoke.

"And now to come to business," he said. "What are you going to do when you leave school?"

"I thought of trying to get into an office," answered Anthony.

"Any particular sort of an office?" demanded Mr. Mowbray.

"Yes, sir," answered Anthony. "Yours, if you'll have me."

Mr. Mowbray was regarding him through half-closed eyes.

"You want to be a business man? You feel that's your *mission*—so Betty tells me."

Anthony flushed. "I hope she didn't tell you all I said," he laughed. "It was the night I came in to say good-bye to Edward. I got excited and talked without thinking. But I do think it's my best chance," he continued. "I like business. It seems to me like a fine game of skill that calls for all your wits, and there is enough danger in it to make it absorbing."

Mr. Mowbray nodded. "You've got the right idea," he said. "You've almost repeated word for word a speech I once heard my father make. It was he who first thought of coal in the valley and took the risk of getting all the land between Donniston and Copley into his own hands before a sod was turned. He'd have died a pauper if his instinct had proved wrong."

ANTHONY STRONG'NTH'ARM

"We could do with a few more like him in Millsborough," he went on. "Lord! The big things that are waiting to be done. I used to think about them. If it wasn't for the croaking old fools that get in your way and haven't eyes to see the sun at midday! It would take the patience of Job and the labours of Hercules to move them." He poured himself out another glass of port and sipped it for a while in silence.

"What's your idea of a salary?" he suddenly asked. "Supposing I did find an opening for you."

Anthony looked at him. He was still sipping his port. Anthony had the conviction that Mr. Mowbray would, if the figure were left to him, suggest a hundred a year. He could not explain why. Maybe some forgotten talk with Edward had left this impression on his mind, or maybe it was pure guess-work.

"Eighty pounds a year, sir, I was thinking of, to begin with," he answered.

The firm of Mowbray and Cousins acted for most of the older inhabitants of Millsborough, and Mrs. Newt was amongst them. Mr. Mowbray had had one or two interviews with Anthony in connexion with his aunt's affairs and had formed a high opinion of his acumen and shrewdness. The price he had just got his aunt for her bit of land in Moor End Lane, and the way he had played one would-be purchaser against another had, in particular, suggested to Mr. Mowbray's thinking a touch of genius.

"We'll say a hundred," said Mr. Mowbray, "to begin with. What happens afterwards will depend upon yourself."

"It's awfully kind of you, sir," said Anthony. "I won't try to thank you—in words."

He had been sure that Mr. Mowbray would insist upon his own figure. Mr. Mowbray liked doing fine, generous things that commanded admiration. But he was really grateful.

Mr. Mowbray had risen. He laid a kindly hand on Anthony's shoulder.

"I should like you to get on and be helpful to me," he said. "Edward's a dreamer, as you know. I should like to think there would be always someone reliable to give him a hand."

Edward had not returned home for the midsummer vacation. Betty had met him in London and they had made an extended tour

on the Continent. Anthony had not seen him for over a year when they met a few days before Christmas. He looked ill. Oxford did not agree with him; he found it enervating, but he thought he would get acclimatized. He had been surprised at Anthony's having been eager to enter his father's office. From their talks he had gathered that Anthony was bent upon becoming a business man. He had expected him to try for a place in one of the great steel works or a manufacturer's office.

"Your grandfather didn't make his money



"Don't ever fall in love," she said; "it would spoil you!"—p 285

Drawn by
Chas. Cranble

THE QUIVER

out of being a solicitor," explained Anthony. "Your father was telling me only the other day; it was he who set going all the new schemes—they were his idea. He got together the money for them and controlled them. You see, being the leading solicitor of Millsborough, he was in touch with the right people and knew all that was going on behind the scenes. Millsborough was only a little place then, compared to what it is now. If your father"—he checked himself and changed the words that had been upon his lips—"cared to take the trouble he could be a millionaire before he died."

"I'm glad he doesn't," laughed Edward. "I hate millionaires."

Betty was with them. They were returning home from a walk upon the moors. Edward had clamoured for wind. According to him you wouldn't get it in Oxford. It was twilight, and they had reached the point where Millsborough lay stretched out before them.

"It depends upon what use you make of it," Betty chimed in. "Money is a weapon. You can use it for conquering, winning more and more for yourself; or you can use it for freeing the chained, protecting the weak, fighting for the oppressed."

"Oh, yes; I know the theory," replied Edward. "Robin Hood. You take it from the rich and give it to the poor. But Robin Hood must first feast with his followers; that's only fair. And must put by a bit for a rainy day; that's only common prudence. And then Little John puts in his claims, and dear old Friar Tuck. Mustn't forget Friar Tuck or the blessing of God won't be with us next time. And Maid Marion must have a new kirtle and a ribbon or two to tie up her bonny brown hair. And one or two things Robin wants for himself. By the time it's all over there's nothing left for the poor."

Anthony laughed. But Betty took the subject seriously.

"You dream of the future," she said to her brother. "I want to help the people now. A rich man—especially if he were a good business man—could lay the foundations of a new world here in Millsborough to-morrow. He wouldn't have to wait for other people. He could build healthy pleasant houses for the workers. I'm not thinking of charity. That's why I want the business man who would go to work sensibly and economically; turn them out at rents that the people could afford. I know it can be done. I've gone into it. He could build them clubs to take the place of the public-houses, where they could meet each other, read and talk, play games, have concerts and dances. Why shouldn't there be a theatre? Look at the money they spend on drink. It's just to get away from their wretched homes. Offer them something worth having—something they'd really like and enjoy, and they'd spend their money on that. I wouldn't have anything started that couldn't be made to pay its own way in the long run. If it can't do that it

isn't real—it isn't going to last. He could open shops, sell food and clothes to the people at fair prices; could start factories that would pay decent wages and where the hands would share in the profits. It's no use kind, well meaning people attempting these things that don't understand business. They make a muddle of it; and then everybody points to it and says, 'See what a failure it was!' It isn't the dreamers—the theorists—that will change the world. Life's a business; it wants the business man to put it right. He hasn't got to wait for revolutions, nor even for parliaments. He can take the world as it is, shape it to fine ends with the tools that are already in his hands. One day one of them will rise up and show the way. It just wants a big man to set it going, that's all."

They had reached the outskirts of the town, where their ways parted. Anthony had promised his mother to be home to tea. The Tetteridges were away; and she was giving a party in the drawing-room to some poor folk who had been her neighbours in Snelling's Row. Edward was a few steps ahead. Betty held out her hand. She was trembling and seemed as if she would fall. Anthony put an arm round her and held her up.

"How strong you are," she said.



The office of Mowbray and Cousins occupied a high, square, red brick house in the centre of the town, facing the church. Anthony was given a desk in the vestibule leading to Mr. Mowbray's private room on the first floor, with its three high, dome-topped windows. It seemed that Mr. Mowbray intended to employ him rather as a private secretary than a clerk. He kept Mr. Mowbray's papers in order, reminded him of his appointments, wrote such letters as Mr. Mowbray chose to answer himself. Mr. Mowbray had never taken kindly to dictating; he was too impatient. Anthony, with the help of the letter book, soon learned the trick of elaborating his brief instructions into proper form. It was always Anthony that Mr. Mowbray selected to accompany him on outside business; to see that the bag contained all necessary documents; to look up trains; arrange things generally. Mr. Mowbray himself had a distaste for detail. It was plain to Anthony, notwithstanding his inexperience, that his position was unique. He was prepared for jealousy; but, for some reason that at first he did not grasp, Mr. Mowbray's favouritism was regarded throughout the office as in the natural order of things. Even old Abraham Johnson, the head clerk, who had the reputation of being somewhat of a tyrant, was friendly to him from the beginning. It was assumed as a matter of course that Anthony was studying for the law and would later on take out his articles.

"I meant to do so when I first entered the office," old Mr. Johnson said to him one day. They were walking home together. Mr. John-

ANTHONY STRONG'NTH' ARM

son also resided in Bruton Square. He was a bachelor and lived with an unmarried sister. "Forty-three years ago that was, in the first Mr. Mowbray's time. But office hours were longer then; and when I got home I was pretty tired. And what with one thing and another— Besides, I hadn't your incentive."

He laughed, and seemed to expect Anthony to understand the joke.

"Come to me," he added, "if you get tied up at any time. I expect I'll be able to help you."

They were all quite right. He was studying for the law. But it surprised him they should all assume it as a matter of course.

He had intended telling Edward himself and asking his help. But Edward anticipated him.

"I'm glad you're with the Gov'nor," he said. It was a day or two before his return to Oxford. He had come to the office with messages from his father, who was in bed with a headache. "I should have suggested it myself if I'd known you were looking at it that way. And Betty's pleased," he added. "She thinks it is good for the dad, that you will steady him." He laughed. "And now that you have begun I want you to peg away and take out your articles. I'll write out all you've got to do and leave it with Betty if I don't see you again. And if there are any books you want that you can't find in the office, let me know, and I'll send them to you."

"Right you are," said Anthony. "I'll go ahead. The only thing that worries me is that you're all of you making it so easy for me. It's spoiling my character." He looked up with a smile. Edward was sitting on a corner of his father's desk, swinging his legs. "You've been a ripping friend to me ever since you first spoke to me in Bull Lane, the day I fought young Penlove." He spoke with an emotion unusual to him.

Edward flushed. "There are only two people I really care for," he said, "you and Betty. But it isn't only of you I'm thinking. If I come into the business it'll be jolly our being together. And if not—" He paused.

"What do you mean?" asked Anthony. "You're not thinking of chucking it? Your father's reckoning on you. That's why he's never taken a partner; he told me so."

"Of course I shall come into it," Edward answered, "bar accidents."

He was looking out of the window. Anthony followed his gaze, but the cold grey square was empty save for a couple of cabs that stood there on the rank.

"But what could happen?" persisted Anthony.

"Oh, nothing," Edward answered. "It's only another way of saying '*Deo volente*.' It used to be added to all public proclamations once upon a time. We're not as pious as we were." He took up his hat and stick and held out his hand. "Don't forget about the books," he said. "They're expensive to buy, and I've done with most of them."

Anthony thanked him and they shook hands. They never met again.

CHAPTER IX

Anthony Loses a Friend

IT was just before Easter that Edward wrote his father and Betty that he had developed diabetes and was going for a few weeks to a nursing home at Malvern. The doctor hoped that with care he would soon be much better. In any case he should return to Oxford some time during the summer term. He expected to be done with it by Christmas.

To Anthony he wrote a different letter. The doctor had, of course, talked cheerfully; it was the business of a doctor to hold out hope; but he had the feeling himself that his chance was a poor one. He should return to Oxford, if the doctor did not absolutely forbid it, for Betty's sake. He did not want to alarm her. And, of course, he might pull through. If not, his idea was that Anthony should push on with his studies at high speed and become as soon as possible a junior partner in the firm. It was evident from his letter that he and Betty were in agreement on this matter and that she was preparing the way with her father. Mr. Mowbray's appetite for old port was increasing. He was paying less and less attention to the business. It would soon need someone to pull it together again.

"Betty likes you, I know," he wrote, "and thinks no end of you. I used to dream of you and she marrying; and when the doctor told me, my first idea was to write to you both and urge it; it seemed to me you were so fitted for one another. But then it came to me that we are strangers to one another, even to our nearest and dearest; we do not know what is in one another's hearts. I feared you might think it your duty and might do it out of mere gratitude or even from some lesser motive. I know that in any case you would be true and good and kind; and a little while ago I should have deemed that sufficient. But now I am not sure. It may be that love is the only thing of importance, and that to think we can do without it is to imagine that we can do without God. You will be surprised at my writing in this strain, but ever since I began to think I seem to have been trying to discover a meaning in life; and it seems to me that without God it is all meaningless and stupid. But by feeling that we are part of God and knowing we shall always be with Him, working for Him, then it all becomes interesting and quite exciting. And the thing we've got to keep on learning is to love, because that is the great secret. Forgive me for being prosy, but I have nothing else to do just now but walk about the hills and think. If you and Betty should get to care for one another, and I should come to hear of it, I shall be tremendously delighted. But in any case I know you will take my place and look after her. People think her

THE QUIVER

the embodiment of capability and common sense. And so she is where others are concerned. But when it comes to managing for herself she's a duffer."

He added that he would write again and keep Anthony informed, so that before the end they could have some talk together.

Anthony read the letter again. His friendship with Edward meant more to him than he had thought. It was as if a part of himself were being torn away from him, and the pain that he felt surprised him. Evidently he was less self-centred, less independent of others than he had deemed himself. Outwardly his life would go on as before. He would scheme, manoeuvre, fight and conquer. But there was that other Anthony, known only to himself, of whom even he himself had been aware only dimly and at intervals: Anthony the dreamer. It seemed that he too had been growing up, that he too had hopes, desires. He it was who had lost his friend and would not be comforted. And almost it seemed as if from his sorrow he had gained strength. For as time went by this Anthony, the dreamer, came more often, even interfering sometimes with business.

He would have liked to go over to Malvern and see Edward. Betty was there. But he was more than ever wanted in the office. So often Mr. Mowbray had one of his headaches and did not care to leave the house, and then it was always Anthony he would send for, and they would work in the library. And of late he had taken to absenting himself for days at a time, being called away, as he would explain, upon private affairs. And to Anthony alone he would confide his address, in case it was "absolutely necessary" for him to be recalled. Anthony had his suspicions where these journeys ended. He was worried. Betty had returned from Malvern, Edward having assured her that he was much better. Anthony, looking at the matter from all sides, came to the conclusion that he ought to tell her. It was bound to come out sooner or later.

Betty was not surprised.

"It's what I've been fearing," she said. "It was Ted that kept him straight. He's always been a good father to both of us. He wanted Ted to succeed to a sound business; but now this blow has come he doesn't seem to care."

"But Ted is going to succeed to it," replied Anthony without looking up.

"I wish you could persuade him of that," she said. "I've tried; but I only make him excited. He says it's God's punishment of him for his sins, and apparently argues from that that he may just as well go on sinning. If Ted could get well enough to come home, if only for a few days, it might make all the difference."

"Don't you think he could?" suggested Anthony.

"Not to Millsborough," she answered. She glanced out of the window at the everlasting smoke that was rolling slowly up the valley towards the sea. "I wanted him to take The

Abbey—Sir William Coomber's old place up on the moor—it is still to let. But this woman seems to have got firmly hold of him at last. My fear is that she'll marry him. Poor dad! He's such a kid."

"Has he known her long?" asked Anthony.

"She was our governess when Ted and I were children," Betty answered. "She was a pretty woman, but I always hated her. It was instinct, I suppose. She married soon after she left us, and went back to France, but returned to London when her husband died about six years ago. I'd rather anything than that he should marry her. To see her sleeping in mother's room! I couldn't stand that. I should——"

She stopped abruptly. She was trembling.

"I don't think there's any fear of that," said Anthony. "He still loves your mother. I'm not talking merely to please you. It's the best thing about him. And he loves you. He'd think of all that."

"He didn't think of it when she lived," Betty answered.

They were in the long dining room and had just finished dinner. Mr. Mowbray had telegraphed that he was coming home that evening and would want to see Anthony. But he had not yet arrived. She was looking at the portrait of her mother over the great mantel piece.

"If ever I marry," she said, "I shall pray God to send me a man who will like me and think of me as a good friend and comrade."

They neither spoke for a while.

"It was a love-match on both sides, between your father and your mother, wasn't it?" asked Anthony.

"No woman ever had a more perfect lover, so my mother told me," she answered with a curious laugh. "For the first five years. I remember waking in the night. My mother was kneeling by my bed with her head buried in her arms. I didn't understand. I supposed it was something grown-up people did. I went to sleep again; and when I opened my eyes again it was dawn. She was still there. I called to her, and she raised her head and looked at me. It was such a strange face. I didn't know it was my mother."

Anthony looked at the picture. Betty was growing more like her every day.

"I wonder if we would be better without it?" he said. "All the great love stories of the world—they've all been tragedies. Even the people round about us whom we know; it always seems to end in a muddle. Is every man bound to go through it?" he added with a laugh. "Or could a man keep out of it, do you think?"

"I think a strong man might," she answered. "It's weak men that make the best lovers."

"There have been strong men who have loved," suggested Anthony.

"Yes," she admitted. "Those are the great love stories that end in tragedy."

ANTHONY STRONG'NTH'ARM

There came the sound of carriage wheels.

"I expect that's dad," she said.

She had risen. Passing, she lightly laid her hand on him.

"Don't ever fall in love," she said; "it would spoil you."

Mr. Mowbray had aged of late, but with his white, waving hair and fine features was still a handsome man. Old-fashioned clients, shaking their heads, had gone elsewhere. But new business had come to the firm. Anthony had taken his employer for a walk one summer's evening along the river's bank, and had talked him into the idea of turning Millsborough into a seaport town. "It could be done, with money." The river could be widened, deepened; locks could be built. The traffic from the valley that now went north or south could be retained for Millsborough. The marvel was that nobody had ever thought of it before.

"We've all been asleep here for the last quarter of a century," Mr. Mowbray said, laying his arm affectionately on Anthony's shoulder. "You'll wake us up."

Engineers had been consulted and had sent in their reports. The scheme was practicable; Mowbray and Cousins was still a name to conjure with in business circles. The enterprise had been launched, had forced its way by its sheer merit. Not only could a handsome dividend be safely reckoned on; it would be of enormous benefit to Millsborough as a whole.

"Mowbray's coming back," they said in Millsborough.

Anthony's share was to be a junior partnership. It was Mr. Mowbray who was the more impatient. Anthony promised to be through before the long vacation.

"If dear Ted comes back," said Mr. Mowbray, "he'll be glad to find you here. If God is hard on me for my sins we must make our fortune for Betty's sake."

Edward had gone to Switzerland for the summer. Anthony had hoped to see him before he went, but examinations had interfered; and Edward himself had been more hopeful. He had written that in spite of all he felt he was going to live. His mind was getting lighter. He was forming plans for the future. And then suddenly there had come a three-word telegram:

"I want Betty."

Mr. Mowbray was away when it came. He had gone, without saying a word to anyone, the day before, and had not, as he usually had, left Anthony any address. He did not return until the end of the week, and then it was all over. Betty had wired that she was bringing the body back with her. Mr. Mowbray broke down completely when Anthony told him, throwing himself upon his knees and sobbing like a child.

"Betty will hate me," he moaned through his tears, "and it will serve me right. I seem to do nothing but hurt those I love. I loved

my wife and I broke her heart. There is no health in me."

Edward was buried in St. Aldys' Churchyard beside his mother. Anthony had seen the ex-governess and made all things clear to her. Mr. Mowbray seemed inclined to settle down to business a reformed character. Anthony had taken out his articles and had been admitted into partnership, though the firm would still remain Mowbray and Cousins.

It was an evening in late September. Mr. Mowbray and Betty had gone abroad. Anthony, leaving the office earlier than usual, climbed the hill to the moors. He took the road he had climbed with his mother when he was a child and had thought he was going to see God. He could see the vision of his own stout little legs pounding away in front of him, and his mother's stooping back and her short silk jacket, remnant of better days, that she had always worn on these occasions. If his aunt's theories were correct, then surely the Lord must have approved of him and of all his ways from his youth upwards. At school, in the beginning, he had put himself out to make a friend of Edward Mowbray, foreseeing the possible advantages. So also with Betty. He had tried to make her like him. It had not been easy at first, but he had studied her. The love for Edward that had come to him had been an aftergrowth. It belonged to Anthony the dreamer rather than to the real Anthony.

With Betty also he had succeeded. She liked him, cared for him. That she did not love him he was glad. If she had loved him he would have hesitated, deeming it an unfair bargain. As it was, he could with a clear conscience ask her to be his wife. And she would consent; he had no doubt of that. Old Mr. Mowbray would welcome the match. He was reckoning on it as assuring Betty's future. Anthony would succeed to the business, and behind him there would be the old man's money to help forward the plans with which his brain was teeming for the benefit of Millsborough and himself. The memory of what Edward had written him about love came back to him. But Edward had always been a dreamer. Life was a business. One got on better by keeping love and religion out of it. He and Betty liked each other. They would get on together. Her political enthusiasms did not frighten him. All that would be in his own hands. When success had arrived—when his schemes had matured and had brought him wealth and power—then it would be time enough to venture on experiments. Prudently planned, they need not involve much risk. They would bring him fame, honour. To the successful business man all prizes were within reach.

His walk had brought him to The Abbey, now untenanted. The fancy that one day it might be his home had often come to him. His mother had been a parlourmaid there. He pictured the perfect joy that it would give her to sit in its yellow drawing-room and reach out her hand to ring the bell.

THE QUIVER

He passed through the rose garden. Betty would love the rose garden. Roses she had made her hobby. But the air of Millsborough did not suit them. Here they were still wonderful in spite of neglect. He made a mental note to speak about it to Hobbs, the gardener. He knew what the answer would be. Twice that summer Hobbs had walked down to Millsborough with a tale of despair; and twice Anthony had written to Sir Harry Coomber. But what was a penurious baronet to do? Would Mowbray and Cousins never succeed in finding him a tenant? And so on. Anthony determined to provide Hobbs with help on his own responsibility. The rose garden, even if everything else had to go, must be preserved.

He passed on to the flower garden. It had always been Hobbs' special pride. It had been well cared for and was now a blaze of colour. It lay between two old grey walls that had once enclosed the cloisters; and beyond one saw the great cedars that had been brought and planted there by Herbert de Combes on his return from the Crusades.

A yew hedge in which there was a wicket gate separated the two gardens. He paused by the gate with his arms resting upon it and watched the lengthening of the shadows.

And as he looked a girl came slowly up the path towards him.

He knew her quite well, but could not for the moment recollect where he had first seen her.

And then he remembered. It had been an afternoon back in the early spring. Sir Harry, pleading that he was too much of an invalid to venture out, had written asking Mr. Mowbray to come up to The Abbey to see him on business, and Mr. Mowbray, pleading engagements, had sent Anthony.

It had merely been to talk about the letting of the house. Sir Harry and his family had decided to live abroad for the present and were leaving almost immediately. Anthony had sat by the window making notes, and Sir Harry, giving unnecessary instructions, had been walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. The door had sprung open and

a girl had burst into the room. Anthony had hardly had time to notice her. She had not expected a stranger and was evidently in doubt whether she was to be introduced or not. Her father had solved the problem for her by telling her to run away and not come back; and if she did, to come in more quietly next time and not like a whirlwind. And she had made a grimace and had gone out again.

He had only seen her for those few seconds, and it rather surprised him that he recollected her so minutely, even to the small dimple in her chin.

She came nearer and nearer. He was wondering whether to speak to her, when for the first time she looked up and their eyes met. She was beside a great group of delphiniums. He noticed that their deep blue was almost the same colour as the dress she was wearing. She must have taken a swift step behind them during some instant when he had taken his eyes off her. He waited a while, expecting her to emerge, but she did not do so, and for him to linger there might seem impertinence.

On his way back, past the side entrance to the house, he came upon old Wilkins, the caretaker; he had once been the coachman.

"When did the family come back?" Anthony asked him. It was odd that Sir Harry had not written. It might be that they had returned to England only for a short visit and had not thought it worth while.

The man stared at him. "What do you mean?" he said. "There's nobody here."

"But I've just seen her," said Anthony. "Miss Coomber." He wished the next moment that he had not said it, for the old man's face clearly showed that he thought Anthony mad.

"It must be her spirit, Mr. Anthony," he said, "that you've seen. Her body ain't here."

Anthony felt himself flushing. He laughed.

"I must have been dreaming," he said.

"That's the only explanation I can see," said Mr. Wilkins. He wished Anthony good afternoon and turned into the house. Anthony heard him calling to his wife.

It was dark before Anthony reached home.

(End of Chapter Nine)

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What Life Means to Me

The House on the Cliff
By
A Coastguard's Wife

This is the third in a series of Real Life Stories. Like the others in the series, its authenticity is vouched for.

I WONDER when people look up at the neat row of white-walled cottages, perched on the headland, and say, "Oh, that is the coastguard station," whether they ever go beyond that and think about the folk that live there. They can often meet the coastguard himself along the cliff, and I dare say they feel very glad that our coast is so well protected. But they do not often toil up that steep path to visit his home. They know nothing about his wife and family. So as I have been a coastguard's wife for twenty-five years, I think I will show you a little of the real life, the home life, that goes on in those little houses on the cliff.

Always on the Move

The station may be but two houses, or it may be as many as eight or nine, according to the importance of the position on the coast. There are always nice gardens around the houses, full of vegetables and bright with flowers—usually divided only by a little path—where the men work when they are off watch. At the station where we serve now there are some nice washhouses built for us up at the top of the gardens, but we have to take our turn in using them in the first four days in the week. Thursday is late to begin the washing, but we have to fit it in somehow, and we change about, so it is as fair for one as another in the end.

Now when a woman marries a coastguard she must make up her mind to be always ready to move. That is the great question in our life. Where shall we be transferred to next? It is more important in one way than promotion is to a coastguard's wife, for it is no light matter to move one's family and furniture from one side of the British Isles to the other, perhaps at a fortnight's notice. I have done it times enough, so I ought to know. When I first married my man I thought how lovely it would be to travel about and see all the beautiful sights of such places as we go to; and queer sights,

too, amongst the people who live in such forsaken parts. But when a little baby came, and then another, and so on as the years went on, I found it was not so easy and so pleasant. It is hard, too, when we are nicely settled in a good place, and all the people on the station are used to each other and friendly, to pack all up again and be off to some out of the way part to begin all over again amongst strangers.

Six Miles from Anywhere

Then again we had our sad trouble when we were in Ireland. We left little Frankie in the churchyard on that bare, lonesome hill—but I cannot bear to tell you about that. I know he is not really there, but it was bitter at the time.

Trevose Head is a grand place, one of the most beautiful in the world, I should think; but it is six miles from St. Merryn, the nearest village and church. The children used to go to school in the morning and stay the day. I always took the youngest so far, about half-way, in the push-chair, then went out again in the evening to meet them. On Sundays they went to Sunday-school and church in the morning. The vicar had them to his house for dinner, then when we went into town to church in the evening we used to meet them coming home. The Vicar of St. Merryn was very good to us coastguard folk. It was a long way to come out to see us, but he came.

But you can guess that a doctor was not easily got out there. We have to depend on ourselves, under God's mercy, in such places. No running to the chemist's when we are there! So with little ones to think for, I have always learned to keep a little store of necessary things like linseed, camphorated oil, vaseline, cough mixtures, quinine, and such like. My doctor's cupboard, my husband calls it, but it has been a blessing often enough to have something to go to for help, with doctors miles away; like when all the children had whooping

THE QUIVER

cough and I was up all night with them alone, my husband on watch. Or for other mothers too—for I must say they are not all so careful—when they come running with, "Oh, have you got this?" or "Have you got that?" We never know what is going to happen.

Where Water is Scarce

It was difficult to get water at Trevoze. We only had rainwater to use, and when it did not rain sometimes we went short. But it was not so hard there as it was at St. Ogwen's in Cardiganshire. All the water we could get there was from a little stream that trickled down a little cleft in the rock. This fell into a tiny pool below. But you will understand when I tell you about the villagers there why we never used the pool. They lived just exactly as they had lived in that village hundreds and hundreds of years before; in fact, ever since it had been there at all. They washed themselves in the pool; they washed their bits of clothes and mats in the pool; the cattle came and drank from it. So we coastguard folk, when we wanted water, had to take a pail and a tin can, and sit catching the trickles from the rock before we could fill our kettle for tea; and when

the children came home from school we would all be calling, "Willie, Nellie, Elsie, get the pail and catch the water," before they could run off and hide away from us—for they hated the tedious job. It used to be a real bother to us; and even then all the children on the station were down with typhoid once.

Boiling the Snow

I used to fill my kettle with snow when we were in Scotland, so pure and clean, no smuts and dirt out where we lived. But Dunnet Head is a wild spot. No one ever wants to go there. It is fifteen miles from the railway at Thurso; and our station is more than two miles from any other houses. None of our people who have any young children are ever sent there, only grown people. Our houses are just at the back of the Head, and in the winter the wind comes up over the edge of the cliff in a hurricane. There is not a fire in the place that does not smoke. I have sat in the house with the snow heaped above the windows, and not a fire to be had for the smoke. We found peat-burning the best, like the people of the country there do, on the hearth. I kept it burning day and night all the winter, living

in one room, cooking everything on the hearth. Oh! it's a terrible place in the winter for some things; but on a frosty night the stars are lovely, and the Northern Lights playing up into the sky all beautiful colours of the rainbow; it is grand. I never felt the beauty of God's handiwork more than I did there. But it is a lonesome spot, a few yards farther north even than John o' Groat's. It is a small station; there is only one woman there perhaps, if some of the men are unmarried, in all the place at times, and she feels pretty lonely, you may be sure. We can apply for removal after eighteen months.



A Typical Coastguard Settlement

Photo:
Clarke & Hyde

At Hythe—showing a chief officer and his house which, together with the houses of the men, is erected in the immediate vicinity of their station.

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO ME

But one has to take one's turn, and if we have been in a place like Dunnet Head for a time we are generally sent to some good station to put us in a good temper again.

Not that that always brings us happiness, for a family came down to our station from Arran last year, where they had been running wild, never seeing anyone but the coastguard folk. Such a family! Eight of them besides the father and mother. Soon a little baby was born, and you can imagine what a household there was of them with all those little ones with no one to care for them. I think everyone on the station did something for them. One would do the washing, another took the youngest children into her own home to keep them safe and sound and out of the way, while another would tidy the house. Then real trouble began to come. One child after another, not being used to mingling with other children, sickened for diphtheria and such diseases, and were taken away to the hospital. We all felt so sorry for the poor parents, and when one of the little ones died we couldn't do enough for them to show our sympathy. It was a sad time for them, and they were glad to move to another place, where they are doing better.

That is one great thing in our lives that binds us together and helps us in our troubles—we feel that we are like one family; separated as we are from other people so much, we depend upon one

another. Though we don't always agree we must sympathize with each other; we cannot help it.

Of course, we all have our trials and disappointments; we are expecting great changes to come about very soon, but we shall be provided for. And while I can look out on the sunny gardens, and hear the children playing on the green outside, and the sea lapping on the beach below, it is all bright and pleasant; and I for one realize that a coastguard's wife, taking things all round, has her good times as well as other folk.



On Duty

Photo: Underwood





Winter Sunshine

Photo: Shotton

Things that Matter

*Facing the Future
By the
Rev. Arthur Pringle*

“ONE of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the whole year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.” So speaks Emerson, and directly we hear it we feel how true it is. But, like many another self-evident truth, it is “easier said than done.” Of course to-day is ours; but so was yesterday, and so will be to-morrow. When moralists tell us to concentrate on the present without concern for the past or wonder about the future, the answer is, it simply can’t be done. All the philosophizing in the world will not stop us from, in turn, looking back and looking ahead: it is *how* we do this that makes all the difference.

The Wrong Way of Looking Back

When we are starting a New Year this is decidedly one of the “things that matter”; for at such a time, whatever our circumstances or temperament, we all find ourselves thinking of what has gone and of what is to come. Suppose that we first talk

about the right and the wrong ways of looking back.

The wrong way, then, is the way of despair and useless regret. Nothing is to be gained, and a great deal is to be lost, by dwelling on the failures and mistakes of the past. We shall be all the better for taking to our hearts the homely maxim, “It is no use crying over spilt milk.” Idle tears can only add to our own and other people’s misery. The test of tears is, do they fall on penitent, wholesome soil that will help nobler thoughts and actions to grow? If *that* is the mood of our looking back, we shall learn from our failures and turn them to good account. We have, in fact, to grasp the paradox of forgetting and remembering at the same time.

Ask yourself, for instance, what Paul could have meant when he talked about “forgetting those things that are past.” Was there ever a man who so patently and vividly remembered his past? Take away the passages that are built on *what he remembers*, and you rob his writings of some of their finest inspiration. Surely what he

THINGS THAT MATTER

means is that, if he is to press forward and become a better man he must treat certain things in his past as though they were forgotten and done with. And that will be the case with every man who means well and who really believes in the love of God. He will never let the past throttle him.

The Sacred Past

But, on the other hand, the past has things to give us that we cannot do without. Happy events that it is good to recall, sacred memories that will run like a thread of gold through all our years—to look back on these is to gain strength to carry over into the future. It isn't fair to talk as though memory were always sad; it often sends back cheering smiles as much as to say, "Go on with courage, for life at its heart is good."

So far, then, we have got to this—while not letting ourselves be unduly saddened by the past, we can fasten on its brighter side to gain inspiration for the future. There is, after all, something in Jane Welsh Carlyle's quaint remark that "Looking back was not intended by nature evidently, from the fact that our eyes are in our faces and not in our hind heads."

The First Golden Rule

Now, what about the future? What is the right way of looking at *that*? Well, the first and golden rule is, "Don't worry"—a tantalizing counsel, for which of us could be so stupid as to worry if he could by any means help it? We know that, while work slays its thousands, worry slays its tens of thousands; but, all the same, we go on worrying. And I suppose there is nothing we worry over more than the future. "Take no thought for the morrow" is the finest advice from the finest source; but, none the less, the spectre of to-morrow, with its possible dangers and ordeals, continues to haunt us.

I am not presumptuous enough to suggest that I can lay that spectre; but at least let me remind you of two notable facts that should add a good deal to the confidence with which we face the future. One of these facts is the familiar experience expressed in a saying attributed to more than one famous man—"I have had many troubles, and the worst have been those that never happened." Moods come to all of us when we conjure up in our minds forebodings of the trials that *may* attack us; and

in those moods we people the future with all kinds of bogeys that at last begin to get on our nerves and take away much of the zest and joy of life.

This really is a kind of worry that is to a large extent within our own control. Quietly and sensibly let us put it to ourselves that there is nothing to be gained by meeting troubles half way, and that it is still more foolish to start meeting them before they are even on the road. The future is uncertain. Granted. But "uncertainty" includes happiness as well as unhappiness, and "we know not what a day may bring forth" is a phrase that can often be set to a joyous tune. If we are ignorant of the troubles that the future waits to reveal, it also holds for us many delightful surprises and beautiful turns of the road.

Strength in Reserve

There is another fact that should give us a good deal of encouragement, namely, that when it is a question of trouble anticipation is often worse than reality. From the dentist's chair to the big tragedies it is again and again found that life's ordeals are bigger at a distance than when we come right up against them. Particularly after some supreme trial we find ourselves saying, "If I had known beforehand I should never have thought I could have gone through it." When things come we somehow have strength to face them; that is the common experience. Why and how is it?

"*As thy day, so shall thy strength be*" is not only an Old Testament text, it is a commonplace of everyday life. For it is literally the case with human nature that it rises to the occasion: the bigger the demand on it the bigger it proves itself to be. That was one of the revelations of the war which we ought never to forget. Weedy youths were discovered as heroic soldiers; delicate, sensitive women showed themselves possessed of amazing grit and staying power. Ordinary people, with "nothing in them," stood forth made of unconquerable stuff. And so it is in what we mistakenly call the uneventful daily round. "Who would have thought he had it in him?" you say of a friend who has "gone through it" and come out on top.

In all these cases the explanation is the same. It is really the fact that our "day" stirs and heightens our strength. Only when challenged do we realize what we are capable of. As we often say to each other,

THE QUIVER

we never know what we can do till we try. Modern psychology tells us that "the human individual lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his *maximum* and he behaves below his *optimum*." And to rise to our *maximum* or *optimum* we need "some unusual stimulus" or "some unusual idea of necessity."

This puts in a technical way a truth that is of tremendous practical importance to us, for it means that the man who whole-somely and sensibly trusts in God and himself, and who goes forward without flinching, will not be put to shame. If the future is hidden, so is our resource; and when the one is revealed, so will the other be. The doctrine of the indwelling God is something better than academic theology; it is actual, verifiable fact, meaning that in us are wells of power ready to spring up into rich all-conquering life.

Good to be Challenged

All of which means that it is good for us to be challenged and put on our mettle. Then, why not be our own challengers? At the bend of this fresh road, why not make to ourselves some fine, exacting promise that will provoke us to bring out our best? Of course, each new year furnishes the cynics with their annual festival, and we shall hear plenty of the familiar allusions to "promises made to be broken." But these ought not to trouble us much. Of more concern is our self-reproach at the recollection of the enthusiasm and hopeful resolve with which we have made so many fresh starts and of the poor results that have followed. Better, we are tempted to say, no promises than this disheartening treachery to ourselves.

Still, in our fight for faith and goodness, we need all the help we can get; and, in spite of everything, there is much to be said for New Year resolutions. They at least put a man on his honour, and even if their force soon spends itself it achieves something. Of course, it was meant to carry him miles; but experts in soul-pilgrimage are always warning us not to despise inches.

When we are discussing this kind of subject few men are more helpful than William James, the famous American psy-

chologist. And this is what he says concerning the value of good resolutions: "The memory that an oath or vow has been made will nerve one to abstinences and efforts otherwise impossible. Witness the 'pledge' in the history of the temperance movement. A mere promise to his sweet-heart will clean up a youth's life all over—at any rate for a time."

The Power of a Promise

Of course, it is implied that we discipline ourselves and keep susceptible to the finer side of things if vows and resolves are to be more than words. But to a man of any sensitiveness it must be a real stimulus to live under the fire of his own challenge, to face each day in the quiet light of promises made sacredly to himself and to God.

And this in its turn will mean that rare thing—*staying power*. Life is strewn with the wrecks of fine beginnings. If a good, hopeful start were everything, what an enviable place the world would be! I cannot think of any better way of putting it than to say we must constantly be *beginning again*, refurbishing our high resolves and starting out afresh. Life must never become stale, nor must we allow ourselves to become morally tired and "fed up." Our task is to keep fresh and keen and alert. That is the way the best promises are kept, for it tunes all the days with the freshness and incentive of Ruskin's counsel: "Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life."



The Quotation

Every morning comes the light and a fresh chance of doing better. Is it not the sheerest folly and ingratitude to let yesterday spoil the God-given to-day?

THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN
RENGEN.



THE PRAYER

RENEW my faith in Thee, refresh my tired spirit. Give me to renounce every weakness, to put beneath me every cowardice and fear. Give me to dare and to overcome. Grant me to live in noble purposes, in Christlike deeds that shall give to my years dignity and worth, and sustain me with the glad hope that beyond time and place Thou wilt permit me still to serve and to aspire.



Brightening-up Your Kitchen

By Ida Bailey Allen

The kitchen has too often been the most despised room in the house. Really it is the most important: it is the workshop of the home. Therefore it deserves all the brightening we can afford.

DID you ever become utterly disgusted with the appearance of your kitchen? Perhaps the rest of the house has been fixed up—new curtains and furniture covers made to brighten the living-room; fresh bed covers and linens purchased—until by the time you have reached the kitchen in the “dolling up” process, money and energy have both given out together, and so the kitchen has been left in rather a down-at-the-heels state and you have gone along as well as you could with the old stock and equipment.

The Woman's Workshop

Of course, you may be one of the women with every up-to-date appliance and with all the newest contrivances to make your work easy; if so, this story is not for you, but for the comfort of the woman whose kitchen is as described. There is plenty of comfort, and she may easily make of her workshop—for the kitchen is a woman's workshop, isn't it?—a place that is dainty, businesslike and efficient in the best sense of the word.

Paint for the Woodwork

Is it the pantry with which you are most disgusted? That is just the way I felt some time ago. The inside was nearly as dingy as the outside, so I scrubbed thoroughly both inside and out with strong soda water and then gave it two coats of flat white paint and one coat of white enamel paint. Now it just reflects cleanliness, and oh, how much easier it is to see what is in the pantry! One can of flat white paint

and one small can of white enamel did the whole thing, and then there was a little left over for a few odds and ends.

Don't you love a bright, happy kitchen—if not a white one, at least one where the walls and woodwork are light in tone? Working in a dingy room surely must have a bad effect on one's disposition, and it is hard to go through the daily rather monotonous routine unless one is attuned to one's job and able to look upon one's tasks as pleasures as well as duties; the best way to turn tasks into joys is to be properly equipped for the doing of them.

Cloths, Dusters and Towels

Provide as liberally as your means will allow dusters, oiling cloths and floor cloths properly hemmed and where possible marked so that there may be no excuse for each not being kept for its own particular use. Don't let “rags” masquerade as dusters, floor cloths and dish cloths. Rags are for the rag bag, not for washing, cleaning or dusting furniture!

The kitchen towels should if possible be of linen, even though this may be of a coarse grade, for linen absorbs moisture much better than cotton. There is, though, a cotton towelling now on the market which is very absorbent and which gives excellent service, and which is sold at a much lower cost than linen.

Each for its Proper Use

Towels as well as cleaning cloths should be of widely varying design or pattern to be

THE QUIVER

easily distinguished according to their different uses. The housekeeper who has proper regard for her hand and dish towels will also see that cloths are provided—and used—for handling hot pans and dishes.

As far as dusters are concerned—nothing can be better than the chemically treated dusters and mops which are designed to collect and hold dust without scattering it from one place to another.

Speaking of collecting dust, do you still bend over to the floor to gather up the sweepings in a short-handled dust pan? All right if you are trying to reduce, but if you have due regard for the muscles of your back you will do wisely to provide yourself with a long-handled dust pan as one of your kitchen replenishments.

Proper brushes are just as important in their way as proper cloths, and while I do not want to urge you to spend more money than is necessary to furbish up your kitchen, I do recommend you to have a proper supply.

How About Pans ?

How about your pan closet and the pans in it? Are the shelves either painted or covered with heavy oil-cloth so that they can be easily kept clean, and are the pots and kettles not only sufficient but of suitable sizes for your needs? In replenishing your stock of these do not be persuaded to buy seconds on account of the cheap price at which they are offered. They soon chip and become unfit for use and are dear at any price. If aluminium is at all within one's means, *buy it*. One piece at a time if need be until your stock is complete, and then there will be no further problem of the perennial purchase of pots and pans, and the money thus saved can be applied in some other direction. Yes, it is quite true that aluminium does cost more at the outset, but once purchased it is there for all time and can be handed down to one's children with the family silver. I have some which has been in use for twenty-five years and is still doing valiant service.

Even the Sink-strainer

I said that the little paint left over could be used for odds and ends, and part of

that left over from my pantry was used in giving a new lease of life to a sad-looking sink-strainer. The paint was worn off and it was beginning to show signs of rust, but a coat of flat white paint made it look as young as ever and certainly brightened up that corner of the sink.

Have Places for Things

One housekeeper I know used to have a great deal of trouble in hunting through her closet shelves for the odds and ends of seasonings and flavourings she needed, so one day she decided that she would solve her problem by making a seasoning tray from an old knife tray which was divided into compartments. She had one which could be pressed into service and which was put in good condition by the application of a coat of paint—another use for the left-over—but similar trays can be bought at the six-penny bazaar if your kitchen does not boast one.

Two or three pots of paint and a little varnish will prove wonderful helps in giving a fresh, bright appearance to the kitchen. It so often happens that a stained floor is only in bad condition just where the heaviest tread comes, and the bad place may be greatly improved in appearance by the judicious application of stain or varnish, or perhaps both.

Use the Mending Kit

Of course, the woman who is interested in keeping up the good appearance of her household has learned to use hammer, nails and glue-pot to advantage. It is the old story with which we were familiar in our childhood—for the want of a nail, a shoe was lost; for the want of a shoe, a horse went lame; for the want of a horse, a rider was lost—and so through the whole gamut.

It is the not letting things get run down, rather than the bringing them up again after they have run down, which keeps the home looking bright and prosperous; and the woman who can use her mending kit—whether that kit consists of needle and thread or hammer and nails—is the one whose home will reflect efficiency and good management.

We shall always be glad to give advice on labour-saving devices for the kitchen and the home generally. Write "Practical Home-making,"

THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

Daughters at Home

Making the Daughter a Lodger —and Why Not?

By Agnes M. Miall

THE older people among us are constantly lamenting the decay of home life in these modern days. It is probable that such criticisms do not belong particularly to this age, for parents have a general liability to forget the gaieties of their youth and to imagine that they spent far more time sitting soberly at home than was actually the case. But in so far as this tendency to break away from the parental roof-tree does apply to-day, it is well to try to discover reasons and the best line of prevention.

Sons have always, as they grow up, shown an inclination to lead separate lives; it is only recently that daughters have had the financial ability to do so. And this is where parents are apt to make mistakes. They think they can retain the same authority over a girl who is self-supporting and a success in her own particular line as their parents did over daughters who had no minds, perhaps, and no money of their own.

Ask practically any modern bachelor girl why she left home and you will get the significant answer: "Because my people couldn't realize I'd grown up. Because they thought me frivolous if I wanted to go out at night and amuse myself. Because I had no privacy and could never entertain my friends *tête à tête*."

Room to Grow

To parents such arguments often seem trivial compared with the safety, the consideration and the cheapness of living at home as contrasted with lonely lodgings; but to the girl who has ceased to be "one of the children" and is expanding into a separate individual the prison-like effect of these ideas is intolerable. She leaves home, not because she will be more comfortable elsewhere—she won't—but simply so that she may have room to grow. This is particularly the case if she is the eldest of several children and the only one who has so far emerged from sheltered schoolroom days.

Added to the many daughters who have

left home for good are many others who are determined to do so the moment they can afford a separate existence. Not content, but poverty, keeps them beneath the parental roof-tree.

I think that parents are too much inclined to harp on the *economy* of remaining at home. As soon as a daughter is really self-supporting she would far rather spend more in getting more—elsewhere. But why shouldn't she be encouraged to spend more and get more—at home?

"Oh! but think of the expense! We should have to buy quite a lot of extra furniture, and there would always be another fire burning in the evenings," urged one mother whom I had already half convinced of the wisdom of offering her restless daughter a bed-sitting-room to herself instead of the sleeping apartment she still shared with a younger sister.

Let her Pay

But the answer to this pecuniary problem surely is: Let your daughter bear the extra expense. She would have to bear it if she left home in order to have a place to herself.

It is a mistake for parents to save a girl too much money by housing and boarding her at an uneconomic price. To do this they have to stint her of what she values much more—a room of her own, the furniture she likes, the right to entertain her friends.

Offer a discontented daughter her own bed-sitting-room, furnished according to her taste, a gas fire with a separate slot meter fed by her pennies, and the right to ask anyone she likes to tea as long as she buys her own cakes, and see if she will grumble at the higher rent the parents must necessarily charge.

It may sound horribly unsentimental and material, but a girl who is boarded at home for love, or next door to it, is far more likely to quit that home for good than she who is a sound commercial proposition to her parents, and who can have what suits her and pay a reasonable price for it.

Curries—as an Indian Expert Makes Them

By M. Stuart Macrae



FOR many years I have played with curries, asking innumerable questions about them, but never taking them seriously, and therefore never succeeding in making one that an Anglo-Indian would regard with toleration. Even in the matter of the boiled rice that is an indispensable accompaniment to a good curry I have allowed myself to be persuaded that "real Patna" is not always procurable, and that some other sort, which invariably boils down to pap, will do nearly as well.

Now I know better, and all the curry wisdom learned from a cultured and travelled Indian, who has made a life study of the cookery of his native land, shall be shared gladly with you.

Working as he Talked

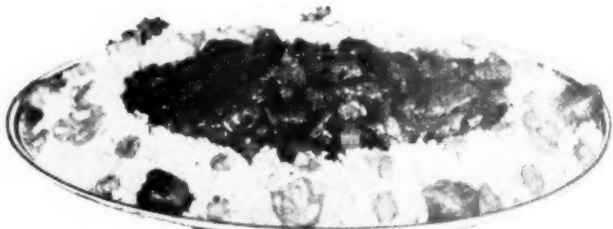
It wasn't all a matter of theory with my instructor—he worked as he talked, prepared his curry, washed and boiled his rice, and in about twenty minutes after he began operations invited me to taste the vegetable curry he had made. Curried grouse *en casserole* was afterwards presented, and both dishes enlightened me as to what a good

curry should be like both in taste and appearance.

No Skipping of Preliminaries

For the curry gravy itself no ingredients are necessary except a small quantity of good frying fat (preferably butter, though clarified dripping answers quite well) and a tablespoonful or so of finely shred onion. A clove of garlic is considered a fine acquisition, an easy substitute being a dessert-spoonful of garlic vinegar. If real garlic is used a teaspoonful of either plain vinegar or lemon juice supplies the slightly acid flavouring which is so welcome an addition to a rich curry.

Put two tablespoonfuls of fat into a medium-sized saucepan, heat it till faint blue smoke rises, add the onion, and fry gently till it assumes a very slight tinge of brown,



Curried Vegetables

The absence of meat from this particular curry makes it a favourite with vegetarians, who use "marmite" in place of ordinary stock.

CURRIES—AS AN INDIAN EXPERT MAKES THEM

then take a tablespoonful of Nizam Madras curry paste (or an equal quantity of Indian curry powder), stir into the onion purée, add the garlic vinegar, mix thoroughly, and fry gently for about three minutes. The curry is now ready for receiving the meat, fish or vegetables which are to give the name to the dish. Directions for further cooking will be given under the separate recipes.

All that needs to be known about Rice

Patna rice is always to be purchased from a good grocer. It is known by the long, thin shape of the kernel; plump, egg-shaped-grain rice is of no use for boiling, as no matter how careful the cook is she will not be able to keep the grains distinct from each other.

For a good-sized dish, sufficient for the serving of five people, take half a pound of Patna rice, put it into a large pudding-basin, and wash it thoroughly, changing the

whether the grains of rice are soft enough to be crushed when pressed between finger and thumb. The moment this stage is reached the rice must be poured into a small-holed colander. As soon as the water has drained through, set the colander in a big bowl and pour gently over it a half-pint or so of cold



Curried Chicken

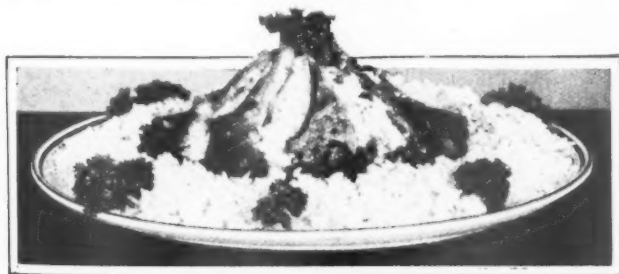
A "boiling fowl" nicely curried is a most appetizing dish.

water. This final process separates the grains one from the other. The quicker the rice is served after it is cooked the nicer will be its appearance. It should be put in the oven or in a warm place on the stove until the time arrives for "dishing-up."

Curried Chicken

Ingredients.—A small, plump boiling fowl, a teacupful of pulped tomato, a half-pint of good white stock. Curry prepared as directed.

Method.—Cut the fowl into small, neat joints, reserving the carcass and giblets for different use; prepare the curry to the point where the onion and other ingredients are



Curried Cutlets

This toothsome dish can be prepared almost as well from once-cooked meat as from fresh, provided the cold meat "cutlets" are carefully shaped and trimmed.

water five or six times. The process takes only two minutes. Leave the washed rice in the basin, cover well with fresh cold water, and let it soak for twenty minutes or more. Have ready a large saucepan three parts filled with boiling water (three pints of water to the half-pound of rice). Drain the rice, wash it once more, then drain again and pour it into the fast-boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; let it come quickly back to boiling point and boil very fast for from ten to twelve minutes, stirring gently now and then. After ten minutes have passed try

frying gently for three minutes. Pulp four or five tomatoes, passing them through a sieve to keep back the seeds, add the pulp to the curry and thin down the purée with a breakfastcupful of stock. Wash and dry the pieces of chicken, lay them in the stewpan, bring gently to simmering point, and cook for forty-five minutes or longer till the fowl is perfectly tender.

When ready make a bank of boiled rice around the edge of a silver entrée dish, dress the fowl in the centre, pour over the gravy very carefully so that the whiteness of

THE QUIVER

the rice may not be sullied. Serve very hot.

Curried Cutlets

Ingredients.—A sufficient number of cutlets nicely trimmed, a teacupful of white celery cut in half-inch lengths, a dozen button mushrooms if convenient.

Method.—Braise the cutlets till lightly browned, prepare the curry sauce as in the previous recipe, and add to it the celery and mushrooms, together with the browned cutlets and a teacupful of rich stock, simmer for about half an hour or till the meat is tender. Boil a half-pound of rice and pile it in a light pyramid in the middle of an entrée dish, arrange the cutlets in a circle round the rice, add a low bank of rice, over which pour the celery purée, and finish with a border of dry rice.

Curry of Mixed Vegetables

Ingredients.—One pound tomatoes, six five-inch lengths of celery, two medium-sized onions, one large or two medium-sized carrots, a table-spoonful of mango chutney, a clove of garlic or a dessert-spoonful of garlic vinegar, a half-pint of rich stock, a table-spoonful of curry paste or finest Indian curry powder, two ounces butter, boiled rice in the proportion of two ounces of rice to each person.

Method.—Prepare the curry sauce as in the former recipe, add to it the pulped tomato, the stock, the mango chutney, the garlic vinegar and the celery—the last cut

into half-inch lengths. Cut the carrots into neat dice and boil them in salted water till nearly cooked before adding them to the curry. Simmer all together till the celery is tender, and serve with rice, garnishing either with vegetables or with hard-boiled eggs cut in slices.

Curried Prawns

Ingredients.—Twelve prawns, a half-teacupful of picked shrimps, one ounce butter, a dessert-spoonful of freshly grated coco-nut, a medium-sized onion, a teaspoonful of garlic vinegar, a cooking apple chopped fairly small, a dessert-spoonful of curry paste, a teacupful of good white stock, a small lemon, and six ounces of rice.

Method.—Fry the chopped onion in the butter, add curry paste, garlic vinegar (or a finely shred clove of garlic) and the chopped apple, and fry gently for five minutes. Add then the stock and the coco-nut and see that the sauce is of a rich, creamy consistency. Simmer gently for ten minutes, then add the picked shrimps and six of the prawns (shelled). Keep slightly below simmering point for ten minutes. Have ready the boiled rice, dressed as a border round the edge of a silver dish, pour the

curry gently into the middle of dish, garnish the curry with the reserved six prawns, and decorate the rice border with lemon rosettes prinked with parsley. The juice from the ends of the lemon may be squeezed over the curry at the last moment.

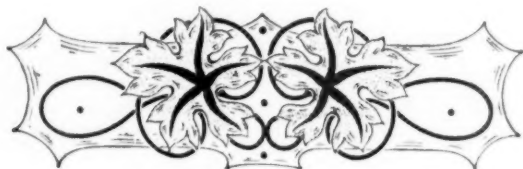
Points to Remember

Any kind of white meat—rabbit, veal, pheasant, or turkey—makes a delicious curry if used in the way advised for chicken. Dark meats, such as beef, hare, grouse or wild duck make quite as successful a dish, but a curry of dark meats does not look quite so appetizing as one composed of rabbit, chicken or turkey.

It is a mistake to fry the onions to a bright brown, as this inevitably means over-colouring some small segments of onion and thereby rendering the butter in the stewpan as specky as if the pan had not been well cleaned before using.

The curry paste so often mentioned in these recipes is simply curry powder of finest quality, moistened to a paste. The paste is, of course, slightly easier to manipulate than the powder, as the latter needs slaking with cold water before being added to the fried onion.

It is never worth while to use stale curry powder. Anglo-Indian residents in this country purchase their curry paste and powder from Indian firms in London, who pride themselves on the absolute freshness of their supplies.



A New Feature

Problem Pages

MODERN life is beset with problems. Almost all of us are, at one time or another, called upon to face some acute domestic difficulty, to solve some problem of daily life, to determine anew the lines on which some relationship shall develop.

It is at such moments that one welcomes the sympathy of some understanding man or woman. Such sympathy is often the better for being impersonal. It is sometimes easier to speak freely to the unknown friend than to confide in those who, because they are so nearly associated with us, cannot always see so clearly as the disinterested and unprejudiced outsider.

The Editor of *THE QUIVER* has asked me to help you with your problems. Your individual problem is probably someone else's problem. For that reason I shall take the most widely interesting of the problems sent to me each month, and in these pages I shall reply to them to the best of my ability.

Personal Dealing

Letters which need an immediate reply I shall be happy to answer personally. But the central idea of this new feature is to discuss our problems together. I hope, therefore, that most of those readers who feel that I may be able to help them will be content to look for the solutions of their problems in *THE QUIVER* rather than by post.

Meanwhile, I am taking some of the letters which have been addressed to me personally of late, and am dealing with them below.

A Young Man's "Grouse"

The first of these letters is from a young man whose outlook is one of sheer despair. I do not think that his attitude towards the future is uncommon. He is one of the tens of thousands of young men who, having fought for their country, came back to civil life full of hope and are now disillusioned. I quote from his letter:

Just an Attempt to Help People

By Barbara Dane

"I should be very glad if you could tell me what the future holds for a man in my position. I am twenty-five. I served three years in France. I have had a moderately good education. But I can't get anything better than a clerk's job at a clerk's pay. I have met a girl whom I am anxious to marry. I love her. Yet I feel that I cannot in decency ask her to marry me on an income that is barely sufficient to support myself. I am just an ordinary kind of a fellow, and don't ask much from life, and it seems to be pretty rotten luck which prevents me from setting up a home with the girl I love. I can see no kind of hope of my position improving. I dare say you will reply that there is always room at the top. But it seems to me that the top is not big enough for all the men able to get there. Someone must be left out."

Well, that's a pretty good grouse, isn't it? Now, if the writer were to take my advice he would go to the girl he loves and put the very question which a false sense of decency has so far prevented him putting. I gather that the girl loves him. I imagine that both of them would be much happier engaged than they are at present, unattached and their affection not declared. Being engaged to the girl he loves ought to be a stimulus to any man, and I think it very likely that if this "ordinary kind of a fellow" became engaged to the woman whom he hopes to make his wife he would find that he were not quite so ordinary after all.

Give Her a Chance

The modern young woman, with her big-heartedness and her common sense, knows well enough that marriage cannot always follow quickly the announcement of an engagement. A long engagement may have disadvantages, but no engagement at all has greater disadvantages, for it means that two young people who love each other are deprived of the happy and helpful companionship and looking forward which might be theirs.

As to the difficulty of getting on in business—well, isn't it obvious that no man is going to get on if he thinks he isn't? Depression is a fatal bar to progress. Being a clerk may be dull work, and a clerk's job

THE QUIVER

cannot, of course, be described as being at the top of the tree. Still, if one is a clerk, why not be the very best kind of clerk? A bad or an indifferent clerk may not get promotion, but a superlatively good clerk is bound to be noticed before long. Merit tells, even in the humbler branches of business. If this badly depressed young man were to put some enthusiasm into his work, which is plain he doesn't, he might find that he wouldn't be a clerk much longer.

I hope we are all unforgettably grateful for the heroic sacrifices made for us by the men who fought our battles in the Great War. At the same time, it must be remembered that a man who pays for a clerk wants a clerk, not a soldier.

If there is not room at the top for all capable of occupying positions there, at least there is ampler space half-way up the tree. The fact that a man cannot reasonably hope to control a business is not a reason for making up his mind that he cannot be a good foundation or an adequate support of the main building.

And there is this, too: a happy, decent life, with opportunities for intellectual and spiritual development, is possible to the clerk and to the clerk's wife, as tens of thousands of simple-living people have proved and are still proving.

The Wife's Friends

Problems of friendship are put by "J. V.," whose difficulties are peculiarly modern. She writes:

"I am happily married. Please do not make any mistake about that. I love my husband and would not change him for any man. At the same time, I must admit that he does not satisfy me on every point. I have interests which he cannot share. I should like to ask you whether you think I am justified in keeping friendships with men against the wishes of my husband. I believe that so long as my friendships are honourable I am at liberty to enjoy them. My husband would not dream of questioning my freedom of action, but he disapproves all the same. I enjoy my friends and should hate to give them up. I wish you would tell me just what you think about it all."

Not an easy problem to solve, and a problem that certainly cannot be met by suggesting that the writer should do as her husband wishes. That, perhaps, would be the old-fashioned view. I am not at all sure that it has anything to commend it where matters of principle are affected. Real friendships are sacred. No man or woman who really valued friendship could easily break it because of marriage. But

I should like to know if the friends of whom "J. V." writes are old friends, made long before marriage, or if they are recent acquaintances. Old friends must be preserved. But happiness in marriage is not preserved, I think, if the happily mated woman seeks to make new friends because her husband cannot satisfy her in every direction.

Is there any woman living whose husband satisfies her completely? I don't think so. I don't think that any woman has a right to expect that she should be satisfied at every point. Marriage is the only relationship in life in which men and women demand perfection as a right.

As a partner in games, for occasional visits to a theatre, as a welcome dinner guest, for pleasant conversation over the teacups, for co-operation in work or in social service the man friend should, in normal circumstances, be accepted as a matter of course. But my long experience of marriage makes me extremely doubtful of the intimate, time-exacting friendship between a married woman and a man not her husband. It creates an atmosphere of distrust. It leads to jealousy. It frequently ends in disaster undreamed of in the early stages of the relationship.

Possibly my puzzled correspondent would come to a decision if she asked herself whether she would like her husband to indulge in numerous friendships with other women. Honestly, "J. V.," would you? No? Well, isn't that the answer to your question?

Is this a Case for Sacrifice?

A rather pathetic little letter comes to me from a young girl who wonders whether she ought to stay at home to care for her widowed mother when her heart's inclination is to marry her fiancé and accompany him to China.

"Both my brothers were killed in the war," she writes. "I am the only child. My mother is rather frail. Somehow, I feel as if it would be disloyal to my brothers if I deserted her. Of course, I long to marry the man I love and go with him where his work takes him, but it doesn't seem to be playing the game to leave my mother when she has no near relative or old friend to be with her. Some of my friends tell me to think of my own future and get married, but I have also been given exactly opposite advice."

Here I must put a question before I give an answer. Is there any chance of the mother going to China? Not an ideal way in which to begin married life, but better

than a married life begun with a troubled conscience. Moreover, in a land so different from our own, and so far from England, a mother might very well be a happy influence and a comfort to a young couple beginning their married life. If the mother of this loyal-hearted girl is not too frail to make the big adventure I should say, "Take her with you." And if that is not possible I think my correspondent should be able to sail without a distressed mind. Her mother will feel the bitterness of parting, yet I think it would be infinitely worse for her to know that she had spoiled the happiness of her child by preventing or delaying a much-desired marriage.

Letters from School

Here is a point for parents. A mother writes to tell me that all letters sent by her to her daughter at school are opened by the headmistress before being given to the child, and that all the child's letters are "censored" before they are dispatched.

"Surely a mother and daughter ought to be able to write to each other freely," she says. "To my mind this kind of censorship is intolerably old fashioned and absolutely untypical of the relations which to-day exist between parents and children. My daughter is at a good school and I don't want to remove her, but I wonder if it can be good that for nine months out of the year she should be shut up from freedom of communication with her mother."

I took this problem to an old friend of mine who is a schoolmistress, and I think her point of view is interesting. She was insistent that in cases where this "censorship" is the rule it is for the protection of the pupils. "Letters are opened," she said, "but they are merely glanced at to see if they are from parents or relatives or responsible friends. Teachers have no curiosity in such matters, but as they are responsible for the welfare of their pupils they are compelled to see that the children do not receive letters from persons with whom their parents would not desire them to communicate. The letters of the children are looked through before they are sent off so that neatness of writing, spelling and so on may be supervised."

Personally, my sympathies are with the mother. It would be easy enough to devise some system which, while safeguarding children from undesirable correspondence, would allow them to write home freely. I

don't see, for instance, why the army system of allotting so many special envelopes already marked as "passed by the censor" should not, suitably modified, be adopted. If teachers addressed and stamped the envelopes and allowed their small pupils to put what they like inside and permitted them to seal and post the letters the "intolerable" system of which this mother speaks would be ended. In a similar fashion certain specially marked envelopes could be given to the parents.

I do not think that any sensible woman would deprive an unhappy little girl of writing freely to her mother; the objection is that the unhappy little child would not confide in her mother if she knew that her letters were to be read by her school teachers. A system of marked envelopes, fussy and official as it sounds, seems to be the only solution.

Perhaps other mothers would give their experiences in this matter.

A Question of Thrift

Here the problem is not of an extravagant wife, but of a happy-hearted husband who makes the most of each day, but refuses to make any provision for the future:

"My husband won't save a penny," his wife writes. "He is very generous. I have everything I want. But we are not rich, and it troubles me to know that no provision has been made for illness, or great trade depression or failures. My husband's belief is that we should enjoy life as much as we can while we have it and do what we can to help our friends, and leave the rest to chance. I can't find any way of persuading him to save. Unfortunately, we have no children, so that I cannot make a plea that might otherwise be efficacious."

Frankly, here is a problem which I can't solve. No theories are of the slightest use here. The problem could be solved only by someone with sufficient influence on the husband to make him consider the folly of his extravagance. I know how charming these thriftless, happy-go-lucky people often are. I know, too, what trails of misery they leave behind them for other people. The thought that such recklessness might one day make him dependent on his friends for a living ought to be a warning thought. Here, plainly, it isn't. Possibly the wife might be able to get her husband to make some small settlement on her which she could control, so that in the event of wreckage something would be saved.

(Letters should be sent to Miss Barbara Dane, c/o The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.)

The Terror by Night

A Child Story
By
Elizabeth Glayde

AUDREY MCLEOD, dressed for going out, came slowly down the shallow stairs. Her usual calm loveliness was ruffled and a line of irritability showed between her level brows. Her husband was smoking by the hall fire.

"Really," she exclaimed, "I almost wish we had kept Nanny for another year in spite of her old-fashioned ideas. Olive has been absolutely impossible since we had the new nurse."

"What's the trouble now?" he asked rather listlessly.

"The child is simply being tiresome, and wants me to stay with her or to have a night-light. Of course, I can't stay with her, even if it was wise to give in to her, I've got a Children's Welfare meeting that I simply must go to, and Nurse doesn't approve of children sleeping in a lighted room. It's too absurd—this sort of scene happens nearly every night. I had no idea that a child of six could be so difficult."

"D'you think she's well?" queried Danny anxiously. "She hasn't looked too fit lately. Perhaps this place doesn't suit her. She always seemed jolly enough at Cummersdale."

"Nurse says she's perfectly well. She's simply fretting to have Nanny back, that's all. Of course, she'll get over it in time, but I'm afraid this nurse isn't going to be any good. She doesn't seem to be able to control her a bit."

"She never strikes me as being a truculent child," Danny observed dryly. "She always seems such a lonely, pathetic little soul."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Audrey crossly. "She was perfectly all right as long as we were at Cummersdale, with old Nanny to spoil her, and let her have her own way in everything. Of course, she feels the difference now that Nurse makes her do what she is told."

"Nanny always seemed to understand her very well, I thought. The child was certainly happy with her, and ever since we moved here she's been queer and moody, and had these crying fits at night."

"Oh, Danny, please don't begin to think of Olive as a poor little, neglected, misunderstood creature—she's nothing of the sort. She's simply spoilt and out of hand, and wants proper discipline. It might be a good thing for her to start lessons. I'll see about a governess for her when I'm in London to-morrow. What do you say?"

"Yes, it might be a good thing, if you get just the right sort of girl. Lessons would probably interest her."

"Well, I must be off," said Audrey carelessly. "The car has been at the door for ages. I shan't be late."

She disappeared, the sound of the car died away in the distance, and Danny sat down again by the fire and lit another cigarette.

Seven years ago he had married Audrey Longridge, and she was beautiful, witty, and very modern indeed.

But just how modern Danny did not realize until after the birth of Olive, their only child.

Danny had what his wife called all the silly, old-fashioned ideas about women and motherhood. His idea of his wife was a woman who found her chief interests in her home.

But Audrey did not care much for children. She was quite honest about it, and confessed that she thought that the maternal instinct that men seemed to think so much of had been left out of her composition. She saw that Olive was properly tended by a nurse, who was a splendid advertisement for a famous starch, and she considered that her own responsibilities ended there, and that she had done her duty all round. Also, she added, she had her own life to lead.

She was a restless, energetic woman, and town councils, Infant Welfare Committee meetings and the local Conservative Women's Club were meat and drink to her.

As Olive grew out of her rosy babyhood and became a tall, thin, little girl, Audrey seemed to lose interest in her. She devoted herself with all her immense energy of mind and body to her various social guilds, and gradually her husband and her little

THE TERROR BY NIGHT

daughter came to be mere incidents of her life.

Danny, sitting by the hall fire, reflected gloomily that married life was very different from what he had hoped it would be.

He wanted a home, not merely a large house full of efficient servants. He wanted a real wife and the jolly everyday things that to his mind spelt happiness. He felt that he was no longer necessary to Audrey, whom he still loved, and neither was Olive.

He had worried about the child lately. She was grave and reserved beyond her six years of age—a strange, inarticulate, unchildlike little girl. She was growing very quickly, and was far too pale, he thought; he had noticed that there were often heavy black rings round her eyes.

At a sudden impulse he flung away his cigarette and made his way to the very hygienic and modern night nursery.

The room was in darkness. Danny switched on the light and sat down on the small bed, whence his little daughter watched him with dark, serious eyes.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?" he asked awkwardly.

"Playing," said the child briefly.

"Who with? Nurse?"

"Nurse doesn't play. I play by myself."

"With your dolls, or what?"

"Making up games."

"How do you get on with the new nurse?"

Danny watched the inscrutable little face curiously.

"I—like Nanny best."

"Why?"

Hot tears filled the dark eyes. But Olive winked them back, and answered with unchildlike self-control:

"I suppose—because I've known her for so long."

"Which do you like best—this new house or Cummersdale?"

To his amazement the child stiffened and became perfectly rigid in her bed. Her eyes seemed to grow large and darker as he waited for her answer.

"I don't like this house—much."

"Why ever not?" queried Danny. "It's such a jolly house, with the park, and the river, and woods."

"I like Cummersdale best," said Olive in a very low voice. "I don't like woods."

Danny felt the utter helplessness that a man usually feels when probing the mind of a girl-child. He realized that Olive was

far too old for her age, that she was nervous and morbid, and that she was hiding her real self behind a wall of almost hostile reserve. He made one last attempt to win her confidence.

"There's nothing bothering you, is there?"

It seemed an absurd question to ask a child of six.

Into the too brilliant eyes slid a deeper shadow. Olive glanced furtively around the room, and then her eyes met his squarely, even defiantly.

"No," she answered indifferently.



Miss Vane, the governess Audrey had discovered in London, arrived in time for dinner about a week later. She was a tall, pretty girl of about twenty-three with an intelligent, sympathetic face. In the drawing-room, over coffee, Audrey began to describe Olive's moods and crying fits.

"You must be quite firm with her, Miss Vane. We think she is probably fretting for her old nurse, who spoilt——"

She stopped suddenly.

A wild, terrible cry rang through the old house—the unmistakable cry of a frightened child. As the three people in the pretty drawing-room rose to their feet it was repeated. To the day of her death Audrey McLeod never quite forgot it—again and again it rang in her ears like a reproach.

Danny flung open the door and rushed upstairs to Olive's room, followed swiftly by Audrey and Miss Vane. As the man switched on the light the child was seen sitting up in bed, her dark eyes wide and staring with fear, her livid lips parted in unchildlike terror, her tiny clenched hands beating the bed-clothes.

"What is it? Olive—what is the matter? Has anything frightened you?"

It was Audrey who spoke. She sat down on the bed and drew the pathetic little body into her arms. There must be some tangible reason to account for this very genuine terror. This was something more than a spoilt child fretting for her old nurse.

"Tell me about it, Olive. You're quite safe. Daddy and I are here. Nothing can harm you. Tell me what frightened you?"

The child's tragic, brilliant eyes strayed to Miss Vane and then to her father's anxious face.

"The—dream," said Olive hoarsely.

"What dream? Tell me, darling."

THE QUIVER

But the child only shuddered convulsively, and Audrey, stirred as she had never been before, wrapped the eiderdown round her and held her very close to her heart.

"A—a—dreadful dream—it comes—often. . . ."

"But, sweetheart, you mustn't be afraid of a dream. Nothing can ever hurt you. God wouldn't let anything harm a little child."

There was a note in Audrey's voice which Danny had never heard before. This was Audrey, the mother, who had given birth to Olive, as now the child's cry had given life to her.

"Anybody would be—afraid of this dream," went on the child excitedly. "Even you would be, mummy. Even daddy wouldn't like it. It's awful." She dropped her voice as she continued: "It's about a man in our wood. He hurts a woman—down by the river where it's so black and dark, and the trees are so thick on both sides; and he digs a big hole—and puts her in it. Oh—oh—mummy—mummy—hold me. . . ."

The terrible shudders shook the frail body again.

Audrey grew ash-white, and her beautiful grey eyes sought Danny's appealingly.

"Forgive me," he read in them. "I didn't know a child could suffer so, I didn't understand."

Agnes Vane turned towards the child. There was a puzzled expression mingled with understanding in her face.

"Olive," she said gently. "You don't know me yet, but we're going to be friends, you and I. I know just how horrid bad dreams can be, although, of course, they can't harm you, because, as your mummy told you, nothing is allowed to harm a little child. I'm going to ask your mummy if you and I may sleep together in my room to-night. You won't have any more dreams, I promise you that." She turned to the mother.

"May I have her in my room, Mrs. McLeod?"

But something was pulling at Audrey's heart, a little hand—a child's hand.

"It's very good of you, Miss Vane, but—you're tired after your journey. I think I'll have Olive in my room to-night. Danny, you won't mind sleeping in the dressing-room, will you?"

Half an hour later, Olive, soothed and happier than she had been since they had left Cummersdale, was sleeping peacefully in her mother's big bed, the new nurse on

guard beside her until Audrey should relieve her.

"I want to tell you something, Mrs. McLeod," Agnes Vane said to Audrey when they were seated again by the drawing-room fire. "I believe I can explain Olive's bad dreams."

"Indigestion?" queried Danny practically.

"No—nothing so reasonable as that," smiled the new governess. "It's rather a long story, and I'm afraid that you will think it very far-fetched, but, after all, there are more things in heaven and earth than any of us know about."

Audrey and Danny looked at her intently.

"I haven't told you yet," continued Miss Vane, "that I was born in this house, and I lived here with my father until I was six. I was a very lonely child, and I was allowed to spend my time roaming about in the woods by myself. I am not sure whether what I am going to tell you now was a dream or a reality. You must judge for yourselves."

"Go on, please," said Audrey quietly.

"I was in the loneliest part of the woods one spring evening, at that place where they slope down to the river on either side. On the far side of the stream I saw a poorly dressed man and woman, and they were quarrelling. I watched them from behind a tree. The man knocked the woman down at last, and struck her—again and again. She only screamed once, and then lay very still. It fascinated me—the sheer horror of it. I felt too paralysed to move from my hiding-place. The man went away, and still I stood there, staring at the dead woman. Presently he came back with a spade. . . . He dug a hole—oh, I can see him now—and laid her in it. I remember her long hair trailing among the last year's leaves. He filled up the grave, smoothed it with the back of the spade, and scattered leaves and some of the loose sandy earth over it. Then he lurched away among the trees. At last I crept home, and I tried to tell my mother. But he was an absent-minded, studious man, and he told me to run away to bed as he was very busy that night. When I went to bed in the same little room Olive sleeps in, I dreamt *that same dream that has been frightening Olive*. I saw again that awful scene in the wood. I woke up screaming, and one of the maids came and scolded me for waking her up."

"Had you no mother?" asked Audrey suddenly.

THE TERROR BY NIGHT



"She sat down on the bed and drew the pathetic little body into her arms"—p. 303

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

"She died when I was a baby," said Miss Vane wistfully. "The next night the dream came again, and after that it descended upon me perhaps two or three times every week—always exactly the same in every particular. Sometimes, when I woke up petrified with terror, I used to pretend that my mother was with me, and that I was in her arms."

Audrey stirred restlessly.

"Well, the dream haunted me until I became really ill, and at last I was taken away by an aunt to spend a year by the sea. I never dreamt again of that dreadful wood. My father died during that time, and I continued to live with my aunt. Once or twice I spoke to her about it, but I could never make her understand how I had suffered.

She laughed at me very gently, and told me that, of course, it was nothing more than a very vivid dream, and after a time I became almost convinced that she was right."

"But—why should Olive have the same dream?" said Audrey. Her face was very white. In those moments when she had held her little daughter's quivering form to her heart she had realized something of the child's tragic loneliness. She had understood something of that dark world of midnight horror in which Olive had been living.

"We know so little about the supernatural," Agnes Vane said thoughtfully. "All these years, whenever I remembered those dreadful nights, I have felt that it

THE QUIVER

could not be possible that I really saw a man kill a woman in my father's wood, but now, Olive, sleeping in the same room, has been having exactly the same frightful dream. She has suffered all the torturing horror that I endured. Is it possible that my agony of mind was so great that in some mysterious way it impressed itself upon that little bedroom?"

"Or is it possible," put in Danny slowly, "that the tragic spirit of that unhappy woman—if murder it was—still haunts this place and tries to speak—to tell of her awful end?"

"We know so little," Agnes answered thoughtfully. "Who can say what is the real explanation?"

"At any rate," said Danny briskly, "we can easily settle the question of whether you really saw a crime committed, or whether it was no more than a series of ugly dreams. To-morrow, if you can point out the spot, I'll investigate it. Anyway, of course Olive must never sleep in that room again."

"If a little bed could be put in my room," suggested Agnes Vane, "I would watch over her very carefully. A child is so helplessly inarticulate, and can suffer such appalling torture in silence, and I do know what she has endured and understand her fear of the dark."

"You are very kind," said Audrey's stately voice. "But I also understand—at last." She turned her lovely face to Danny. "I reproach myself bitterly because I ought to have understood—or tried to understand long ago. She must sleep near me for the future—in the dressing-room."

To herself she was saying:

"But I must hold her in my arms to-night. My baby—and I have neglected her—scolded her—misunderstood her. I have ignored her fear of the darkness. She has suffered as only a child can suffer. If only I had let her have a night-light when she cried for one. She must sleep in my arms—close to my heart to-night."

Danny, going up to bed long after the rest of the house had retired, looked in at the big bedroom where his wife and Olive were sleeping.

The little dark head lay on Audrey's tender breast, and Audrey's white and lovely arms were round the tiny, frail body.



A few days later the poor bones found in the rude grave in the gloomy wood were reverently buried in the quiet garden of the dead, surrounding the old grey church.

The birds were singing, the sun was shining, and death was made beautiful by the first bright flowers of spring.

Which Feature do You Like Best?

I want the opinions of my readers on this month's QUIVER. Here are the principal contents. Write "1," "2" and "3" against the three features you like best. One Guinea will be sent to the reader whose reply is nearest the general verdict.

When will Prices be Normal Again?	Christmas Finery
Standing Water	Animal Life on a Yorkshire Moor
A Wonderful Winter Playground	The Business Side of Church Affairs
The Truth about the Scotsman	What Life Means to Me
Music's Child	Things that Matter
Renewing Our Years	The Terror by Night

Send before January 30, to The Editor, "The Quiver," La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4. If envelope is left unsealed, 1d. stamp will do.

Name.....

Address.....



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

A Landslide

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is no longer Prime Minister; the Coalition Government has fallen and a different party reigns in its stead: that is one of the outstanding changes of the year 1922 now drawing to a close.

These sudden changes come as a shock to the ordinary person, do they not? And they must have come as an even greater shock to the chief parties involved. How secure the position of Mr. Lloyd George seemed to be! More than anyone in political history he has wielded an almost autocratic power. The House of Commons hung on his word; he had but to speak and opposition died away; Ministers were mere puppets in his hand. And now, by the easiest transition in the world, he is out of power, relegated to a back bench, not even Leader of the Opposition.

Who would have deemed it possible?



A Sign of the Times

Mr. Lloyd George's eclipse, however, so far from being an isolated phenomenon, is but a sign of the times. Look around you, in every direction, and you will read that "the old order changeth."

Just now I am thinking of business. The tide flows swiftly in business matters. One does not have to be in business long to note how quickly the changes come. One man—a boy you used to go to school with, say—quite an ordinary person, suddenly comes to the front rank. Success follows on success. It seems that nothing can withstand him. He has his day. And suddenly a breath of wind passes over—and he is gone. Another man takes his place, a

new star arises on the horizon, the old one vanishes never to return. And the world expresses surprise.



"Tranquillity!"

I see that the motto of the new Government is "Tranquillity." A most admirable motto, I am sure. "Tranquillity" is the motto of all who have made their position in life, the hope of all who have established their place in the sun. It is so natural, so human. A man fights his way up, overcomes great obstacles, achieves power and fortune. He looks around him and says: "This is not such a bad world, after all. I used to agitate for changes, but, upon my word, I don't think I want changes now. The *status quo* for me." He rests on his laurels and basks in the sunshine. And one day, as I have said, the wind blows, and everybody is surprised to find he has gone.



Beware of "Settled Conditions"

Sad as it may be, tranquillity is about the last thing we can look forward to, the most impossible of all the impossible hopes of mankind.

I am not so sure but that as soon as we have reached what we would regard as "settled conditions" we ought not to look out for trouble. After tranquillity, the revolution. It seems to be inevitable—in politics, in business, in home life. Take your children, for instance. At one point they seem to have reached a satisfactory period. At seven they are "quite nice children," or at twelve they are a delight to their parents. But the experience of most parents is that no sooner have their children reached a "satisfactory" stage in life when

THE QUIVER

something happens; unsettlement begins; the revolution of adolescence overtakes them, or they fall in love, or they develop some strange mood or fancy—or they want to go on the stage.



Business Ups and Downs

Turn again to business. A man discovers a new process, or evolves an article which seems to meet popular demand. He works it for all he is worth; he builds up a thriving business, takes a fine house, sends his children to the best schools. And suddenly the popular demand changes, or competition springs up; some detestable rival learns how to do the same thing a penny cheaper, and the poor man finds he has to face life anew.

The inevitable tendency when this happens is for a man to turn bitter and cynical. He complains that he has been betrayed, his rivals are unprincipled, his customers ungrateful, the world very unfair. In every generation there have been people who have looked back to "the good old times," and complained that "such things weren't allowed when *we* were young." It is most difficult to realize that it is the person complaining that is out of joint with the times, not that the times are so very much awry.



Changes are Bound to Come

Now, as we face the New Year, I think the thing we have to take for granted is not that the old order will continue, but that changes, violent changes, are bound to come. Of course, if this is so, it ought, for one thing, to make us appreciate the blessings we at present enjoy. Don't take things for granted. You would be vastly distressed to lose the love of wife, of husband, of child, wouldn't you? Well, appreciate a little more the sunshine in your life; it may not last; in any case, it will be all the better for recognition and appreciation. Have you done well in business? Has fortune prospered you? Well, for heaven's sake be thankful for what you have, and don't presume on it. Have you realized the height of your ambition? Then show your gratitude; most of your fellows are but toiling on.

In any case, whether you be successful, or toiling, at the top of the ladder, or struggling at the bottom, recognize this: present conditions cannot last; nothing is permanent. No sooner have you become

accustomed to one order of things than it changes. The scientist defines life as "the continual adjusting of oneself to one's environment." Simple, but very difficult. If once we have solved the problem we need never die. The trouble, of course, is that as soon as you think you have solved it something fresh emerges. No sooner have you learnt to be on your guard against the gout than asthma suddenly lays you low; you, at last, have learned to grapple with influenza—and are unexpectedly laid up with appendicitis. You pick your way through the ailments of youth to be struck down in middle age; you walk warily through middle life to succumb to the wear and tear of things in old age. You are on your guard—but the weather is always changing.



Dismal?—but True

This all seems a rather dismal prospect for the New Year, doesn't it? Dismal, or not dismal, it is no good refusing to face facts. You can't alter the laws of life. And, as a matter of fact, once recognized and accepted, these laws are not so very harsh after all, but a blessing in disguise. Tranquillity is not so far removed from boredom, is it? and the finest exertion in the world is toiling uphill against the wind.



Face the Facts

Perhaps you who read these pages are looking with apprehension or misgiving to the coming of 1923. Pull yourself together and face life squarely. Are you sighing for the "good times before the war," or even for the "jolly old war-time?" It is absolutely useless looking back. The old order has changed with a vengeance, and it is for you to adjust yourself to the new conditions as speedily as you can.



The Art of Adjustment

Do be practical in facing the issues of life. Don't break your head banging it on locked doors. If the front door is closed ring the bell at the back. Find out what openings there are in the world. It is useless you making the choicest of fancy antimacassars if antimacassars are out of date. Nobody wants them. Find out what people want, and supply their needs. The cheeriest girl I have met during the last month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

was brought up in luxury with no thought of having to earn her own living. Suddenly she was thrown on her own resources. Well, she did not pester me with stories and poems, she did not wish to be a lady doctor, or even a companion. She reviewed the situation calmly, made up her mind that what she could do best was domestic work, and what was most in demand just now was domestic work. So she sought, and obtained, a position as lady cook. She is happy in her work and happy in herself. She has faced life boldly, and life has not let her down.

Look at your situation calmly, impartially, with sober eyes. Follow your reason, accept the conditions of life and don't rail at fate. If you are on the wrong road, don't hesitate to go back and start again.



A New Order Ahead

"The old order changeth"; it must be remembered that this comes as a ray of hope to a great many people—the majority, in fact, for most of us are but toiling on, not yet having arrived at the Land of Promise.

The fact of the old order changing means that a new one will take its place. Something is always happening; fresh developments take place every day. We are on the

eve of great events, and there is no reason at all why we should not live greatly in and through them.



Full of Promise

If you are one of the discontented in life, take this right into your heart now; this New Year may be the Year of Promise for you. Somewhere among its many days may be the one containing the opportunity of a lifetime. Make up your mind that from January 1 to December 31 you are going to be alert to seize the opportunity when it arrives. Discipline yourself, train yourself, prepare yourself by every means you know how, to become fit for the opportunity when it arrives.

Don't, please, curse fate, or bewail the unfairness of things. Watch the signs of the times. Be prepared. Life is full of interest if only you are alert to see the great happenings of the day. Life is full of promise if you are only ready to heed. Life is full of reward if you are only prepared to seek.

The old order has gone, never to return. Well, thank God—and press on. The best days are yet to be.

The Editor



It's Always Summer Somewhere

*By
Grace Mary
Golden*

IT'S always summer somewhere—though maybe not for you:

Each day the sun is warming some land to life anew.
Think then, when skies are wintry and all the flowers
are dead,
It's being summer somewhere for someone else instead.

When life looks grey and dreary and grief and trouble
lower,

'Tis only for a season, they have no lasting power.
The sun of life's eternal and strong to conquer pain—
It's always summer somewhere. Your turn will come again.

The Problem of the Modern Girl

No. 3.—*Her Clothes*
By
R. A. Pennethorne

CLOTHES are an acute problem to any woman, but most so to the girl who herself earns the wherewithal to buy them, or is still dressed by her mother on a sum fixed or variable according to the state of the family exchequer.

There are not so many girls now on "an allowance" as in the days of my youth, when *The Girl's Own Paper* used to give us good advice on "How to Dress on £20 a Year."

But there are still "home daughters" who have a small annual income to cover clothes, stamps, small journeys, and subscriptions and such like personal expenditure—and they never seem to find *any* given amount enough. Credit has proved the downfall of many a young man in the past going up to our universities, and "credit" is a snare to the girl whose name has a local reputation and who deals with "family" tradespeople. It is a bad preparation for any future married life to begin it from an atmosphere of financial embarrassment, especially if the outlay upon clothes was looked upon as a means towards the desired end!

Give her a Fixed Sum

But both parents and husbands are very ill-advised when they leave a young woman with no fixed personal sum at her disposal to which she must adhere and which represents her fair proportion when the family income and status are considered. The writer still knows of gently bred and nurtured girls whom their friends look at with pity and embarrassment when they come out, and who live the life of unpaid servants at home, covered tastelessly and hastily when necessity compels by another's choice and purchasing—a fruitful source of alienation between mother and daughter and parent and home.

But so many girls now, both from choice and from economic pressure, go out into the world to earn their own pin-money that these are the exceptions and not the rule. The earner, however, if she comes from a comfortable home, has to face a double

temptation. Firstly, there is the risk that she may accept a sum quite sufficient to dress herself upon (for that may be all she needs), but quite insufficient for some other woman who has no home and has to live, travel to her work, and pay for rent and food, and even help others besides herself. These "pocket-money" workers need a conscience and a sense of the solidarity of the interests of workers, for they often add to their sin by spending lavishly on their clothes and awakening a sense of exasperated envy in the breasts of their more burdened sisters, married and unmarried, for the young married woman with children to dress as well as herself often cannot compete on equal terms with her sister working for herself while still living at home.

The Fun Starts

But granted that our typical modern girl has the money and has decided how much she is justified in spending, then the fun becomes indeed fast and furious.

She is surrounded on all sides with literature and advice, fashion papers, photographs of persons famous in the world and on the stage, answers to correspondents, the woman's page in the newspapers, and the endless talk and comments of her friends. Disinterested help and real guidance, which are neither advertisement, journalism, nor "interested," are not from the very nature of things very common. The old sumptuary laws were a real help as well as a tyrannical hindrance—the dairymaid of old had some beautiful "national" costume for *her* best, and did not wear the uniform of velvet and miniver of royalty or graded nobility—she knew that beauty and proud bearing could be found in every guise. To-day all our sumptuary laws are unwritten, but what we call "fashion" does really give some guidance and help if we observe its origin and intention.

The modern woman to a very much greater extent than ever before adopts "a uniform," that is, every woman does try more or less to look like every other woman at the same time! The writer is old enough

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN GIRL

to remember the days when the exact opposite would have been truer—when the woman in the inner fastness of society tried to appear in some original and new effect which should differentiate her from the crowd—to-day, as far as observation goes, we prefer a safer anonymity, and so much of our life is lived in public. But the very extraordinary and unusual dress would be too quickly noted and photographed for it to remain long a safe or uncopied possession.

Three Styles

Still, to-day, within the boundaries of fashion there are three distinct styles which any girl may adopt—the worldly, the artistic, and the “mannish” or “sporting” tailor-made.

The last two have come into being within my lifetime—as a wondering child I saw the æsthetic yellows and draperies and picture hats first promenading before an astonished world. Untold good was the final outcome of some eccentricities—deformity of outline, multiplicity of trimming and ornament passed away, and so did mere floppiness, leaving behind it a new range of colour and a new freedom for the girl who went to the past for inspiration as well as to the present. There is one word of warning for the modern followers of this style—remember that simplicity requires beautiful material and rare craftsmanship; the “artistic” frock needs a stuff as good as those used for its mediæval forerunners, and “art” jewellery cannot be turned out, even by Parisian warehouses, wholesale; it must be the personal effort of an artistic soul in a worthy medium, and so this style is really more expensive than all others.

The “mannish” garb—coat and skirt and shirt and tie also came to their own between the 'eighties and the 'nineties, and began with a mere desire to ape our brothers. But a real cause lay behind—we were beginning to live the same lives and have the same reasons of utility. So this style, too, will always be with us, and it calls for a cleanliness and order most desirable for the woman who has continually to be about the same work among the same people. Femininity will find its outlet all the same—for in this as in all other garb there is the golden rule of “all to match” to be observed. The tweed with a coloured fleck or line in it requires that tie, or blouse or jumper, handkerchief, velour or other hat shall carry on the colour scheme. Always,

however, girls should remember that actual clothes for “sports” should only be worn for those sports, and *must*, if possible, be worn then.

It really is hard on the modern girl that each occupation has its uniform, and I am *not* going to advise her to wear something else that will “do quite well,” because while we live the modern life among our contemporaries there *are* these unwritten sumptuary laws which, in politeness to hostess and to friends, we must try to obey.

In my childhood I can remember guests playing tennis at a garden party holding up the trains of “party frocks” with one hand and gently patting the ball with crooked rackets in the other! The other day, to give the reverse side of the shield, I heard of a schoolboy who bitterly complained that he was “insulted” because a girl much older than himself came to play tennis with him without getting into the “whites” she would have worn for a tournament or party—thus have we tended towards a *de rigueur* uniform for each occasion. “The best frock, the second best, the everyday and the evening frock” of my youth would not see us suitably covered to-day when we may be at an office in the morning, in a motor in the evening, at a dance one night and a slum girls’ club the next, at the Girl Guides on Saturday, at Church Parade on Sunday morning, golf on Sunday afternoon, and a bridge party next evening!

To conform to all these opportunities for differentiation will be to dress like “a woman of the world.”

Worldly clothes then are what the mass of women sigh for and struggle for, often very unwisely.

It Takes Brains

The judge was right when he said the other day that it took brains and not money to turn out the well-dressed woman. Any woman may have brains, but she need not thereby fritter them all away on vanities and frivolities and “taking thought for raiment.” If we thought when we had to buy we should not have to think nearly so much in between whiles, often with repentance, anger and envy and other disagreeable and darkening thoughts.

No girl nowadays ought to grow up unable to make her own clothes—there is no elaborate piecing and fitting required to which a lifetime’s study must be given—taste, reasonably neat sewing practice, and an observing eye should supply all the talent

THE QUIVER

necessary. To know the time and labour required to make any garment gives us a true and shrewd idea of its *real* value in labour and material, so that we know how much it costs to *produce* a given effect, and so what we may reasonably be charged for it by a shop.

The Resurrection of Hats

Hats nowadays seem the only things which refuse absolutely to return to pre-war prices, and every girl ought to be capable, if not of creating the modern hat at first hand, which often requires a great deal of technical ability and expert's "plant," still of playing with her old hats, so that two or three "corpses" can be resurrected into one good and living hat. Blessed be the French who were taught by one disaster that hats must be rain-resisting, so that now it is the awful plainness of a hat which makes us sigh for its unattainable "smartness."

Paradise plumes and ospreys and all such ostentatious things may be the temptations of the married woman, but they are mercifully by these same sumptuary laws no part of a "girl's" outfit, and can be safely left out of account.

The Question of Furs

Furs do still follow the old laws to a great extent when they are real; sable and ermine are still for those who are the few, and the wise girl never imitates what could not be hers in the nature of things. Good honest bunny and sheepskin are just as warm and just as becoming; it is the softness of a fur, not its monetary value, which sets off a face, and its warmth which alone justifies the sacrifice of life to procure it. Whatever the beastie was who gave his life that yours might be preserved from cold, give his Maker thanks and wear it gratefully.

The temptation to wear fur in the winter leads girls who can only afford one overcoat into horrid mistakes sometimes. Wet, wintry weather needs cloth or trench-coat, *not* soppy fur which makes a girl look like a gutter cat, and it is better to have a plain coat and a *loose* fur where only one can be afforded. The world is so full now of shops of "ready-made" clothes that the working girl is far too often tempted to buy hurriedly, entranced by some luring window display. Watch what other people whom you know to have taste and distinction are wearing, and *then* join that army is a far safer rule. Short skirts, for instance, and

light stockings are not in the least either silly or shocking as such, but exaggerated heels and silk stockings mean about seven-and-sixpence a month added to the budget for "setting up" at the cobbler's and replacing at the hosier's, and here good sense and conscience must be brought into play to regulate the outlay. The poor girl who on a pouring wet day has only suède fancy shoes and light silk stockings splashed with visible mud all up the back is only exhibiting her folly and her pitiful poverty which could provide nothing more suitable for the occasion.

Fashion and Copyists

Most fashions begin with sense and utility and are degraded by silly copyists. For instance, short sleeves are an economy for the worker who dreads dirty cuffs—too much bare arm simply means more expenditure in gloves and creams with which to treat exposed skin. No collar is both healthy and cleanly, but the revealing *décolleté* frock in the day-time is simply bad taste, and so on through each gradation of change in the general "uniform"!

Ornaments as such are another great snare. There are real sense and necessity for those who have genuine pearls to wear them habitually, otherwise they do literally fall sick and "dwine" away, but there is *no* sense in every girl wearing a false row bought at the draper's when perhaps some line of colour would suit her better, or no ornaments at all be more in keeping.

Two Golden Rules

Two golden rules may be given to end with:

Good materials never look common or unworthy, and even when "worn" never become "shabby," but die loved and honoured to their old age.

Good taste will make the poor girl distinguished where the rich walk dishonoured.

Lastly, if any think I have exaggerated the importance unduly of a merely worldly side of life, remember that that work of love and beauty, "the coat woven without seam," was worn by Him who told us to admire the colouring and naturalness of God's most beautiful creatures the flowers, and that one of the highest praises of the perfect woman, as remembered by her Son, was that "all her household were clothed in scarlet"—the scarlet of the thought, the thrift and the love which she gave to others through the work of her hands.



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THEY KEEP YOU AT YOUR BEST

Preparing a Boy's Outfit for School

By
Mrs. Robert
E. Noble

NOWADAYS the problem of preparing a boy's outfit for school is one which needs very careful attention for its satisfactory solution. The world of school is, after all, life in miniature, and the impression a boy makes at school, especially in his first term, and the status he takes in the eyes of his schoolmates and the masters depends to a very great extent upon the clothes he wears. First impressions count for so much even with schoolboys, and the boy who makes his first appearance in well-made suitable clothes has a far better chance than the boy whose parents have unwisely paid scant attention to his apparel.

The Trunk

A good strong trunk or box is the first investment. It will have the journey to and from school at least six times a year for the whole time that the boy is at school. For this reason a few shillings extra expended on a good trunk will be really true economy, because a well-made one will not get shabby quickly and will stand the rough usage it is sure to get far better. The "last day but one" of each term is a bad one for trunks. The boys often pack for themselves with a little supervision, and have been known to come home saying, "It is an awful squash to get everything into my trunk, but I got four of the fellows in my dormitory to stand on it so it locked all right!" Only a real strong trunk could stand such drastic treatment three times a year!

A "first night" handbag is needed by every boy, and the preferred kind is a small gladstone or a leather suit-case. In this must be placed the requirements for one night—slippers, pyjamas, sponge bag and contents, brush, comb, etc.

As far as suits are concerned, good cloth and good tailoring are an economy, for a well-made suit of good tweed will stand the hard wear of school better than an inferior garment. But it should be remembered that boys are growing creatures, and an expensive suit is not economy because it will wear for years. Besides, nothing looks more absurd than a small boy in a large suit,

obviously chosen because next year he will have grown up to it! It is more reasonable to get a really good fit and allow ample turnings for letting down at wrist and knee—that is all that can satisfactorily be done to meet the difficulty.

Average Requirements

The average requirements for school are—one tweed suit for everyday school wear at least, and one good suit, tweed or navy serge, for more important occasions. During the summer term two grey flannel suits can replace the tweeds. The preparatory school requirements for Sunday wear vary. Some merely require an iron-grey with trousers, others require the regulation Eton suit. This is also *de rigueur* for public school Sunday wear for boys under 5 feet 6 inches in height. With the Eton suit, grey trousers and broad Eton collar are necessary. Very tall and older boys discard the Eton suit, and when over 5 feet 6 inches in height they wear a black morning coat, waistcoat and grey trousers on all occasions when the smaller boys wear Etons.

Every boy is also required to bring an overcoat in winter and a covert coat in the summer term, although in many big schools these are practically never worn during terms, and only made use of in the journeys to and from school.

Head Gear

As regards head gear, the school requirements must be followed. Many schools require a silk hat, others a bowler, but in practice the school cap with school colours is used all through the term. In the summer term a straw hat with the school hat-band will be necessary. It is very important to find out exactly what hat or cap the boy needs, for many a good hat has been done to death in a few minutes by disapproving fellow schoolboys.

Most schools put a travelling rug on the list of requirements, and this does duty as an extra covering on the boy's bed during terms, and is warm and looks tidy in the dormitory or cubicle.

THE QUIVER

Necessaries

As to underwear, six vests and six under-pants of flannel or merino and four flannel shirts are needed. White shirts are needed for wear with the Eton suit. Four suits of pyjamas are needed, and a dressing-gown, and the usual complement of collars, ties and handkerchiefs. A dozen soft white collars and four Eton collars are ample, and a dozen or a dozen and a half handkerchiefs. The soft collars with a hole to take a safety tie-pin are best, and a couple of pins might be packed, rolled gold ones at about 1s. each are quite good enough to be lost, as they certainly will be. A good supply of studs, links, etc., must not be overlooked. The school tie will be more useful than any other, but two black or two white ties should be included for wear with the Eton suit.

The usual boy's woollen stocking with fancy turnover top is in favour with boys at present, and a pair of plain garters will also be needed. These are worn with the ordinary tweed or flannel suits, but two pairs of finer black cashmere socks must be added for wear with the Eton suit.

The Question of Footwear

The question of footwear is extremely important. At least two pairs of strong boots are needed, and one pair of lighter make for wear on "occasions." In addition, bedroom slippers and two pairs of house shoes are needed. One of the latter should be a "Cambridge" shoe, with strong soles and elastic sides in which the boy can run about the playground on dry days. The second pair can be court shoes in glacé or patent, and he will wear these for dancing lessons and on state occasions only. For drill and "gym" rubber-soled shoes will be necessary.

The particular game in which the boy intends to indulge will influence his outfit. During the winter he will probably play football. He will then need two pairs of knickers, the shirts in the colours required by the school for the game, and one sweater. The latter he will really make use of all the year round, so that a good quality will be a good investment. Of course, football boots will be necessary.

During the summer he may go in for boating, tennis or cricket. For the former he will want shirts and rowing vests, and for the latter knickers and shirts. In addition, he will certainly require the school blazer and a rowing scarf. White cricket

shoes will be needed if he goes in for cricket, and one or two pairs of white flannel trousers. In procuring the latter a good quality thoroughly shrunk flannel or serge should be selected, for if of inferior quality the first visit to the washtub will shrink them to an unusable extent and make them also an ugly yellow colour. Whatever game is chosen by the boy, he will need some special adjunct for it—such as a cricket bat and ball, a tennis racquet, and this must be regarded as a necessary part of his outfit.

Some boys' schools require a supply of house linen, perhaps three pairs of sheets, three pillowcases, two bath and four face towels, and four to six dinner napkins and a ring.

In addition, every boy should take to school a supply of writing materials, a pad, envelopes, pens, pencils, rubber, nibs, etc., and a strong pencil box and ruler. A good fountain pen is usually a useful addition. He should also take a couple of pieces of toilet soap and the usual toilet necessities in the way of a sponge, nail-brush, tooth-brush, etc. A small piece of pumice is a wise accessory to restore inky fingers to some semblance of respectability!

Of course every article must be distinctly marked with the boy's name and probably school number; the woven tapes can advantageously be used, or marking ink will do well. The name can be written in marking ink on strips of tape and the latter sewn into each garment.

The Tuck-Box

Last on our list, but certainly not least in importance from the schoolboy's point of view, is the tuck-box! Really capital boxes in strong wood, zinc lined, and furnished with strong locks can now be obtained, and in view of their being required term after term for several years they are quite a good investment. This separate packing of "tuck" is a great improvement on the old method, which sometimes resulted in a broken bottle of jam spreading its contents all over the clothes among which it was packed.

The dimensions and the contents of the tuck-box must naturally bear some relation to the parental purse. A cake, some good sweets, potted meat, biscuits, and a couple of bottles of sauce may be suggested, and, of course, jam, sardines and anything of the kind not forbidden by the school authorities. In the hot weather lemonade powder will be liked.

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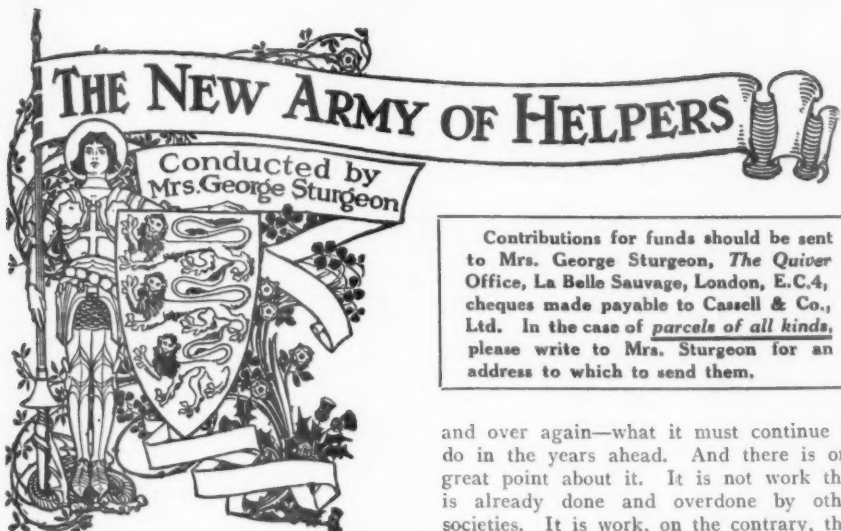
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Many Happy Returns

MY DEAR READERS,—We are two years old this month, and I think it must be a good sign that we feel older—I am taking upon myself to speak for the whole of the New Army! I think it must mean that we have grown quickly. Looking back over the records of our growth, I am sure of it. And looking at the sea of letters in front of me—the month's mail, which has travelled to my table from every part of the British Isles, Canada, America, South Africa, and even from Japan—I realize with pride that we have not only grown but are growing, and that every week, every month, every year we are expanding and becoming a little more powerful until . . . The future holds the rest of the sentence, and the future's the thing.

Helpers and People to be Helped

All over the country there are helpers and, I hope, prospective helpers; but equally all over the country there are people to be helped. The New Army of Helpers is joining the hands of helpers and helped to the great satisfaction of both. In 1923 I want this process of linking up to pass all previous records, for I am convinced that its value is limitless. It may not be a showy thing, but it is certainly not a small thing to transform a sad and lonely life into one of greater hope, faith and comfort. Yet this is what the New Army has done over

and over again—what it must continue to do in the years ahead. And there is one great point about it. It is not work that is already done and overdone by other societies. It is work, on the contrary, that has been very much neglected in the past.

But our help is not all of one kind and in one direction. I have just been thinking of the many different forms of help there are, and how in one way or another we are helping or being helped all day and every day. The service we pay for is help; our religion, our books, our friends and our food help us to live. The world is really a help mart. But the two main kinds of help seem to me to be tangible and intangible help. The New Army tries to give both—tangible help in the form of money, clothes and other gifts, intangible help in the form of sympathy, friendship and encouragement.

Material and Intangible

As I write the General Election has just been held, and everywhere candidates have promised voters every kind of help in matters of lower taxation, higher pensions, improved housing, and so forth—all very important things, but all “tangible.” I have just read a sermon by a well-known preacher protesting that too much stress is now laid in public and in private life on the things that can be seen with the eyes, and declaring that there is a great universal craving for something more than undiluted material “uplift.” Certainly all the letters I receive from people to whom material help means far more than to the average citizen convince me that the “intangible” help means every bit as much

THE QUIVER

to them. I read the other day that the bug-bear of a Chinaman is interference, and that he would probably regard the Good Samaritan as a busybody! One can follow his train of thought; he has probably seen the evils of tactless and irritating "good works." But one and all my helpers have acted on the maxim that "it blesseth him that gives"—and the result is mutual friendship without a drop of bitterness.

How the Helpers Help

So modest, indeed, are my helpers that if it depended on them I should never hear of their efforts, but reports come in from the other side. Here is a typical little story. A reader wrote to ask me for an address to which to send a nice large shawl that she had made. I gave her the address of one who was shortly to become a mother, and whose husband was out of work. In a day or two I received this letter:

"It is with pleasure that I write to ask you to thank the kind lady who signs herself M. J. C. E. for her very nice parcel that she sent to us. We received it yesterday, and we cannot express how thankful we were. It contained the shawl you spoke of in your letter to us, a woollen coat and a pair of gloves and socks, also ten shillings. 'For the little stranger I hear is coming' was the nice little note our lady friend placed in the parcel. My wife is delighted with the things, as they are just the things she wanted."

Helpers do not believe in giving the minimum. The minimum is a very depressing thing.

This letter describes the gifts of a helper who works for her living, but is never too busy to think out and to show kindnesses:

"I thought I must write and tell you about the kindness of Miss B. She has several times sent me magazines, and once sent me a postal order for stamps; it was most kind of her, as I have sometimes to forgo writing on account of stamp money. Then yesterday she sent me a parcel with six eggs, quarter pound of best tea, two jelly squares and a writing-pad. She sends such nice notes with them—it does me good to read them—almost as if she were a kind sister instead of a stranger. Miss R. sends me books sometimes, also a letter occasionally."

And this is from an invalid who obtained not only much needed orders for knitting, but also numbers of equally needed friends:

"I must thank you so very much for all you have done for me through THE QUIVER. I have got heaps of orders, far above my expectations, and so many kind friends. Two of them are dear girl friends. One sends me books regularly, another sends me an illustrated paper weekly, and a third sends me THE QUIVER and other magazines monthly, and they all write

such nice letters. I feel so grateful, and I thank you sincerely."

Welcome King Coal

Last month I asked for money for coal. These few extracts from letters acknowledging the first winter gifts that I sent out prove to the hilt how very necessary was my appeal. My funds are getting low, and I do hope readers will enable me to stoke the fires. Unlike my modest helpers, I am shamelessly going to ask for birthday presents for the S.O.S. Fund. I am urged to this by the saying, "Those who don't ask don't want." We certainly do want; but I hope you will not fling at me the crushing retort we sometimes received in childhood, "Those who ask don't get!"

"Very many thanks for the 10s.—it was indeed an answer to prayer, and it is already gone to buy coal. My dear old mother has been without fire so that I should have one; of course, she did not tell me till to-day, and our house is so cold, as it has stone floors. I cannot thank you enough."

"I haven't been able to keep my little stove burning all day, but now your helpers' generosity will give me a lift. Please say to them how thankful I am."

"Just a few lines of heartfelt thanks. I have got eight bags of coal with your kind gift. It is just splendid, and we shall be so warm and cosy. I only wish you and your kind Army could know the real joy and comfort you are giving."

"Please accept my grateful thanks for your splendid gift. I cannot convey in written words how I feel your great kindness. I am burning a little wood at present, so you may imagine how I shall make haste to purchase coal."

"We thank you so very, very much for 10s. for some coals which we were greatly in need of, and how wonderful you should have been so kindly thinking of us. We shall often think of you when sitting by our nice warm fire, for we shall get some coal at once."

Success of Special Appeals

From time to time I have to make a special appeal for an outstandingly sad case. I recently appealed in this way for M. M., and received in response £12 18s. 8d. I had a long letter from her in acknowledgment of the last instalment, in which she said:

"What a surprise I got when I opened your kind letter. I thought I had already been well assisted by you, when in the midst of a most trying and tiring month your letter came in. I cannot express to you what it meant, but as you said, it *did* 'come in useful.' Will you yourself accept again my sincere and grateful thanks, and convey to those who gave it my unbounded gratitude? It is perfectly wonderful how much you have managed to help me."

THE QUIVER

Still the BEST

After 20 years' TEST



Cow & Gate Milk Food

The Superfine West of England Milk Food

ALL BRITISH

Best for Babies because it is made from the richest milk in the world. The natural vitamins are so carefully preserved in COW & GATE MILK FOOD that even premature infants thrive on it. Of all Chemists.

Write for "Living Marvel" leaflet and Free Sample to Dept. 61.



COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.



HOW BIG BRITISH RAILWAY COMPANIES FIGHT RATS

Killer that never fails

Four leading railway lines employ Blackmore's "Pied Piper" to rid their property of the vermin menace, because Blackmore's "Pied Piper" actually does every time what other preparations only attempt: it is speedy and sure - rats and mice and other vermin taste the tempting bait, are killed and destroyed.



Blackmore's **"PIED PIPER"**

is your best protection against loss through vermin. Don't hesitate - while you're thinking they're nibbling. Kills Bugs, Cockroaches, Crickets, too. Send a postal order for 2/6 or 5/6 to-day for generous-sized ready-for-use tin.

J. P. BLACKMORE, 13 Churchill Terrace, Chorlton-on-Medlock, MANCHESTER.



Celtic Crosses in the Beautiful Grey **CORNISH GRANITE** Everlasting in Wear.

St. Minver Cross 4 ft. high. £19 0 0 Carriage paid.

Estimates quoted Erect on any Cemetery, or shipment abroad.

Booklet Q Post Free.

MAILE & SON, Ltd., THE GRANITE SCULPTORS, 367 Euston Road, LONDON, N.W.1 FOUNDED 1785.



"Kleenoff" COOKER
CLEANING JELLY
For Removing Grease from Gas Ovens etc.

10^D.

Ask your Ironmonger or Gas Company for it.

If they do not stock, send 2/- for 2 tins, post free, to—
THE MANAGER, THE KLEENOFF CO., 33 St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.

per tin

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name **"CADBURY"** on every piece of Chocolate

THE QUIVER

to them. I read the other day that the bug-bear of a Chinaman is interference, and that he would probably regard the Good Samaritan as a busybody! One can follow his train of thought; he has probably seen the evils of tactless and irritating "good works." But one and all my helpers have acted on the maxim that "it blesteth him that gives"—and the result is mutual friendship without a drop of bitterness.

How the Helpers Help

So modest, indeed, are my helpers that if it depended on them I should never hear of their efforts, but reports come in from the other side. Here is a typical little story. A reader wrote to ask me for an address to which to send a nice large shawl that she had made. I gave her the address of one who was shortly to become a mother, and whose husband was out of work. In a day or two I received this letter:

"It is with pleasure that I write to ask you to thank the kind lady who signs herself M. J. C. E. for her very nice parcel that she sent to us. We received it yesterday, and we cannot express how thankful we were. It contained the shawl you spoke of in your letter to us, a woollen coat and a pair of gloves and socks, also ten shillings. 'For the little stranger I hear is coming' was the nice little note our lady friend placed in the parcel. My wife is delighted with the things, as they are just the things she wanted."

Helpers do not believe in giving the minimum. The minimum is a very depressing thing.

This letter describes the gifts of a helper who works for her living, but is never too busy to think out and to show kindnesses:

"I thought I must write and tell you about the kindness of Miss B. She has several times sent me magazines, and once sent me a postal order for stamps; it was most kind of her, as I have sometimes to forgo writing on account of stamp money. Then yesterday she sent me a parcel with six eggs, quarter pound of best tea, two jelly squares and a writing-pad. She sends such nice notes with them—it does me good to read them—almost as if she were a kind sister instead of a stranger. Miss R. sends me books sometimes, also a letter occasionally."

And this is from an invalid who obtained not only much needed orders for knitting, but also numbers of equally needed friends:

"I must thank you so very much for all you have done for me through THE QUIVER. I have got heaps of orders, far above my expectations, and so many kind friends. Two of them are dear girl friends. One sends me books regularly, another sends me an illustrated paper weekly, and a third sends me THE QUIVER and other magazines monthly, and they all write

such nice letters. I feel so grateful, and I thank you sincerely."

Welcome King Coal

Last month I asked for money for coal. These few extracts from letters acknowledging the first winter gifts that I sent out prove to the hilt how very necessary was my appeal. My funds are getting low, and I do hope readers will enable me to stoke the fires. Unlike my modest helpers, I am shamelessly going to ask for birthday presents for the S.O.S. Fund. I am urged to this by the saying, "Those who don't ask don't want." We certainly do want; but I hope you will not fling at me the crushing retort we sometimes received in childhood, "Those who ask don't get!"

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Celtic Crosses
in the Beautiful Grey
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St. Minver Cross
4 ft. high.
£19 0 0
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Estimates quoted **Erect** on any Cemetery, or shipment abroad.

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MAILE & SON, Ltd.,
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"Kleenoff" COOKER
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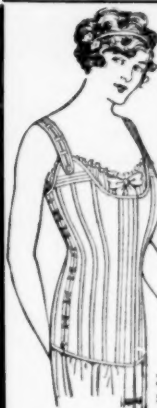
10^D.
per tin

BOURNVILLE COCOA

MADE UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

See the name **"CADBURY"** on every piece of Chocolate

THE QUIVER



Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

The CORSET of HEALTH
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

8/11 pair POST FREE

Complete with Special Detachable Suspenders.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt or break. No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders, detachable for washing purposes. It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-straps. It has a short (3-in.) bust in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non-rustine Hooks & Eyes. It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These "Health" Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break. Singers and Actresses will find wonderful assistance, as they enable them to breathe with perfect freedom. All women, especially housewives and those employed in occupations demanding constant movement, appreciate the "Corset of Health." They yield freely to every movement of the body, and whilst giving beauty of figure are the most comfortable Corsets ever worn.

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY.

Cross your Postal Orders and make payable to—
HEALTH CORSET COMPANY, Dept. 99, Morley House, 25-28, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

FLUXITE SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING



Though Jack Frost is here, why should we fear,
If water-pipes he should burst?
On with the Solder and a little **FLUXITE**—
Now, Jackie my lad, do your worst!

All Mechanics **WILL** Have

FLUXITE

because it

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2s. **BUY A TIN TO-DAY.**

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use, and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small-space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 10/6, Sample Set, post paid United Kingdom.

FLUXITE, LTD., 226 Bevington St., Bermondsey, England.

KILLED HER MOUSTACHE FOR EVER AFTER 30 YEARS.

I Told Her Free How to Destroy All Trace of Superfluous Hair Growths, Never to Return, just as I did.

LET ME HELP YOU ALSO FREE.

Are you a sufferer from Superfluous Hair? Have you tried every paste, powder and liquid you ever heard of, in the hope of getting rid of it for ever, root and all, only to find that everything made it worse. Have you submitted to the painful electric needle, only to find that it, too, is useless, as well as dangerous? Have you come to the conclusion that Superfluous Hair can never be cured, and that you must always go through life obliged constantly to use temporary depilatories, or else be subject to the remarks of others as long as you live?



If so, no matter how stubborn your growth or how many things have failed, I want you to write to me. I will send you free the same information which enabled a prominent Edinburgh lady to write: "You have a wonderful way to cure Superfluous Hair. I had a heavy moustache for 30 years, but there is no trace left now." And the friend in Kent says: "Since I followed your advice four months ago, I have not a single hair left on my lips. It is wonderful to be free from it after being troubled so many years."

I myself was troubled for years and spent a small fortune without relief, until my late husband, a well-known officer in the British Army, came into possession of a closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, by which the native women of India are enabled to obey the laws of their religion, that they must destroy all trace of Superfluous Hair on all parts of their body. It destroyed my own growth for ever after all else failed, so that it has never returned. It has done the same for many others. It will cost you nothing except three penny stamps for postage, etc., to secure full details. Just cut out and send me or copy the coupon below, with your name and address, stating whether Mr. or Miss. That is all. Is it not worth the trouble? Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON

or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 3d. stamps.

MRS. HUDSON: Please send me free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair.

Address, **FREDERICA HUDSON, Apt. 45 M, No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.**

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army officer, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

SOCIETY FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF LADIES IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES

Under Royal Patronage.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

Why are our hearts especially open to the call of misery at Christmas time? I think, though we may not realise the fact, that it is because it was at that season of the year God gave us the greatest of all gifts. The fullness of time had come, and He came to us in the person of His Son. When anyone bestows a favour on us we feel gratitude to that person and long to do something in return. Hence, at Christmas especially, we give to God in the person of His poor.

It is my privilege to appeal on behalf of poor Gentlemen, with tiny or no incomes, many of them old and feeble, and sad at Christmas time remembering other and happier days,—all the departed days of love and friend-ship, and perhaps, if not wealth, easy circumstances.

What can we do for these? What can we send them to brighten their lives? Something unexpected—books, half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, and groceries, plum puddings, butter, cheese, tea, coffee, etc.—something to fill their cupboards—some little thing "made by myself for you." It is the personal touch that tells; "sympathy, the one touch of nature." These gifts, though small, are sacramental, for they have an outward and visible sign, and are the inward message of "Love."

And now there is something more. We want money for over 500 Ladies sent to the office. We try to give from £10s to £5 to our Ladies each Christmas, and I feel certain, though times are bad, they will not be neglected.

EDITH SMALLWOOD, Hon. Sec., Lancaster House, MALVERN.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Miss B., suffering from an internal complaint and living on a terribly small income, received £4 5s., and I had the following letter of thanks from the clergyman collecting on her behalf:

"Once more I have to thank you for the welcome remittance that came to hand this week. Miss B.'s heart is very full and she finds it difficult adequately to express her gratitude, but I can assure you it is very real. It is a great pleasure to me to be the medium for helping so worthy a case, and personally I thank you again very much for the exceedingly kind interest you have taken in the matter."

There was also excellent response to my appeal for books for Teddie A., the crippled lad of 19. The lady who acknowledges them for him writes:

"Yes, hasn't it been nice that so many have offered the books? It is a big help to Teddie to have them these long evenings. One sent by Miss Robinson, 'In the Wilds of Florida,' is one of the books he has always longed for."

A Blind Baby's "Quiver" Cot

Our subscription lists for the Blind Babies, the Save the Children Fund, THE QUIVER Room in the Seamen's Hostel, Dr. Barnardo's, Reedham Orphanage, and St. Dunstan's are always open, but apart from the monthly payments from the loyal second-year adopters under the Save the Children Fund, there has been rather a lack of donations lately. Nevertheless, I have a thrilling announcement to make in connexion with Sunshine House, the Blind Babies' Home, in which we have been interested for the past twelve months. The Committee have decided that on the strength of our contribution of £63 1s. we are to have a tablet over one of the cots. To earn this we must bring the amount to at least £100 during 1923—not a frightfully formidable task—and to maintain it there we must raise £100 a year. This should not indeed prove very difficult when one realizes how many hundreds of pairs of eyes read THE QUIVER, and might urge their owners to send a small thank-offering for sight to support this most splendid work. I have seen the Home. I have seen the pathetic babies lovingly cared for and trained in the best surroundings they could possibly have. Next month I hope to give you the wording on the tablet, and I hope that any reader able to go to Chorley Wood will visit our cot—and help to pay for it.

1923 Helpers, Please Note

To the queue of new 1923 helpers I like

to picture in imagination and hope to welcome shortly I commend the following:

M. B., who writes: "I am twenty years of age and have had tubercular disease of the joints eleven years. I have been in the infirmary, but it gives me no lasting benefit, and though I don't suffer a great deal of pain I find life lonely, and time hangs heavy on my hands. I'm not allowed to help in the housework, and we live three miles from anywhere, with only one neighbour. Though she is very kind I get weary doing nothing but have an occasional book or two, and I wonder if any of your kind readers would like to send me some reading or crocheting to do. I would be so glad and grateful to them. I don't see THE QUIVER regularly, but I would very much like to."

Mrs. W., who suffers from tubercular knee and hip, and recently had a bad accident. She fell in the fire and was severely burned. She values books and friends immensely. Her husband is out of work, and times are very hard.

Mrs. H., whose husband is also out of work. She expects a baby, and any clothes or other help would be most welcome.

Miss J., very badly off, who asks for a warm blouse for an invalid sister, rather tall, and anything else that can be spared.

Mrs. S., who writes: "Do you think you could find a kind friend for us amongst your generous helpers? My husband is ill with chronic bronchitis and asthma—has been a sufferer for many years. His heart is very much affected. We have very small means indeed, and a book now and again or a little comfort for him would be very acceptable. My husband is sixty years of age and I am sixty-one."

Mr. H. G., the ex-soldier, still in hospital, who is making a valiant effort to secure 100 orders for table-centres (5s. each, 7s. set), scarves (1s. a foot), and cushion covers from 6s. If he gets enough orders he can get materials at cost price. Full particulars on application.

Miss F., who teaches music and is having a very slack and difficult time. She would be glad of transposing, music-copying, plain needlework or plain knitting. Clothes would also be most useful to her.

While coal and clothes are my chief objects of appeal during these cold months, I am also asked "in three places," as the auctioneers say, for carpets and odds and ends to furnish rooms. One of our best QUIVER friends has a chance of letting a spare bed-sitting-room if only she can furnish it. *Please offer anything and everything useful.*

Model Letters

I also respectfully submit for the consideration of helpers old and new these few extracts as worthy examples of the letter one likes to receive. The importance of

THE QUIVER

giving orders to invalids cannot be exaggerated; they have no advertising medium but THE QUIVER, and few customers but its readers.

"Would you be kind enough to send me the names and addresses of workers who are in need of orders, as I should like to do a little to help them if possible, either by giving them orders myself or getting my friends to do so?"

"Would you be so good as to give one of these pounds to Jimmy R., another to Mr. Dalton, and the third to the widow with the income of 15s. a week?"

"Thank you very much for your kind letter. I am very glad to have the name and address of the little boy. I am writing to him to-night, and shall hope to be able to help a little to make his life brighter, poor mite. I think your work is splendid—especially does the S.O.S. work appeal to me. So much might be done by the more fortunate of God's children to brighten the lives of those who are sick or sad or poor, if only they could be put in touch, the one class with the other. You are splendidly helping to bring about that contact."

"I can't bear to think of a sick person longing for letters and longing in vain."

Anonymous Gifts

I acknowledge most gratefully the following gifts:

Sunshine House.—H. A., £1.

Save the Children Fund.—Ember, 10s

S.O.S. Fund.—Ember, 10s.

I have also to acknowledge the receipt from an anonymous reader of a half-finished pink silk jumper. This was sent to an invalid who finished it and was very pleased with it. I am also asked by Miss Rose Johnson to thank the kind helper who sent her a beautiful box of silks from Portsmouth.

To the following I send many thanks for letters and money, and gifts of all kinds:

Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Guthrie, Miss E. K. Adkin, Mrs. Bettesworth, Miss G. Crouch, Mrs. Wall, Miss L. A. Robinson, Mrs. Downs, Miss Brooker, Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Godbehere, Miss Bartleet, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Annie Jack, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Bell, The Rev. Rowland Sturt, Miss Kennedy, Miss H. H. Harper, Miss Rouse, Miss Preson, Miss Cull, Miss Mabel Griffin, Miss Jessie B. Leslie, Mr. Hitchcock, Mrs. Wood, Miss Stride, Mrs. Adams, Miss Ethel Wharton, Mrs. Gwynne-Vaughan, Mrs. Farbridge, Miss Margaret Welch, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Gracie, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Lettie Hall, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Violet Hatton, Miss Smallwood, Miss Winifred Bates, Miss C. Manning, Miss L. Hobbs, Miss Winifred Saunders, Miss Bushby, Miss Shirley, Mrs. Wallbank, Miss E. M. Hunt, Miss Ramsay, Miss Henderson, Miss Farnworth, Miss A. O. Stott, Misses Ford, Miss Caroline Heald, Miss Lydia Brown, Mr. J. Watchous, Miss Kilpatrick, Miss Sharpe, Miss L. Davies, Miss Cooke, A. E. Nicholas, Robert Hind, Esq., Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Drewitt, The Rev. P. G. Williamson, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Parkes, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Claremont, The Rev. F. A. Smith, Miss Halford, Miss Isa M. Watson, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Grice, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Miss Edith Brett, Mrs. Wesley, Mr. Penman, Miss E. Cobbe, Mrs. Mileham, Mrs. Kirby and others.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: MRS. GEORGE STURGEON, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

With every good wish for a very happy New Year to the New Army of Helpers and all whom it helps,

Yours sincerely,
FLORA STURGEON.

350 IDEAS FOR FANCY DRESSES FOR LADIES, CHILDREN AND GENTLEMEN

ONE SHILLING
of all newsagents
or post free 1/3
from publishers

PRACTICAL Designs for Fancy
Dress Balls, Carnivals, Skating
Rink Costumes, Private Theatricals,
School Plays, Minuets, Garden Fêtes,
Pageants, Historical Plays, Characters
from Shakespeare, Dickens, Great
Britain and her Allies.

WEIDONS Ltd, 30-32 Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2

*Over head & ears
in love with—*

LUX



*The Comfort of Woollen Cap
and Coat, washed with LUX, is
fully appreciated by the Child.*

Children have unfailing instinct in regard to the niceties of dress. They seem to know exactly what becomes them. Dress them becomingly and comfortably, and they respond in health and happiness.

All the woolly things comprising children's wear should be washed with Lux. Lux prevents the texture of loosely-woven fabrics from matting together and shrinking in the wash. It gives a wondrous lather which coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes. It is ideal for washing woollen vests, combinations, caps, coats, mufflers, socks, and woolly shoes.

LUX WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

*Packets (two sizes) may
be obtained everywhere.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



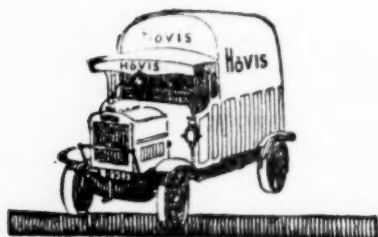
THE QUIVER



The Bread for YOU

RICH in nourishment—that is an essential. Digestive, too, as all good bread ought to be. But, more than this, HOVIS is doubly delicious—and appetising to a degree.

Your Baker Bakes it.



DON'T LOOK OLD!



But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with

Lockyer's ^{Sulphur} Hair Restorer

Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold everywhere 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

BORWICK'S



The best and purest **BAKING POWDER** in the world.



The New Patent **SOUND DISCS**

completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

THE R. A. WALES CO., 171 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

FOOT JOY

THOMPSON'S FOOT JOY CORN PLASTER

quickly cures Corns, Bunions, and Swollen Joints. Large Sheet, post free, 1/4

M. F. THOMPSON,
11 GORDON STREET, GLASGOW.

Homoeopathic Chemist and Perfumery and Toilet Expert.

HARPIC CLEANS W.C. BOWLS WITHOUT LABOUR

Free to send for name and address of chemist, ironmonger or grocer who cannot supply.

Cleans the unseen trap
In Tins 6d & 1/5

HARPIC CO. DEPT. 11, 4 H. AVENUE RD. LONDON S.E.5

"The Quiver" Parliament

Marriage—The Church— and Life Readers' Opinions

AMONG the papers sent in from my readers, at my request, in connexion with the article "What Makes a Happy Marriage?" the following intimate confession seemed to merit printing in full. I have sent a cheque for £3 3s. to "Olive."

Marrying a Working Man

WHEN at the age of thirty-two I was married to a sober, steady working man two years my senior, my heart was filled with hope for the future of us both, and a determination to make the best of the new life on which I had entered against the wish of my family, who were a little higher in the "social scale" than was my husband.

I thought I knew something of the ways of men and of the disillusionment that waits on many young wives; and being most of all desirous of a happy home life, I set myself seriously to learn my husband's character and points of view, some of which were very dissimilar to my own.

On one point, however, we were agreed: we both wished for a quiet little home wherein we should find happiness in each other's society.

My husband was a man of much general knowledge, derived from a study of his fellow-workers rather than from reading or outside observation; rather devoid of imagination or love of art or any desire to see more of the outside world than could be seen in his daily life. I, on the contrary, was romantically inclined and longing to realize the ideals of my youth, also much interested in poetry, art and the various social questions of the day.

THE FIRST SHADOW

The first shadow on our new life fell from the constant presence of the "in-laws," who lived near us and evidently regarded their son as belonging to themselves in a greater degree than to his wife. As he had never been away from his father's home even for school or apprenticeship, I could make allowance for this feeling to some extent. But, alas! for my hopes of being all in all to my husband, we generally spent Sunday afternoons and sometimes the whole day with my husband's parents and two unmarried sisters, when I could not fail to see that he enjoyed being with them far more than spending the day of rest in his own house.

Often when the sole conversation was of persons or events of which I knew nothing, I was left in comparative silence, which I sometimes tried to break by starting a subject of mutual interest, but in vain. So that before we had been married six months I had to think

seriously what course I should take to prevent our marriage being a dreary failure.

There is but one way to win back a husband's love, and that is by making yourself lovable; to bring forth all the attractions, mental and physical, which you possess; to draw a veil over every feeling of dissatisfaction or regret, and to brighten every hour of your husband's life with the sunshine of real unobtrusive love. This course, as the Americans put it, "takes some doing." For it is not easy to recall affection and pleasure in the society of one by whom you have felt yourself neglected and ignored. You cannot scold people into loving you; you cannot compel their interest in subjects of which they know nothing. You cannot be, in your small home with narrow outlook and restricted means, all to your husband that he has found and still finds in his own unbroken family circle. What then can you do?

Form other friendships — seek outside pleasures, bury yourself in novel reading or even in literary or artistic pursuits, become gloomy and hysterical so that your husband shall be driven by continual "scenes" into regarding your wishes, at least while he is in your presence?

MUTUAL TASTES

Neither of these measures was possible to me, and for a long time I feared that all hope of a happy married life was lost to both of us, though we still kept up an appearance of domestic happiness. The best parts of our life in common were these—a love of nature, a careful avoidance of neglect on my part, observance of the Sabbath day, and so gradually a mutual respect for the opinions of each other grew up between us.

Still, for many years I trod the valley of humiliation in its roughest paths, and came at last to realize the truth of good old John Bunyan's words, that in this valley some of the sweetest fruits may be found.

Looking back on the forty odd years of our married life I can see now that my mistake was in marrying one who had so few tastes in common with myself. But even before marriage I had recognized the inherent goodness of my husband's character. He was a diamond in the rough, and my efforts to "polish the stone" resulted in more pain to myself than benefit to him.

Years passed away and children were born to us before I could attain to that feeling of security in the love of my husband which I so much desired; but it came at last. And now I can truly say we are united by a closer bond than we knew in our youth; so that should we be asked: "Is marriage, as you have found it, a failure?" we should both of us emphatically answer "No." OLIVE.

THE QUIVER

Silver Linings for Unmarried Women

SIR,—I read with interest that very one-sided article in your magazine for November, in which Marie Harrison so kindly designates her unmarried sisters as so many "feckless," bored, depressed—and all the rest of it!—specimens of humanity, and, further, in a most condescending manner tries to suggest how they may, even though unmarried, still continue to endure their flat tyre form of existence.

Supposing for a moment she should be right, how utterly contemptibly cruel to hold up unmarried women to the public as objects of pity! Now that the world has changed so much for women in these days, and with changed circumstances they have to leave off—and high time too—the kind of lives their grandmothers had in the early Victorian period and take their places in the world side by side with men, one hears seldom now the unkind, vulgar title of "old maid," which implies, of course, the pitiful sight of a woman refusing to own, even to herself, her advancing years.

According to Marie Harrison this unmarried woman, then, lives in a state of discontent at her condition and envy of the "superior married woman."

THE OTHER SIDE

Perhaps she would be somewhat astonished could she see and hear the other side of the picture.

Now, I will frankly say that if a woman be fortunate enough to love and be loved by a thoroughly trustworthy, God-fearing man she is indeed to be envied, but how many are really and truly happily married? And again, even if so, does it follow—according to Marie Harrison—that they henceforth live in Utopia, freed from all cares and anxieties and fears of the future, and, like our childhood's literature, "live happily ever afterwards"? Why, I think they run the chance of more worry than their unmarried sisters that are such objects of pity!

To begin with, take their health. How it suffers, if they are to be mothers, as naturally they would wish to be, and here I should suggest—Marie Harrison is good at giving suggestions to her unmarried sisters—that as mothers they might attempt one of a mother's duties, most sadly neglected: I mean that of teaching a child obedience promptly without compulsion, threats or bribes. If it is possible and imperative a teacher can do so, why not the mother?

Marie Harrison excels herself in pitying their loneliness on a seaside holiday. Why, there surely an unmarried woman can plan in the morning her programme for the day! I ask you, is that what many mothers at the seaside can do? Why, the husband will tell her he has a golf match on and can't say when he'll be home, the flapper daughters are going to play tennis, the boys are going fishing, and so none of their plans include the mother. Who is lonely now? Certainly she has their company part of the day, but that is due to hunger and meal-time and not entirely to her society.

Perhaps it would do Marie Harrison no harm to look for a moment at the other side of the picture.

FAIR PLAY.

Back to Normal

DEAR SIR,—People are coming to Christianity "from every quarter." In the economic sphere, as the article points out, it is coming to be realized that Christianity is not only good religion, but that it is good business. The article is sound on that. It is sound, though controversial, on the relation of Christianity to war.

It is good to find a magazine article seriously asking people to give the Church another trial and Christianity its first trial. The truth is that Christianity has been tried in individual experience, through the Church's mediation, and found to satisfy. But the "Christian social mind" has yet to be created. And that is the big work before the Churches and before individual Christians.

The plea for "sincerity" is rather overdone. Many people during the pre-war peace neglected the Churches. During that time Church people carried on "against the tide." When the war came they, the non-Church people, wanted to know why the Churches were so helpless! Sincerity! Why, thousands of ministers and Church workers have been, and still are, absolutely sincere in their attempt to present to the world a religion that does not always guarantee peace and plenty, that calls for heroism while it comforts, and that would be in the world but not of it. It is useless to "popularize" Christianity. The religion which, like its Founder, is "despised and rejected of men" will never satisfy by being decorated or masked. We find in this world much what we look for—those who look for insincerity in Churches will find it. Those who come for sincerity, comfort and guidance will find these also. Sincerity! The pugilist and pacifist were both sincere—sincerity on wrong lines cannot help to truth. Which of the twain was true to Christianity? Both claimed to be so. Posit sincerity—do not ask for it.

Thanking you for an article which can only do good.

(REV.) ALEX. DIMOND.

Brinnington.

The New "Quiver"

DEAR SIR,—I have read with great interest your notes in the current number, and share with you the hope that the improvements will bring many more readers. I have been a reader for many years, and consider THE QUIVER to be one of the best magazines extant for quality of fiction and the high standard it sets in the magazine world. Its topical articles and discussions on life, the home, health, nature are very valuable.

D. J. BAKHURST.

Enfield.

DEAR SIR,—I have long been a subscriber to THE QUIVER, as I consider it one of the very best all-round papers going and one of the most helpful magazines for the home. Its bill of fare is always inviting, its pages clean and full of interest to young and old alike.

(REV.) JOHN W. REIDER.

Kilpeck.





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